★ Nov. 24, 1951

THE NEW YORKER

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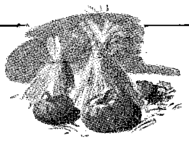
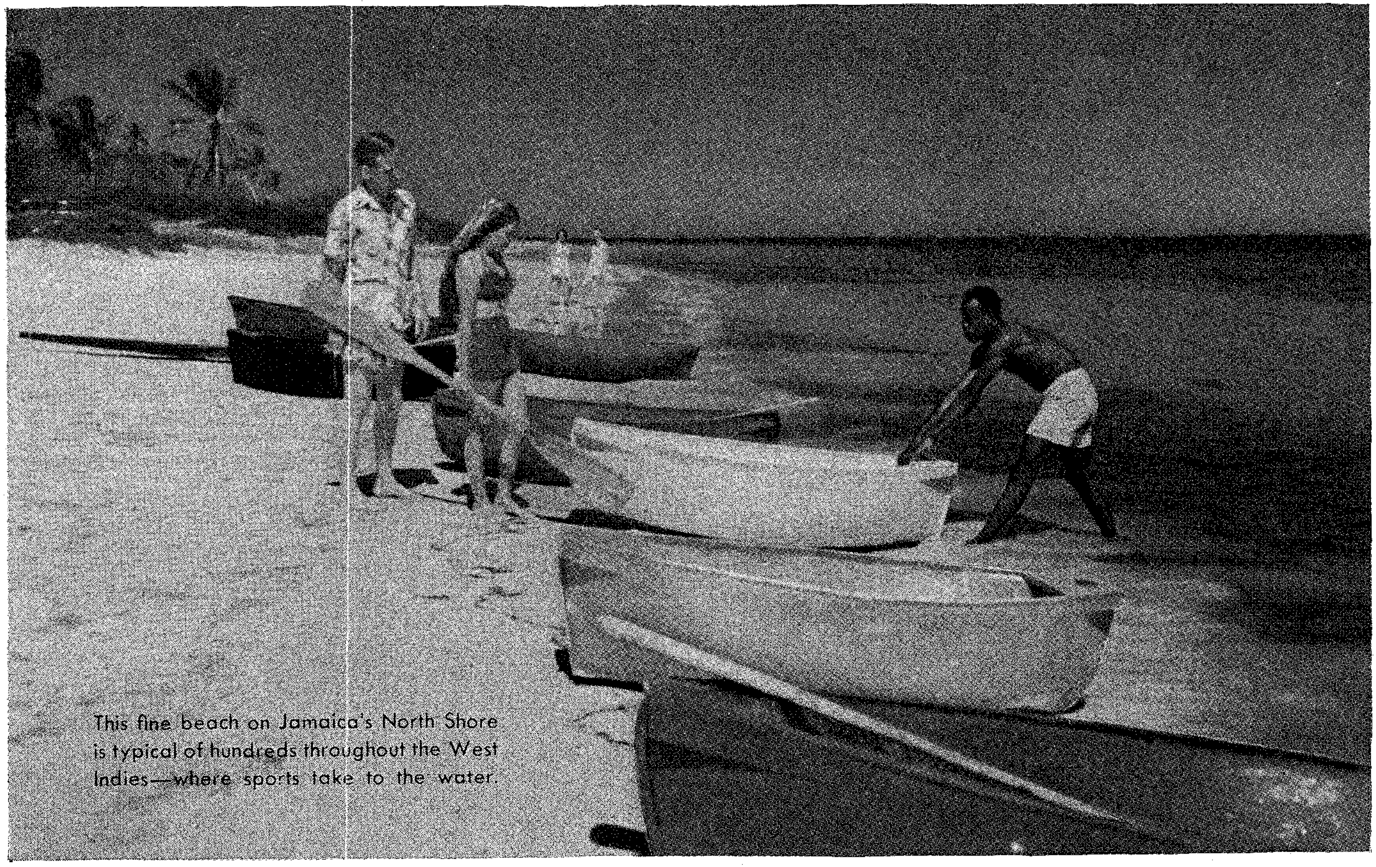
Frost on the "punkin"  reminds you...



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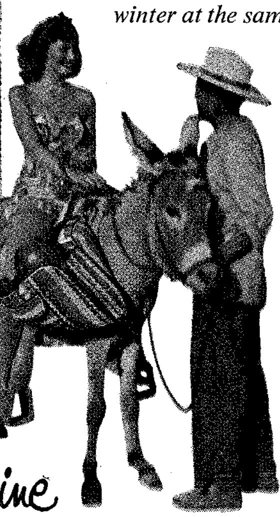

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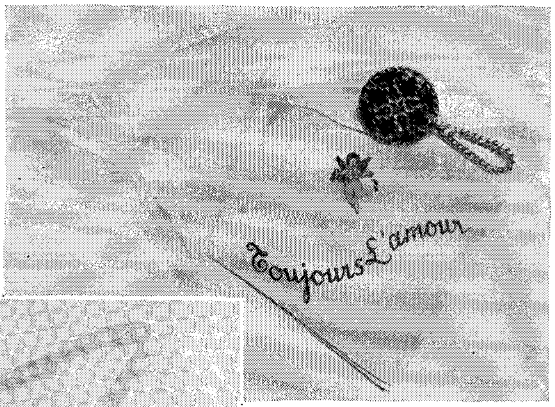
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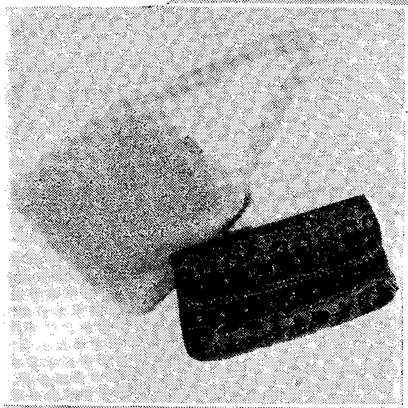
1. LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT—Like the lace-edged, white batiste gesture-handkerchief, $3.50; or, the French embroidered Toujours L'amour one, complete with cupid, in white, pink or blue, $2.75; or the imported handled mirror-compact with down puff, of gilt metal, the back, colorful filigree enamel, $15*

2. BAGS OF GRANDEUR—Love-Letter envelope of rayon velvet or satin with shining tracings of beads interrupted here and there by passementerie buttons. Hers to carry off the honors after five. Black with jet, brown with bronze, navy with iris, $15*

Paris Prize—Solidly hand-beaded, loop-after-loop treasure, a bag that inevitably becomes an heirloom. Pearl, crystal, blue iris, jet, pink or pale blue beads, $99.50*. Gold or bronze beads, $125*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3. KLEIG LIGHTS OF THE NIGHT—Court necklace in countless carats of round and teardrop "diamonds," fabulous fakes, of course, but the kind of glitter that is most fashionable now, and fun, $39*; earrings to match, $10*

3

4. PRECIOUS PRESENTS—For charm, a 14 kt. gold basket filled to the brim with cultured pearls, 2 rubies, 2 sapphires, $75, Fed. tax included.

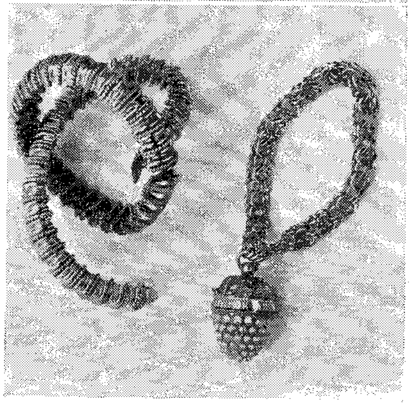
Rosary with crucifix-case for holding it. In sterling silver, $25. In 14 kt. gold, $130. In 14 kt. gold and cultured pearls for beads, $200. All Fed. tax exempt.

An Oscar, facsimile in miniature on a 14 kt. gold charm (1¼" in diameter), with your own citation in your own words engraved around it, $50, Fed. tax included.

4

5. PRETTY ON THE CUFF—Big, impressive, corrugated gold-plated bracelets, most appreciated in pairs, $10* each.

"Private Eye" Exclusive—Gold-filled link bracelet with pseudo pearl-studded cone that secretly holds a 17-jewel shock-proof watch and pillbox, $39.50 plus 10% excise tax.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6. CALF LOVE-OF-A-BAG—Operates on gilt, the strap threaded through slots that open the accordion folds to a full 8" yawn. Same one for her money, in suede, too. Either leather in black, brown or navy, $25*

6

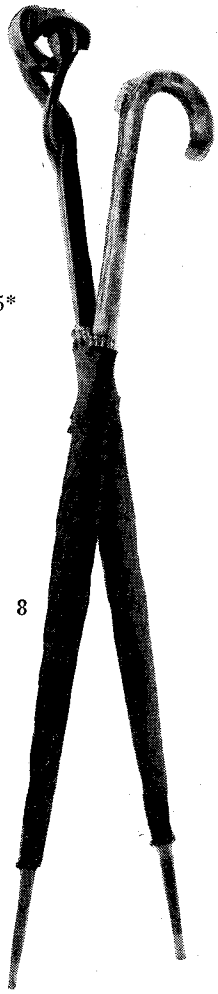
7. TRAINCASE IN MINIATURE—Sized to her hand, and the newest thing in a box-bag. Cover opens wide the spacious interior to bring everything into see-level. Calfskin in red, navy, brown or black; suede or kashmir in black, brown or navy. $15*

7

8. REIGNING GIFTS—Umbrellas handled with care, by us. The wood crook with gilt taxi-whistle and clover (for monogramming) handily slipped into its handle, $10.50

The love-knot, a new twist, of mock jet or tortoise shell, $10.50

Both covered in a rain-shedding mixture of silk and rayon, in wine red, gray, brown, navy or black.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ON THE PLAZA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	1

THE THEATRE

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their matinée schedules because of Thanksgiving Day. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Barefoot in Athens—Socrates as interpreted by Maxwell Anderson. The result is really more of an essay than a play. Barry Jones is the Athenian thinker, and Lotte Lenya, George Mathews, and Philip Coolidge are among the other Greeks on hand. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Faithfully Yours—Just why Robert Cummings and Ann Sothern thought it would be wise to abandon Hollywood for this comedy centering on psychoanalysis is something of a mystery, since the piece is one of the conspicuous mishaps of the season. With Philip Bourneuf, Victor Wood, and Florence Sundstrom. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

The Fourposter—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn are both excellent in Jan de Hartog's play about a not especially eventful marriage. Produced by the Playwrights' Company and directed by José Ferrer. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Glad Tidings—Protracted variations on a none too sharp joke concerning a man who belatedly finds that he is the father of a young lady of nineteen. Melvyn Douglas, Signe Hasso, and Haila Stoddard are among the unhappy participants. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

Love and Let Love—Ginger Rogers is lively and radiant as two girls in this Louis Verneuil comedy about nothing you can exactly put your finger on. Paul McGrath and Tom Helmore appear in supporting roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Moon Is Blue—Barbara Bel Geddes, Donald Cook, and Barry Nelson in a comedy that is as smooth, and about as startling, as satin. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Number—George Abbott's direction doesn't quite make this amorphous melodrama jell, but Murvyn Vye cuts quite a figure as a numbers racketeer. Nobody else involved seems very happy. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Remains to Be Seen—Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse seem to be in an antic mood in this comedy-melodrama having to do with love and homicide, and the outcome is not exactly fortunate. Among those employed in it are Janis Paige, Jackie Cooper, and Mr. Lindsay himself. It is rocky going for every one of them, but they show remarkably few signs of strain. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Equity Welfare Fund, Sunday evening, Nov. 25.)

Saint Joan—Shaw's famous play about that girl from Domremy has been given a rich production by the Theatre Guild, and it is plainly one of the triumphs of the season. The first-rate cast, directed by Margaret Webster, is headed by Uta Hagen, who is enthusiastically abetted by John Buckmaster, Frederic Worlock, Alexander Scourby, and a multitude of others, almost equally gifted. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stalag 17—If you like rough jokes and simple melodramatic action, this play about a group of American airmen in a German prison camp may be just the thing for you. José Ferrer has directed a large and spirited company, including John Ericson, Harvey Lembeck, Mike Kellin, Laurence Hugo, and Frank Maxwell. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Long Run—**affairs of state:** Love and politics in Washington, D.C. June Havoc now has the lead, and Reginald Owen, Barbara O'Neil, and Shepperd Strudwick are in it, too. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Never Say Never—A play by Carl Leo, with Anne Jackson, Hugh Reilly, and Don Briggs. Directed by Robert Sinclair and produced by Albert H. Rosen and Lester Meyer. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thanksgiving Day and Saturday this week, and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

To Dorothy, a Son—The cast of this comedy, by Roger MacDougall, includes Ronald Howard, Hildy Parks, Stella Andrew, and Martin Rudy. Produced and directed by Herman Shumlin. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thanksgiving Day and Saturday this week, and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

The King and I—Rodgers and Hammerstein in notable form again, along "South Pacific" lines. Gertrude Lawrence and Yul Brynner play the leading parts in this musical taken from a book about Siam. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

Music in the Air—Although Jerome Kern's melodies stand up all right in this revival, the same can't be said for the Hammerstein book, which wobbles all over the place. Dennis King, Jane Pickens, Conrad Nagel, and Charles Winninger figure in the affair. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

Paint Your Wagon—This piece about a California mining town during the Gold Rush suffers a bit from a rather untidy plot, but there is a lot of fine singing and dancing. James Barton, Olga San Juan, Tony Bavaar, Gemze De Lappe, and James Mitchell are among the prospectors and the ladies who complicate their lives. Alan Jay Lerner wrote the book and lyrics, Frederick Loewe provided the music, and Agnes de Mille was in charge of the choreography. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Seventeen—More in the spirit of routine Broadway musical comedy than of Tarkington's famous story, but you might do worse. With Ann Crowley, Kenneth Nelson, Frank Albertson, and Doris Dalton. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day. Closes Saturday, Nov. 24.)

Top Banana—A superbly funny, if elementary, musical, in which Phil Silvers demonstrates that a caricature of Milton Berle can be a lot droller than the model. He is cleverly assisted by Joey Faye, Jack Albertson, Rose Marie, and Walter Dare Wahl. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

A Tree Grows in Brooklyn—George Abbott and Betty Smith collaborated on this adaptation of her novel, Arthur Schwartz and Dorothy Fields wrote the music and lyrics, and Shirley Booth is at the top of a talented cast, that includes Johnny Johnston, Marcia Van Dyke, and Nathaniel Frey. The result is an unusually animated and moving show. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day. Closes Saturday, Dec. 8.)

Two on the Aisle—An up-and-down revue that gets its best elevation when Bert Lahr is running through skits involving spaceships,

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EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

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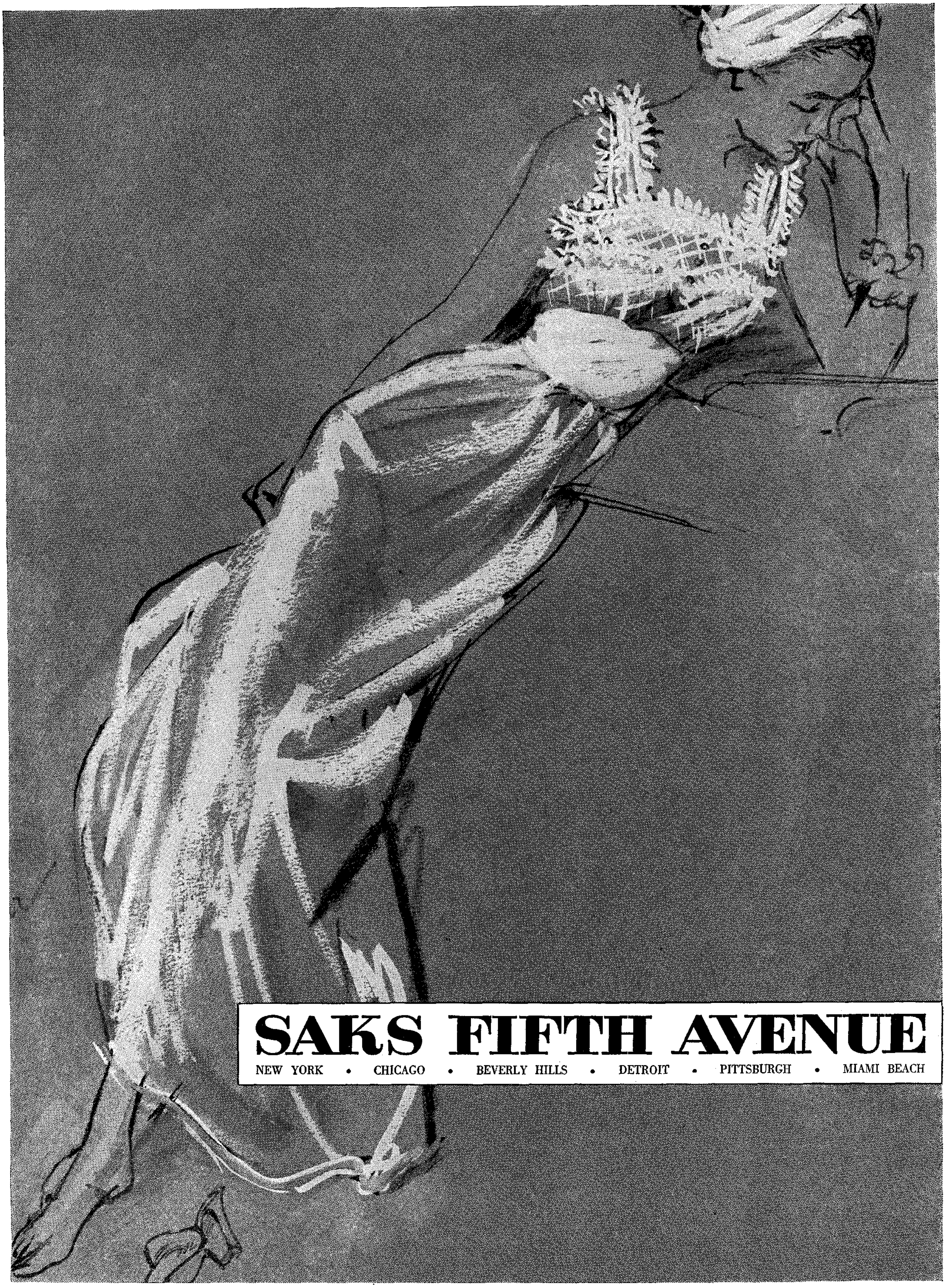
The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; S. B. Botsford, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director, Vol. XXVII, No. 41, November 24, 1951. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1951, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Philippines. Latin America, and Spain, $7.50; Canada, $8.00; Other Foreign, $10.00.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ball players, opera singers, and Sanitation Department men. Dolores Gray and a capable company assist Mr. Lahr handsomely. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

LONG RUNS—**CALL ME MADAM:** Ethel Merman as a lady ambassador. Also in the cast are Paul Lukas, Alan Hewitt, Russell Nype, and Pat Harrington. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **GUYS AND DOLLS:** Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics for this musical comedy based on a story by Damon Runyon, and Sam Levene, Isabel Bigley, Robert Alda, and Vivian Blaine are some of the Runyon characters. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.) . . . **SOUTH PACIFIC:** Roger Rico is now playing the cultured Frenchman to Martha Wright's Nellie Forbush. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

GIGI—A dramatization by Anita Loos of Colette's novel. The cast, under the direction of Raymond Rouleau, is headed by Audrey Hepburn and Cathleen Nesbitt. Produced by Gilbert Miller. Opens Saturday, Nov. 24. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

I AM A CAMERA—A new play by John van Druten, adapted from Christopher Isherwood's "The Berlin Stories," with Julie Harris and William Prince. Produced by Gertrude Macy in association with Walter Starcke, and directed by Mr. van Druten. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 28. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

DON JUAN IN HELL—Charles Boyer, Charles Laughton, Cedric Hardwicke, and Agnes Moorehead in a reading of the dream sequence from Shaw's "Man and Superman." Staged by Mr. Laughton and presented by Paul Gregory. Opens Thursday, Nov. 29. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Through Monday, Dec. 31.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET COMPANY—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Nov. 22: "Symphonie Concertante," "Four Temperaments," "Orpheus," and "Cakewalk." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 23: "Swan Lake," "Prodigal Son," "A la Françaix," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 24: "Jinx," "Pas de Trois," "The Duel," and "Cakewalk." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 24: "Concerto Barocco," "Age of Anxiety," "Pas de Trois," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 25: "Serenade," "The Miraculous Mandarin," "Four Temperaments," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 25: "Card Game," "The Fairy's Kiss," "The Cage," and "Apollo, Leader of the Muses." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 27: "The Duel," "Lilac Garden," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 28: "Symphonie Concertante," "The Miraculous Mandarin," "Pas de Trois," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 29: "Serenade," "Four Temperaments," "The Cage," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 30: "Swan Lake," "Illuminations," "A la Françaix," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 1: "The Duel," "The Fairy's Kiss," "Tyl Ulenspiegel," and "Cakewalk." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 1: "Card Game," "Prodigal Son," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in C." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Dec. 16.)

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JOSÉ GRECO AND HIS SPANISH BALLET—Ballet, along with flamenco and other Spanish dances, by a company that includes Nila Amparo, Carola Goya, Teresa Maya, and La Quica. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Nov. 24.)

LA MERI—And her company, in a dance recital. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

MISCELLANY

VAUDEVILLE—Judy Garland, Smith and Dale, and others. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées daily at 2:40. Closed Mondays.)

BORSCHT CAPADES—If you understand Yiddish and happen to be amused by its rather special humor, you may be entertained by this fairly elaborate floor show. Otherwise, you will certainly be far happier somewhere else. Among the more acceptable performers are a lady simply known as Raasche, the Barry Sisters, Phil Foster, and Dave Barry. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—On the floor of the sedate Trianon Room, except Sundays, there's dancing to Jules Lande's orchestra and Nino de Moraes' band, and, at cocktail time, William Adler's quartet plays prowler violin in the rotunda.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Michael Kent's quartet provides string music during dinner in the Madison Room, which is closed Sundays. Except Sundays, the quartet plays at cocktail time in the Palm Court. No dancing anywhere.

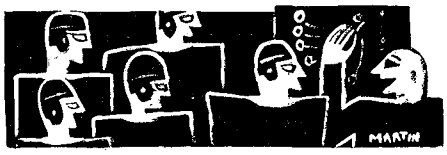
CARLTON HOUSE, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000)—The ceilings of this lineal descendant of the Ritz are a lot closer to zero than those in the old place, but Emery Deutsch's musicians are still on hand at dinner in the big restaurant to make the transition as painless as possible. No dancing, and no music Sundays.

GOGI'S LARUE, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—A resplendent new job of landscaping enhances the vistas from this regal hunting lodge, where Ted Straeter and his dance orchestra and Pancho's rumba band make the night merry from nine-thirty on. In the small, good-looking Plush Room, George Feyer's piano, which is European in flavor, begins at eight. Thursday, Nov. 29, is, like the final Thursday of every month, black tie. Closed Mondays.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A fashionable photographer's studio, open evenings for the convenience of those who have to sleep during the day. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band play for dancing.

NEW YORKER, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—Now, by golly, they've got *puppets* in the Terrace Room ice show. Adrian Rollini's trio and Tommy Reynolds' band. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Sally De Marco, an elegantly gowned wisp of thistledown, floats in and out of the arms of Tony De Marco, whose choreography has never been better. Robert Maxwell and his harp address themselves to hot Gershwin and such. The guests in the Cotillion Room dance to Stanley Melba's orchestra and Chico-Relli's rumba band. On Sundays there's a show at dinner only. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet plays for dancing from cocktails through supper every night in the Café Pierre.



PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Celeste Holm, a credit to and an ornament of the American theatre, is at her skylarking tricks in the Persian Room. Dick LaSalle's and Mark Monte's orchestras play for dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous Room, which is restfully period-piece, Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance orchestras glide from one familiar tune to another. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's music during the cocktail hour in the Palm Court. No dancing.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: Guy Lombardo and his assorted music-makers in the Grill. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, an extremely sumptuous boudoir, Margaret Phelan produces bird notes to surround her not especially amusing lyrics. The dance bands of Horace Diaz and Milt Shaw noodle around all evening. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Café Lounge is filled with Irving Conn's dance music every afternoon and evening.

SHERRY-NETHERLAND, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—The tunes played by Hugo Pedell's small but merry dance band, in the Carnaval Room, are largely collectors' items. There's also Hélène François, lovely to look at and nice to listen to. Her ballads are mostly French. Jan Brunesco's gypsies play around, too. Closed Sundays.

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Jimmy Dorsey's dance orchestra performs rather primly during dinner and all out at supper in the Café Rouge. Closed Sundays.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. Dance music by an orchestra and a rumba band.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—A handsome lot of youngsters—among them Bill Norvas and the Upstarts, who sing; Chuck Brunner and Betty Lorraine, who dance; and Beverlee Dennis, who clowns—out for an evening's fun, which is just what this ancestral hall has been needing. Carmen Torres, who's also concerned, has a Metropolitan voice and some lively Spanish arias. Emile Petti's orchestra alternates with Panchito's rumba band for dancing.

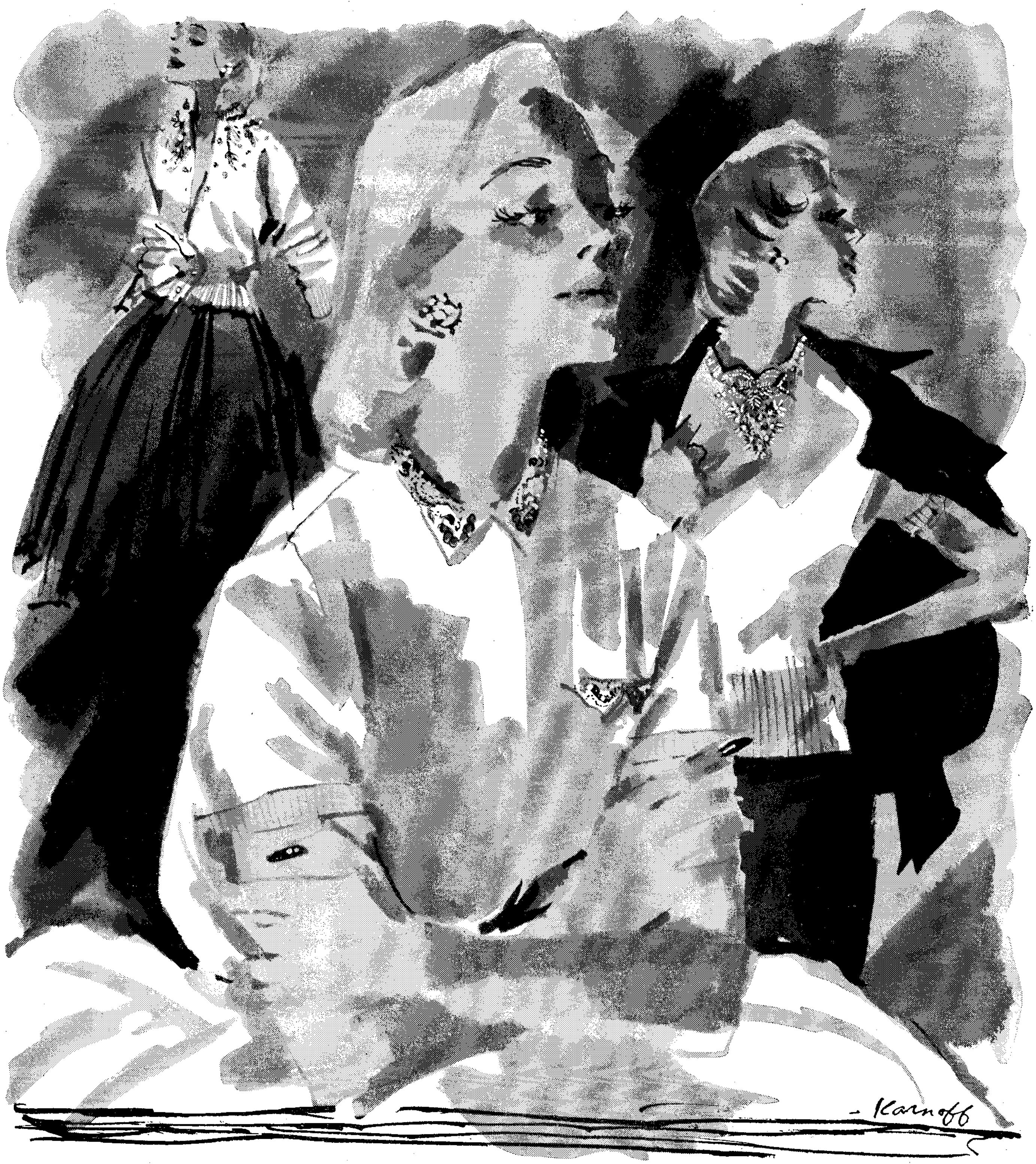
WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Marcel Lebon sings French songs, and Mary Raye, Naldi, and Vanya dance in the Empire Room at dinner and supper, and Emil Coleman's and Mischa Borr's bands thump away all evening. On Thursday, Nov. 29, Mary McCarty, a big, breezy brunette, will start romping through some skits, and Ted and Phyliss Rodriguez will start dancing. That night, too, the Coleman band will give way to Nat Brandwynne's. On Sundays, Mr. Borr's outfit is the only amusement, and even he knocks off at twelve. . . . ¶ Don Rodney's dance orchestra starts warming up in the Peacock Lounge at seven. Closed Sundays.

NOTE—A romantic view of lovable, fantastic, improbable old Manhattan is just outside the windows of the Rainbow Room, now a cocktail lounge, open from four-thirty to nine, except Sundays. Incidental music, too. The address, 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone, CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, the inventor of the débutante dance tempo, displays his indestructible grin



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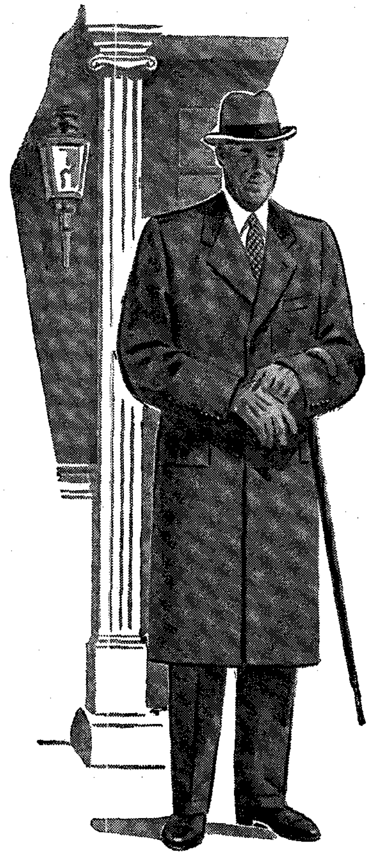

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and energetic dance band here from eight-thirty on. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA VIE EN ROSE,** 123 E. 54th St. (MU 8-8420): The magnificent Pearl Bailey declaiming her stringent patent remedies for love among the high mammals. There's also dancing to the trios of Harry Rosenthal (ah, yesteryear, yesteryear!) and Ernie Warren. . . . **TONI'S CAPRICE,** 112 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-6255): An up-and-coming playground where Hugh Shannon and Louis Hawkins sprinkle their special brands of *joie de vivre* over their pianos and their guests. Both are around after eleven, and Mr. H. also does a stint from six to nine. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Except Mondays, Ralph Strain embellishes the dark hours between ten and one with his nostalgic piano. Closed Thanksgiving Day. . . . **THE ALBERT,** 139 E. 56th St. (EL 5-1931): The décor looks as if it's about to climb into your lap, but, after ten, except Mondays, there's Cy Walter in splendid rapport with his piano. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Piano-and-violin music after nine-thirty for a nimble collection of table-hoppers. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Except on Sundays, this guys-and-dolls trysting place has Sonny Kendis, bent double over his piano as he drives his enthusiastic trio through a passel of after-dinner music. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spanish jive, with dancing to match by both cast and clients. Closed Mondays. . . . **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): This worldly pantry and bar affords, as always, Harry Meyerowitz's piano at cocktails, and Rudy Timfield's at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **CELESTE,** 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Jim Mahoney, a quiet but persuasive hand at a baby grand, is here from nine o'clock on. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 127 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9131): Vicente Gomez, the Andalusian Eddie Condon, chats with and sings at his friends as he wields a puissant guitar. Closed Tuesdays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): John Mehegan's festive piano adds a pleasant condiment to dinner and supper here. On Sundays, Harold Cook assumes his portfolio.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dancing, unless otherwise noted.)

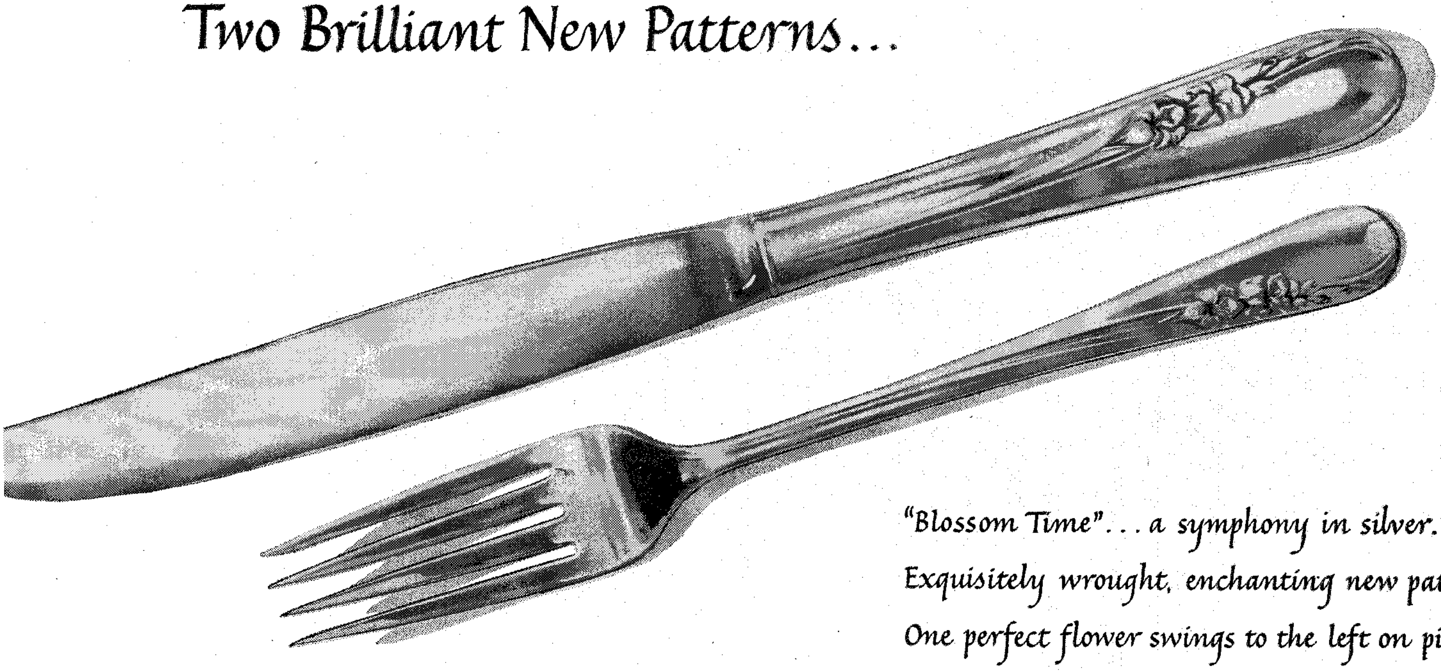
COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Xavier Cugat's crew of musicians, singers, and whatnot, as well as Jack Carter's jokes. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Art Tatum's easy-paced new trio has Slam Stewart on bass and Everett Barksdale on guitar. Claude Hopkins' orchestra is more rampant, and Sylvia Miles, an appealing child, sings songs that are out-and-out hoyden. . . . **GILDED CAGE,** 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (PL 7-1317): A great big floor show in which, according to Broadway custom, the female population far outnumbers the male. What goes on (and on, and on) is partly well-costumed Gay Nineties, partly primeval burlesque in which Ben Blue and Sid Slate are heavily involved. On Friday, Nov. 23, a new whoop-de-do, to which the elegant dances of François and Giselle Szony and the friskier evolutions of some can-can artistes will be major contributions. . . . **OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL,** Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): An assortment of parody melodrama, foolish silent movies, singing waiters, singing customers, sawdust, and gags by Paul Killiam, plus, as an added starter and startler, a few rowdy but acceptable bits of burlesque. Visiting performers take off on Mondays at midnight, and amateurs on Tuesdays at ten. Closed Sundays. . . . **SUGAR HILL,** 209 W. 51st St. (CI 5-8980): Harlem has come downtown again. The humor suffers from total recall, but the dancing of the cast and the cash customers is of the fine old devil-take-the-hindmost variety.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Charles Trenet, a leading French elf, is at

Two Brilliant New Patterns...



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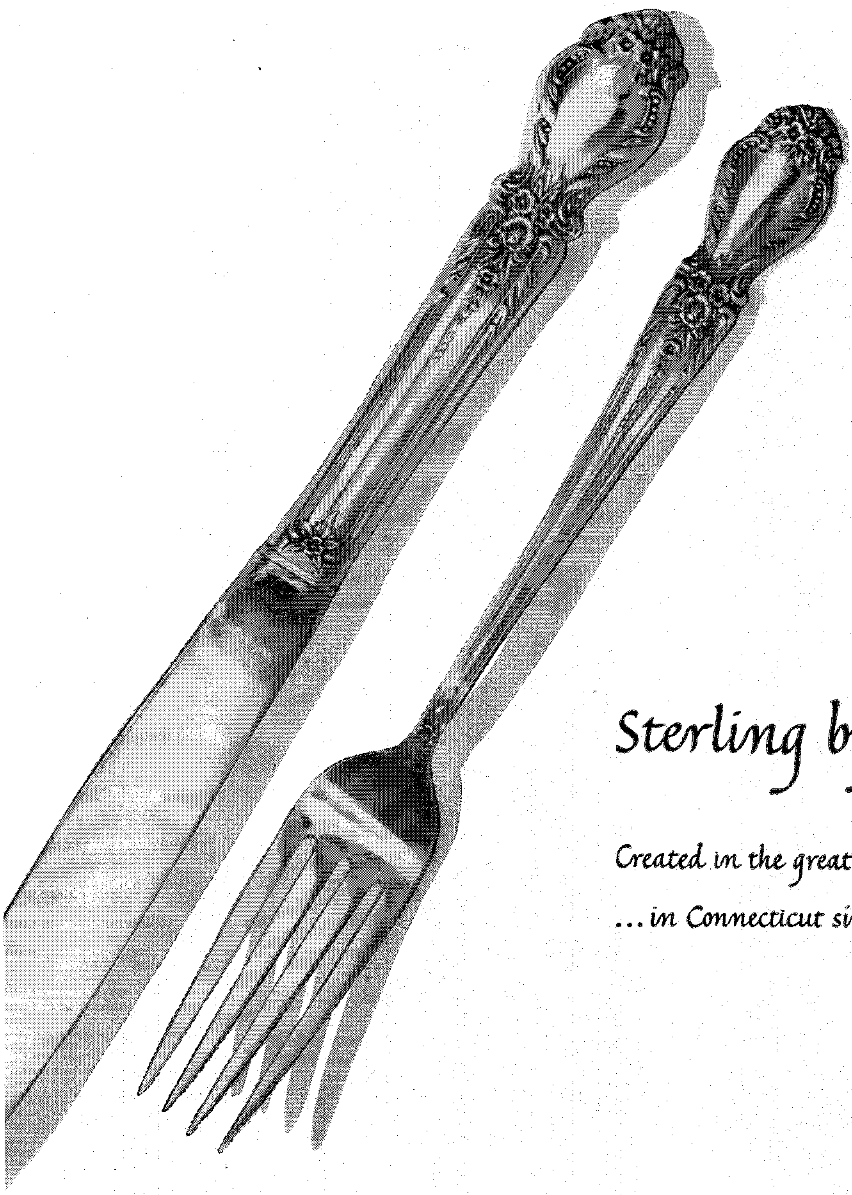

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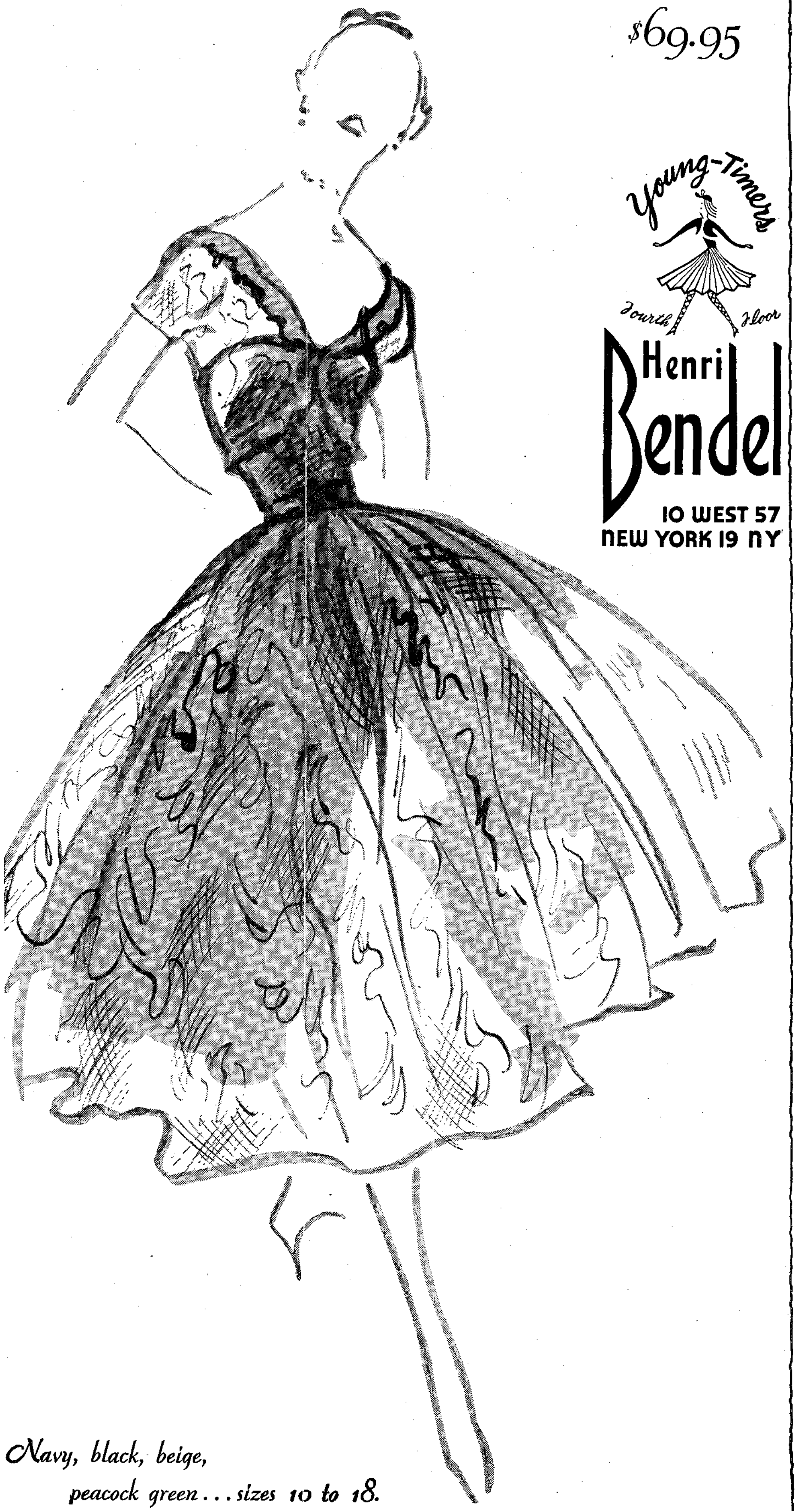

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

large in the back room, where Kirkwood and Goodman, who can be pretty elfin on their own hook, are unravelling some choice nonsequiturs. The richly inlaid music is by the Ellis Larkin Trio and Stuart Ross....¶In the lounge, except Tuesdays, Bart Howard provides some nice piano music at the dinner hour, and Eadie and Rack play their celebrated piano duets after the theatre, except Saturdays. Sundays, Eadie and Rack do a tour of duty from five-thirty to seven.... **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. *(PL 3-6426):* Julius Monk's assemblage of hand-raised talent: Ronny Graham, whose lifework is setting Freud to music; the Three Riffs, whose hearts, ballads, and footwork are light and gay; young Miss Pat Carroll, who can rightly be called a *diseuse,* and a good one; and Ellen Hanley, a decorative soprano objet d'art. The Norman Paris Trio plays celestial music. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. *(CH 2-9355):* Harry Belafonté is a success in his new role as folk singer. Royce Wallace does seductive ditties, and Phil Leeds tells funny stories on everyone, including himself. Clarence Williams' trio, which includes Karl Lynch on guitar, plays for dancing. Closed Mondays.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Adnia Rice, an All-America tackle, horses about in bumptious fashion, and Jeff Warren, a crew-cut job, uncorks a pleasing young tenor voice. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville play crackling piano duets, and Hazel Webster is the solo pianist. Ancient movies Sundays; amateur nights Mondays.... **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The mixture as before—steam-calliope songs by Mae Barnes, romantic ones by Jimmie Daniels, and barrel-house double piano by Norene Tate and Garland Wilson. The Three Flames, led by the steam-heated Tiger Haines, add a sheaf of catalytic ballads to this potpourri, while Tony and Eddie make outrageous fun of some notable recording artists. Closed Mondays.... **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Upstairs over the Hogarthian Show Spot bar, except Sundays, Mabel Mercer's very special collection of songs on the how-can-I-go-on-living theme. Sam Hamilton plays piano.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Bob Casey, Gene Schroeder, and Mr. Condon—as energetic a crew as ever graced this storied old firehouse. Ralph Sutton tears off some pyrotechnic piano in between their sessions of mass therapy. On Tuesday nights, the racket is increased by a hard-riding group of visiting firemen. Closed Sundays.... **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Red Norvo's trio (Tal Farlow is on guitar) turns out quiet, deft, and habit-forming music after nine, and Teddy Wilson's quartet, which has Don Elliot zooming between vibraphone, trumpet, and French horn, goes to town at a livelier clip. Irving Fields' trio plays from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Sundays, Bobby Hackett and his light cavalry take the field instead.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. *(CH 2-6683):* Muggsy Spanier and pals are telling the world how hot music came of age in South Chicago. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris's new and honestly traditional band, up to and including a banjo (Danny Barker), is working out here. Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, and Freddy Moore are also in the troupe. Don Frye plays solo piano. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays.... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Dizzy Gillespie is still shrilling away. On Monday, Nov. 26, Cab Calloway will start operating, too. Jam sessions Mondays.... **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those weekend travelogues from Natchez to Mobile. On Nov. 23 and 24, the parade will involve Bobby Hackett, Wild Bill Davison, Sonny Greer, Lou McGarity, Peanuts Hucko,

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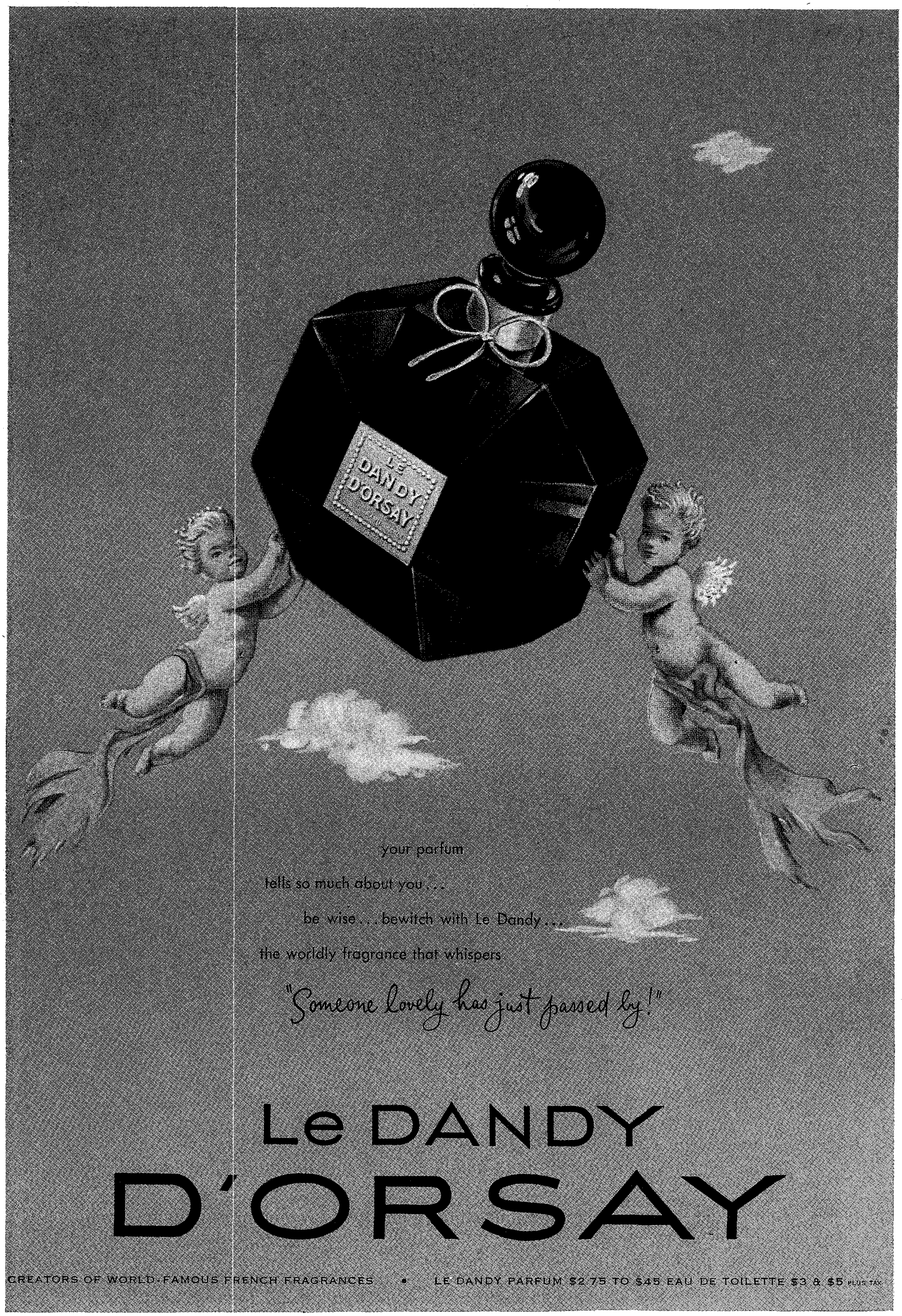
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ray McKinley, Jimmy McPartland, Vic Dickenson, and Gene Sedric. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another scene of weekend rioting. This time (Nov. 23 and 24), the marksmen will include Billy Butterfield, Willie the Lion Smith, Red Allen, and Sol Yaged. Dancing.

ART

(Galleries are generally open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6. Unless otherwise noted, they will be closed Thanksgiving Day. Most of the museums will be open Thanksgiving Day, usually at special hours, as indicated.)

GALLERIES

African Sculptures—A number of pieces assembled from various European collections and including masks, statues, and a series of ceremonial goblets; through Dec. 24. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Open Thanksgiving Day.)

Allied Artists of America—About two hundred and fifty-five works (among them oils, water colors, and sculptures), by nearly as many artists; through Nov. 25. (National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5. Open Thanksgiving Day.)

Audubon—A loan showing of animal paintings, largely water colors, along with two portraits of the artist and some memorabilia; through Dec. 31. (Audubon House, 1000 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)

Samuel Brecher—Breezy Impressionist oils, principally of scenes around Boothbay Harbor, Maine; through Dec. 1. (Babcock, 38 E. 57th St.)

Jon Corbino—New paintings, in a looser, freer style than his previous ones; through Nov. 24. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.)

Adolf Dehn—This well-known water-colorist turns his hand to oils, with good effect, in a series of briskly stylized Haitian studies; through Dec. 1. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

Max Ernst—New paintings by a leading French Surrealist, now living in Arizona; through Jan. 1. (Iolas, 46 E. 57th St.)

Helen Frankenthaler—Abstract paintings, done with a good feeling for effective color, by one of the more talented younger artists; through Dec. 1. (De Nagy, 206 E. 53rd St.)

Gordon Grant—A set of new water colors by one of the contemporary experts in the medium; through Nov. 24. (Grand Central, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.)

Group Shows—At the **ARTISTS'**, 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St.: Oils, water colors, pastels, drawings, and prints by about twenty artists, including Gretna Campbel and John Sennhauser; through Dec. 24. Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Philip Pieck, Warren F. Robinson, and others; through Nov. 23. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Oils and other works by Carroll Cloar, Herbert Katzman, and other young Americans; through Nov. 24. . . . **NIVEAU**, 63 E. 57th St.: Raoul Dufy, Matisse, and Picasso, as well as numerous others, are represented in this group of modern French artists; through Dec. 31. . . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58th St.: Modern French paintings by such men as Picasso, Braque, and Utrillo, shown here for the first time; through Dec. 1. . . . **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: Contrasting paintings by Kay Sage, Carlyle Brown, and Joseph Glasco; through Dec. 1.

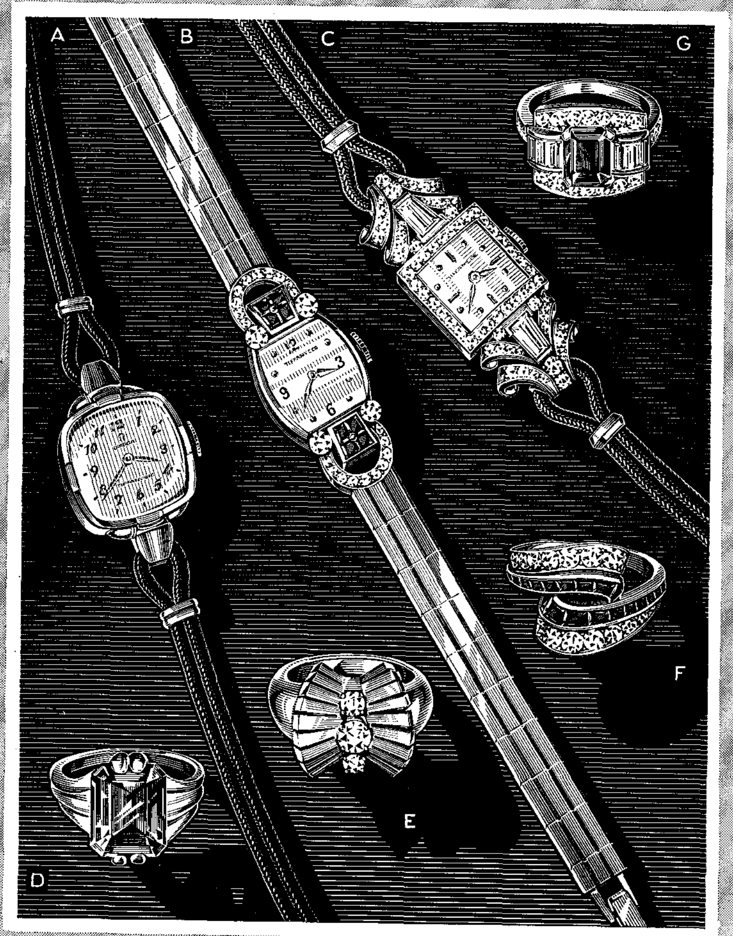
Hans Hofmann—New paintings, some of them more strictly linear in style than usual, by the elder statesman of the abstract-Expressionist group; through Dec 1. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

Karl Knaths—Abstract paintings, done with all this artist's technical command and assurance; through Nov. 24. (Rosenberg, 16 E. 57th St.)

John Koch—New paintings, possibly a bit static in atmosphere but executed with crystalline clarity and skill; through Nov. 24. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.)

Henry Koerner—Crisp, sometimes slightly enig-

Christmas remembrances of special significance . . . rings and watches of beauty and quality from the large Tiffany collection.



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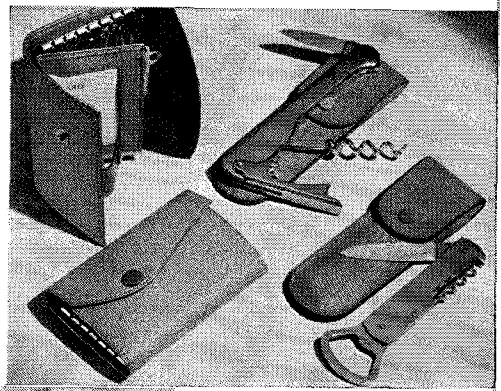

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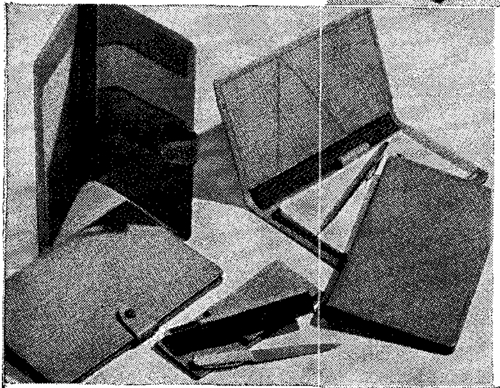

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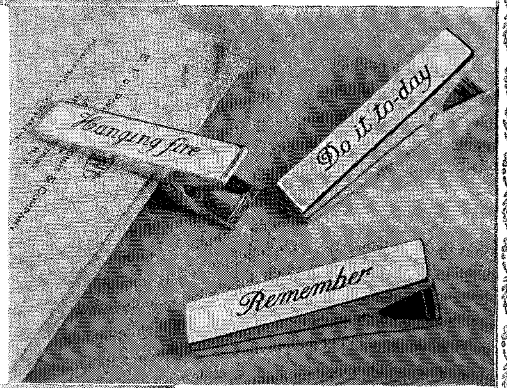

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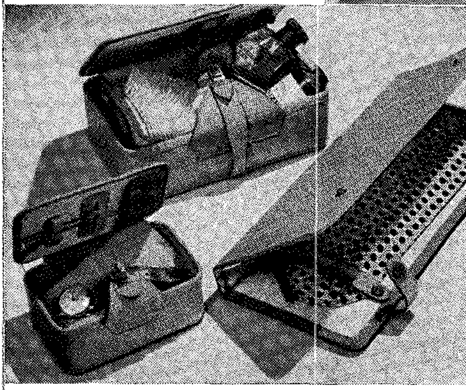

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

matic, drawings; through Dec. 1. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

Kaethe Kollwitz—Eight sculptures and about forty drawings, in a loan exhibition; through Nov. 24. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St.)

Masterpieces from Museums and Private Collections—A loan show, and a superb one, of paintings of the fourteenth century through the nineteenth, for the benefit of St. Faith's House; through Dec. 15. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

William C. McNulty—A retrospective display of work done during fifty years as a newspaper artist, a magazine and book illustrator, an etcher, and a painter by this artist, who has been an instructor at the League for twenty years; through Dec. 8. (Art Students League, 215 W. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Saturdays, 9 to 4:30.)

Old Master Drawings—The gallery's fifteenth annual exhibition, comprising works by fifty artists from various countries, and covering the fifteenth through the nineteenth centuries; through Nov. 24. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Alfonso Ossorio—Abstract paintings, in which finespun, weblike patterns alternate engagingly with bolder, broader ones; through Nov. 24. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Walter Quirt—Abstract paintings, deftly combining a touch of the Japanese with a vigorous personal note, in his first exhibition in eight years; through Dec. 1. (New Gallery, 63 W. 44th St. Weekdays, 10 to 7.)

Henri Rousseau—A loan show, including a number of little-known pictures from abroad, for the benefit of the Cerebral Palsy Society; through Dec. 22. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Paul Signac—Oils and water colors, mostly landscapes, painted in France by this post-Impressionist, who died in 1935; through Dec. 1. (Fine Arts Associates, 51 E. 57th St.)

South-Pacific Art—More than fifty items including wood carvings, totem poles, painted pottery, painted bark, and shields, from such places as New Guinea and the Solomon Islands; through Dec. 31. (Carlebach, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.)

Some of This Week's Openings—At the **American British Art Gallery**, 122 E. 55th St.: Brian Connelly; through Dec. 8. . . . **Downtown**, 32 E. 51st St.: Louis Guglielmi; through Dec. 8. . . . **Knoedler**, 14 E. 57th St.: Rufino Tamayo; through Dec. 15. . . . **Levitt**, 559 Madison Ave., at 56th St.: Lawrence Kupferman; through Dec. 24. . . . **Matisse**, 41 E. 57th St.: Joan Miró; through Dec. 15. . . . **Bertha Schaefer**, 32 E. 57th St.: Linda Lindeberg and Nanno De Groot; through Dec. 8. . . . **Curt Valentin**, 32 E. 57th St.: Sculpture by painters; through Dec. 15.

MUSEUMS

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A large and well-organized loan exhibition, analyzing and illustrating the various trends in American painting from 1900 to the present; through Jan. 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Lithographs and posters by Toulouse-Lautrec, chosen from the Museum's collection, in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of his death; through Nov. 25. . . . ¶ A selection of paintings by Old Masters, plus Oriental and Egyptian objects of art, all given or bequeathed to the Museum by Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Harkness; through April 1. . . . ¶ Paintings and other works from the Lewisohn collection, including some remarkable Impressionist and post-Impressionist examples; through Dec. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than a hundred paintings and sculptures by Matisse, plus prints and illustrated books, and his designs for the Dominican Chapel of the Rosary, at Vence, France; through Jan. 13. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 7.)

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 1071 Fifth

Ave., at 89th St.—Currently on display here are recent acquisitions: Paintings by such men as Moholy-Nagy, Kandinsky, Mondrian, Vantongerloo, and Delaunay; a Pevsner construction; and other items; through Nov. 25. . . . ¶ A new group showing by Europeans and Americans; starting Nov. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The twenty-seventh annual showing by the New York Society of Women Artists; through Nov. 25. (Daily, except Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—The 1951 Annual of Contemporary American Painting, a lively and well-balanced show; through Jan. 6. (Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall LU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Nov. 22, at 8: "Aïda," with Zinka Milanov, Nell Rankin, Mario Del Monaco, and George London. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 23, at 8:30: "Rigoletto," with Hilde Gueden, Richard Tucker, Leonard Warren, and Alois Pernerstorfer. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 24, at 2: "La Bohème," with Victoria de los Angeles, Patrice Munsel, Jussi Bjoerling, and Frank Guarrera. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8:30: "La Traviata," with Delia Rigal, Paula Lenchner, Giacinto Prandelli, and Renato Capecchi. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 26, at 8: "Aïda," with Elena Nikolaidi, Zinka Milanov, Mario Del Monaco, and George London. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 27, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro," with Eleanor Steber, Nadine Conner, and Giuseppe Valdengo. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 8:30: "Rigoletto," with Genevieve Warner, Nell Rankin, Cesare Siepi, Leonard Warren, and Richard Tucker. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 29, at 8:30: "La Bohème," with Victoria de los Angeles, Anne Bollinger, Giuseppe Di Stefano, and Frank Valentino. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 30, at 8:15: "Fledermaus," with Hilde Gueden, Patrice Munsel, Charles Kullman, and Brian Sullivan. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 1, at 2: "La Traviata," with Licia Albanese, Paula Lenchner, Giacinto Prandelli, and Renato Capecchi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Zinka Milanov, Mildred Miller, Jussi Bjoerling, and Clifford Harvuot; and "Pagliacci," with Delia Rigal, Ramon Vinay, Leonard Warren, and Thomas Hayward.

Masque and Lyre Light Opera Company—"The Sorcerer." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. TR 9-6453. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinée Saturday, Nov. 24, at 2:15. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Sunday, Nov. 25, at 8:15.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting: Thursday, Nov. 22, at 8:45, and Friday, Nov. 23, at 2:30 (both with Rudolf Serkin, piano); Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8:45 (with Jean Casadesus, piano); Sunday, Nov. 25, at 2:30 (with Rudolf Serkin, piano); and Thursday, Nov. 29, at 8:45; Friday, Nov. 30, at 2:30; and Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8:45 (all with Michael Rabin, violin).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy directing a performance of Verdi's "Requiem," with the Temple University Choirs, the University of Pennsylvania Choral Society, and vocal soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 27, at 8:30.)

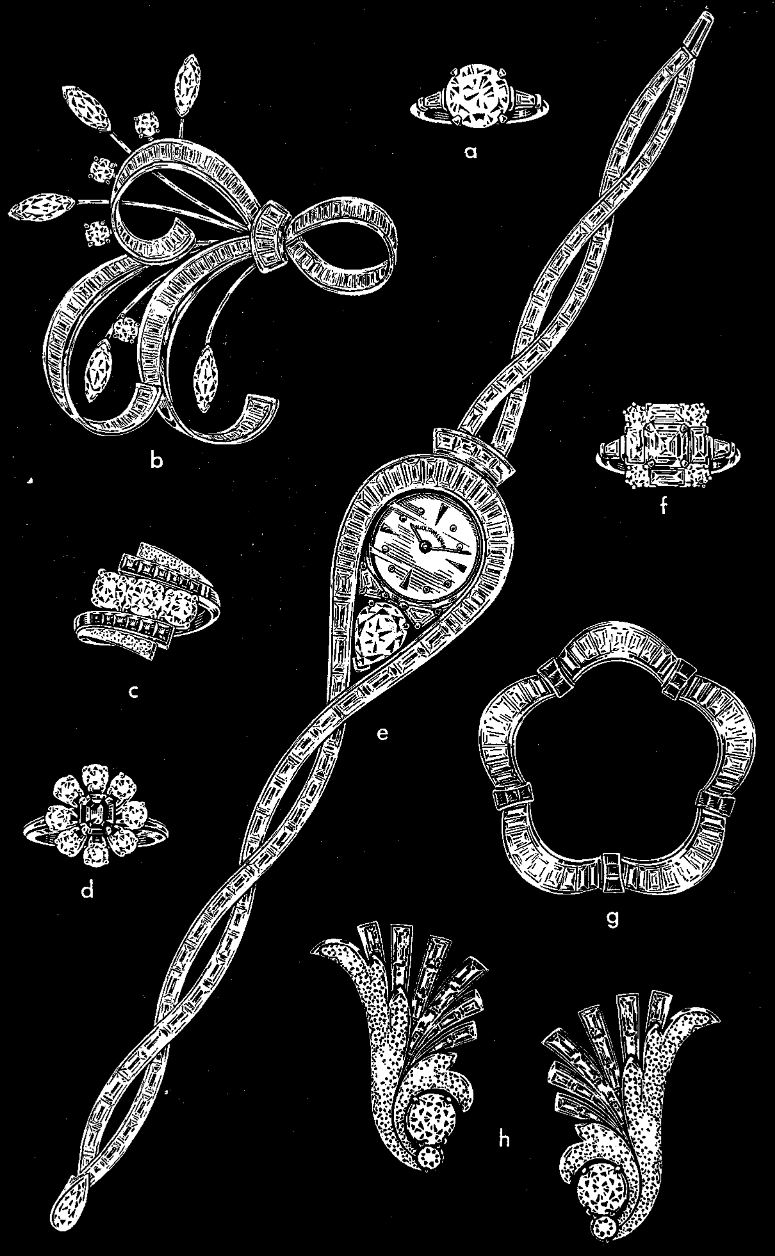
Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting, with Yehudi Menuhin, violin, and Marjorie Tyre, harp. (Town Hall. Monday, Nov. 26, at 8:30.)

Xavier University Concert Choir—Norman Bell directing. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 23, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Gina Bachauer—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday,

BLACK, STARR & GORHAM



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Nov. 24, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Rudolf Firkusny—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8:30.)

New Friends of Music—New Music String Quartet; Richard Dyer-Bennet, tenor; and other soloists. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 25, at 5:30.)

Szymon Goldberg—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 26, at 8:30.)

Schneider Quartet—The fifth performance in a sixteen-program Haydn cycle. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Monday, Nov. 26, at 8:40.)

Winifred Cecil—Soprano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 8:30.)

Giovanni Bagarotti—Violin, with an orchestra conducted by Leon Barzin. The first in a series of three programs presenting a cycle of Mozart concertos. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 8:30.)

Rosalyn Tureck—Piano, in the last of a series of all-Bach recitals. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 8:40.)

Freda Trepel—Piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, Nov. 29, at 8:30.)

Richard Dyer-Bennet—Tenor and guitarist. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 4-3200, Ext. 2461. Thursday, Nov. 29, at 8:30.)

Ray Lev—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 30, at 8:30.)

Note—Ralph Kirkpatrick will give a harpsichord recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Dec. 2, at 2:55. Free tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Nov. 27, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning—not before—and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concert—Billy Eckstine, vocalist, and George Shearing's quintet. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 2:30 and midnight.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Nov. 23: Bob Baker vs. Clarence Henry, heavyweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 30: Paddy Young vs. Ernie Durando, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

College Football—**SATURDAY, NOV. 24** (all at 1:30): Boston University vs. Syracuse, at Boston. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Brown, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. N.Y.U., at Triborough Stadium, Randalls Island. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Colgate, at New Brunswick. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Harvard, at New Haven. . . . **SATURDAY, DEC. 1** (both at 1:30): Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Boston College vs. Holy Cross, at Boston.

Professional Football—Yanks vs. San Francisco Forty-Niners. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 25, at 2:05.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Nov. 25: Rangers vs. Canadiens. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 28: Rangers vs. Chicago. (Games begin at 8:30.)

Indoor Polo—Two matches every Saturday night, starting Nov. 24. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

FOR CHILDREN

Operetta—"The Mikado," presented by the Masque and Lyre Light Opera Company. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2:30 on the day of the performance. Children under six not admitted.)

Plays—By the **junior playhouse:** "The Hiccupping Princess." (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Friday, Nov. 23, at 11 and 3, and Sunday, Nov. 25, at 3.) . . . **junior theatre:** "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-0224.) . . . **children's world theatre:** "Hänsel and Gretel." (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. Friday through Sunday, Nov. 23-25, at 2:30. For tickets, call PE 6-5536.) . . . **playmart:** "Pinocchio." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturday, Nov. 24, at 1:30 and 3:15. For tickets, call TR 7-7591.) . . . **clare tree major children's theatre:** "Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 24, at 3.)

Children's Carnival—Oscar Brand in "Gobble, Gobble, Turkey," a playlet, with dancers and singers. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Saturday, Nov. 24, at 1 and 3, and Sunday, Nov. 25, at 2.)

Miscellany—A program of magic and comedy, plus puppets. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 3.)

Movies—"A Christmas Carol," with Alastair Sim. (Guild Theatre, Rockefeller Plaza. PL 7-2406. Starting Wednesday, Nov. 28.) . . . ¶ Cartoons and, usually, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux Colony Theatre, Second Ave. at 79th St., BU 8-9468; and Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St., BU 8-3180; Saturdays at 11.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The organization's New York activities will be more or less quiescent, as far as the visiting public is concerned, until after the current meeting of the General Assembly in Paris, which is expected to wind up around Feb. 1. However, debates of the Paris meeting are being filmed and shown here a day later over WCBS-TV, Mondays through Fridays at 6. Questions about the United Nations will be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 220 W. 45th St., JU 2-0233.

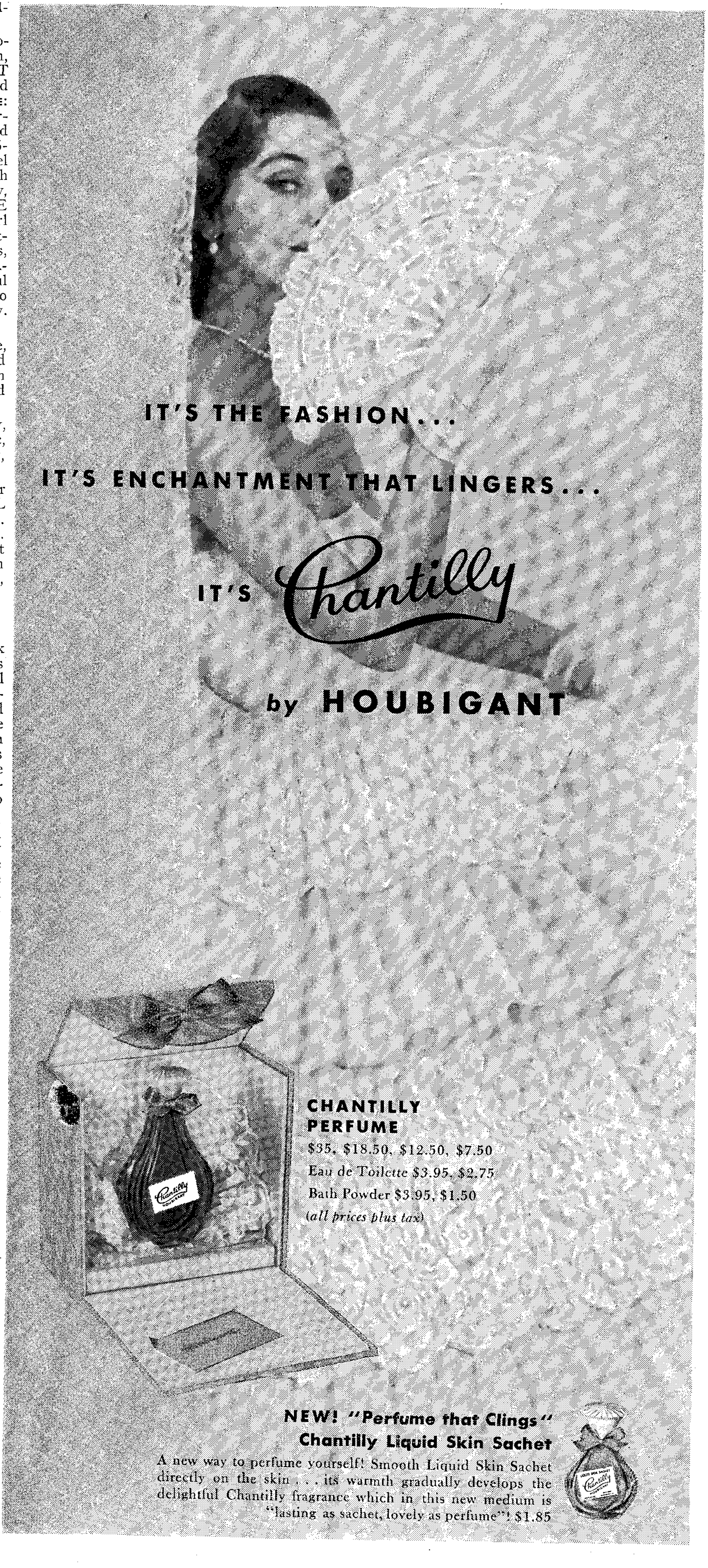
Sale of F. D. Roosevelt Memorabilia—A disposal of a number of the late President's personally owned odds and ends that have overflowed the Roosevelt family's attics. The articles on sale range from some pretty small odds (china and glass knickknacks) to some pretty big ends (a mahogany breakfront, for instance). An admission fee of one dollar is charged, for the benefit of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. (Hammer Galleries, 51 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5:30; through Dec. 3.)

Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade—A day to bring out the best in Father. The parade starts at 10, at Central Park West and 77th St., moves down Central Park West to Columbus Circle and thence along Broadway to 34th Street, arriving at Macy's at about 11:15.

Hayden Planetarium—The current show is called "Conquest of Space." Starting Saturday, Dec. 1, there will be a new show, "The Christmas Star." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays, Sundays, and Thanksgiving Day, at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)—Friday, Nov. 23, at 10:15 and 1:45, and Saturday, Nov. 24, at 1:45: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century French and Biedermeier furniture and decorations; Georgian and Continental silver; porcelains; and paintings, owned by Walter H. Schoellkopt and others. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 8: Paintings by Reynolds, Jacob van Ruysdael, di Bartolo, van Goyen, and other Old Masters, the property of a Norwegian private collector and various others. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 24.

Atomic-Bomb Raid Test—A simulated sneak attack is scheduled for the forenoon of a day (what day? Oh, ho!) during the week of Nov. 25.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

The Browning Version—The hard times of a professor of Greek, who finds after twenty years of trying that he can't convey to his pupils his own enthusiasm for the classics. The professor, remarkably portrayed by Michael Redgrave, also has his domestic troubles. An English film. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Detective Story—A first-rate treatment of the Sidney Kingsley melodrama dealing with the activities of a police station. The acting in this one is uniformly excellent, and among those who figure in it are Kirk Douglas, Eleanor Parker, Joseph Wiseman, William Bendix, Lee Grant, and Luis Van Rooten. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800.)

Kon-Tiki—Six men on a raft, drifting to Polynesia, in order to prove that the original settlers of some of the Pacific islands were Peruvians. An arresting documentary, narrated by Thor Heyerdahl. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Nov. 27-28.)

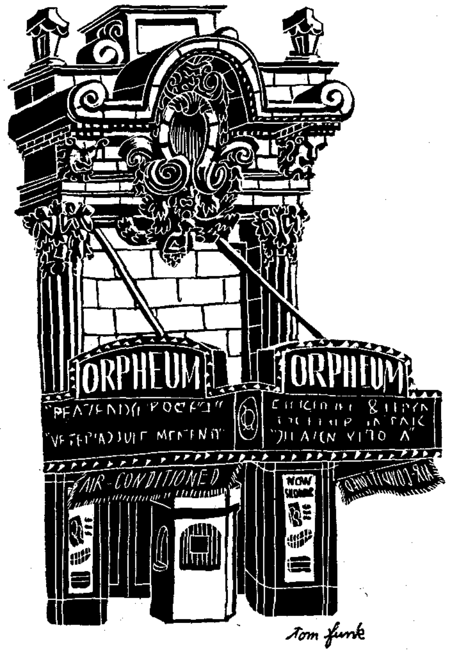
The Lavender Hill Mob—How a mild little fellow in the Bank of England manages to do his employers out of a million pounds, amid the nicest sort of hilarity. Alec Guinness is the employee of the bank and Stanley Holloway is his redoubtable colleague in this English picture. (Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Marie du Port—A world-weary man from Cherbourg finds release from ennui in a neighboring village, which happens to have a pleasant bar and an even pleasanter barmaid. An extremely amiable French film, with Jean Gabin and Nicole Courcel. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Nov. 25-26.)

Odette—Anna Neagle functioning as an underground agent of the British during the last war. Based on fact, this English picture is slow in hitting its stride, but when it does, it moves in cannon-ball style. Trevor Howard is a big help to Miss Neagle. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Nov. 23-26. . . . ¶ Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Nov. 26, tentative. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting Nov. 28.)

A Place in the Sun—An adaptation of Theodore Dreiser's "An American Tragedy" that rates a blue ribbon. Astutely directed by George Stevens, the piece has as its central figures Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Nov. 22. . . . ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through Nov. 24. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Nov. 26. . . . ¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; Nov. 23-24. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Nov. 24-27. . . . ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; Nov. 27-28.)

Quo Vadis—Never before were thirty thousand actors employed so footlessly as in this version of the Sienkiewicz novel about hard times for Christians under Nero. Robert Taylor, the thirty-thousandth actor, helps not at all. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240. Showings are at 2:40 and 8:40; extra performances Saturdays at midnight. Reserved seats only. . . . ¶ Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Continuous showings.)



The Red Badge of Courage—The Northern Blues against the Southern Grays, in a picture, made by John Huston, that somehow isn't anything like as compelling as the Stephen Crane novel from which it derives. With Audie Murphy and Bill Mauldin. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; through Nov. 26.)

The River—A film made by Americans in India. Distinguished by striking topical detail and a script, based on a novel by Rumer Godden, that makes a most absorbing business of adolescent love as experienced by three young ladies. Directed by Jean Renoir, the film includes Arthur Shields and Nora Swinburne in its cast. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays, Sundays, and Thanksgiving Day at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

Tales of Hoffmann—Opera, ballet, pantomime, and what-have-you, all stirred up into a big British batter that never really rises. With Robert Rounseville, Moira Shearer, Ludmilla Tcherina, Leonide Massine, and Robert Helpmann. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Well—An intemperate but frequently engrossing melodrama concerned with a race riot and the rescue of a small girl trapped underground. With Henry Morgan, Barry Kelly, Richard Rober, and Maidie Norman. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; through Nov. 23. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Nov. 23-24. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Nov. 25-27.)

REVIVALS

Un Carnet de Bal (1938)—A widow traces the careers of her early loves. A French film, with Marie Bell, Harry Baur, and Raimu. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 28.)

City Lights (1930)—The old familiar Chaplin, plus a blind flower girl and an alcoholic millionaire. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Nov. 25, tentative.)

Crime and Punishment (1935)—Harry Baur in a French version of one of Dostoevski's novels. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through Nov. 24.)

Holiday (1938)—The Philip Barry piece. With Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Nov. 22.)

The Idiot (1948)—Gérard Philipe in another French interpretation of a Dostoevski novel. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through Nov. 24.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. With Victor McLaglen. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Nov. 25, tentative.)

In Old Chicago (1938)—Mrs. O'Leary and her cow, as well as Alice Faye and Tyrone Power. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; Nov. 24.)

King Solomon's Mines (1950)—Derring-do in Africa. With Deborah Kerr, Stewart Granger, and thousands of beasts. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Nov. 22. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Nov. 25-27.)

Last Holiday (1950)—Alec Guinness as a presumably doomed salesman having his last fling at a fancy watering place. A British picture. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Nov. 23.)

My Little Chickadee (1940)—W. C. Fields and Mae West gambolling around in a most unusual Western. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630.)

Never Give a Sucker an Even Break (1941)—W. C. Fields again, this time doing his best as a kindly uncle. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630.)

Pépé le Moko (1941)—Life in the Kasbah. A French film, with Jean Gabin. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Trio (1950)—Somerset Maugham stories. An English picture, with Jean Simmons and James Hayter. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; through Nov. 24.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Nov. 25: "Anna Christie" (1930), with Greta Garbo. . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 26: Noel Coward's "Cavalcade" (1933), with Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook. (Showings are at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
QUO VADIS.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
TALES OF HOFFMANN.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
QUO VADIS.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"The Blue Veil," Jane Wyman, Charles Laughton.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"Warmth," Edmond O'Brien, Dean Jagger, Forrest Tucker.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
DETECTIVE STORY.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Too Young to Kiss," June Allyson, Van Johnson.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Two Tickets to Broadway," Tony Martin, Janet Leigh.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Fixed Bayonets!," Richard Basehart, Gene Evans.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Golden Girl," Mitzi Gaynor, Dale Robertson.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"Come Fill the Cup," James Cagney, Phyllis Thaxter.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
PÉPÉ LE MOKO (in French), revival.

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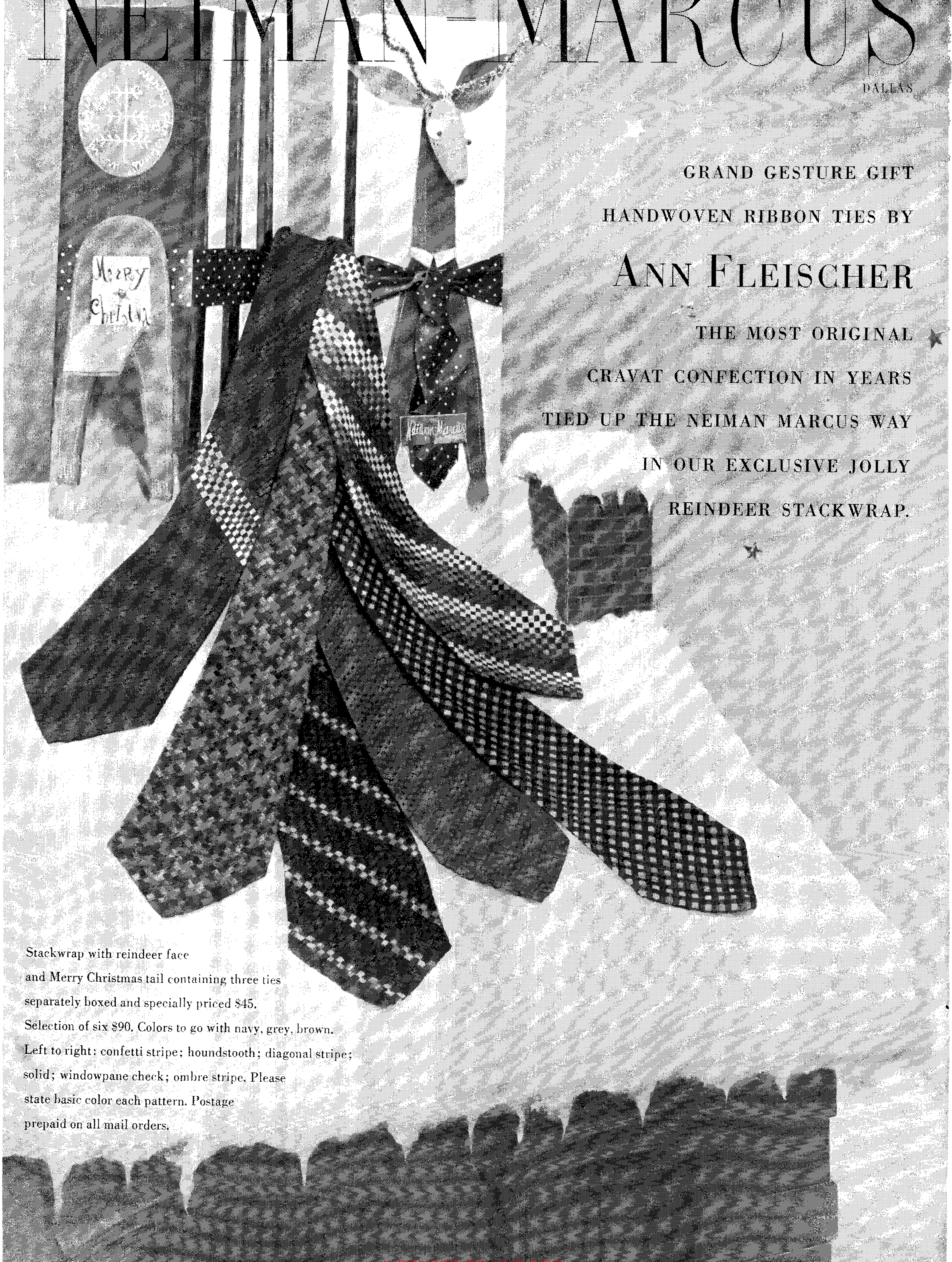

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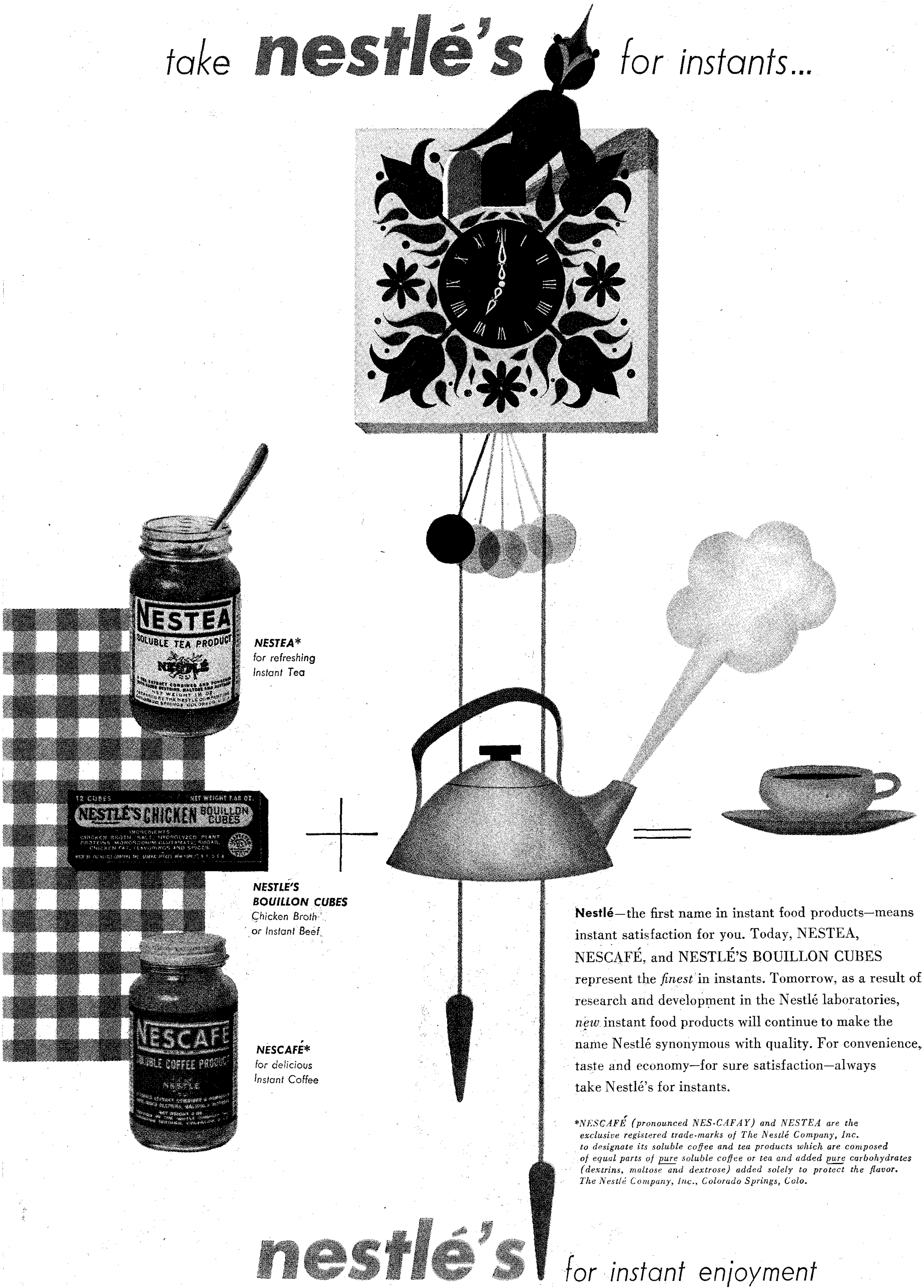
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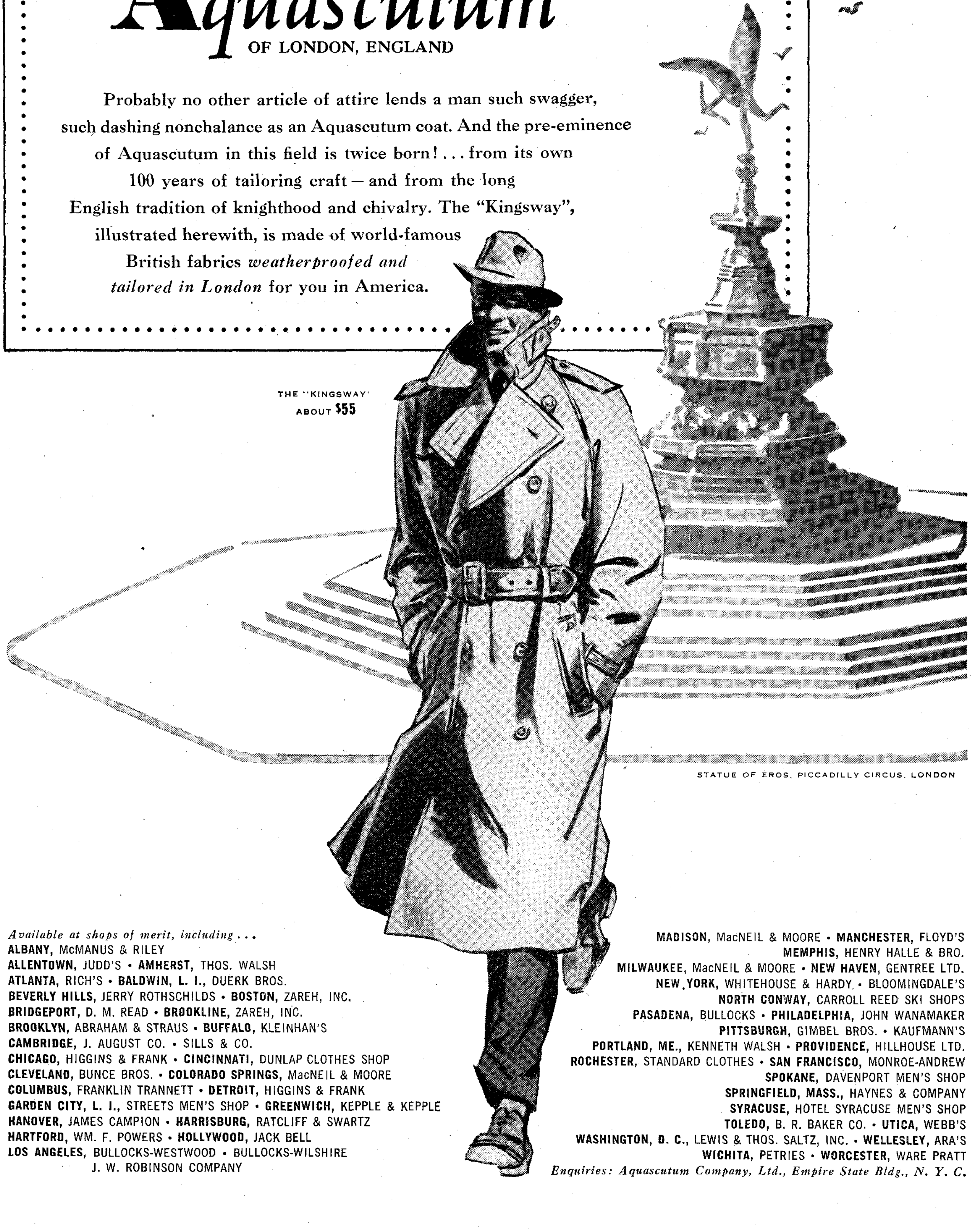

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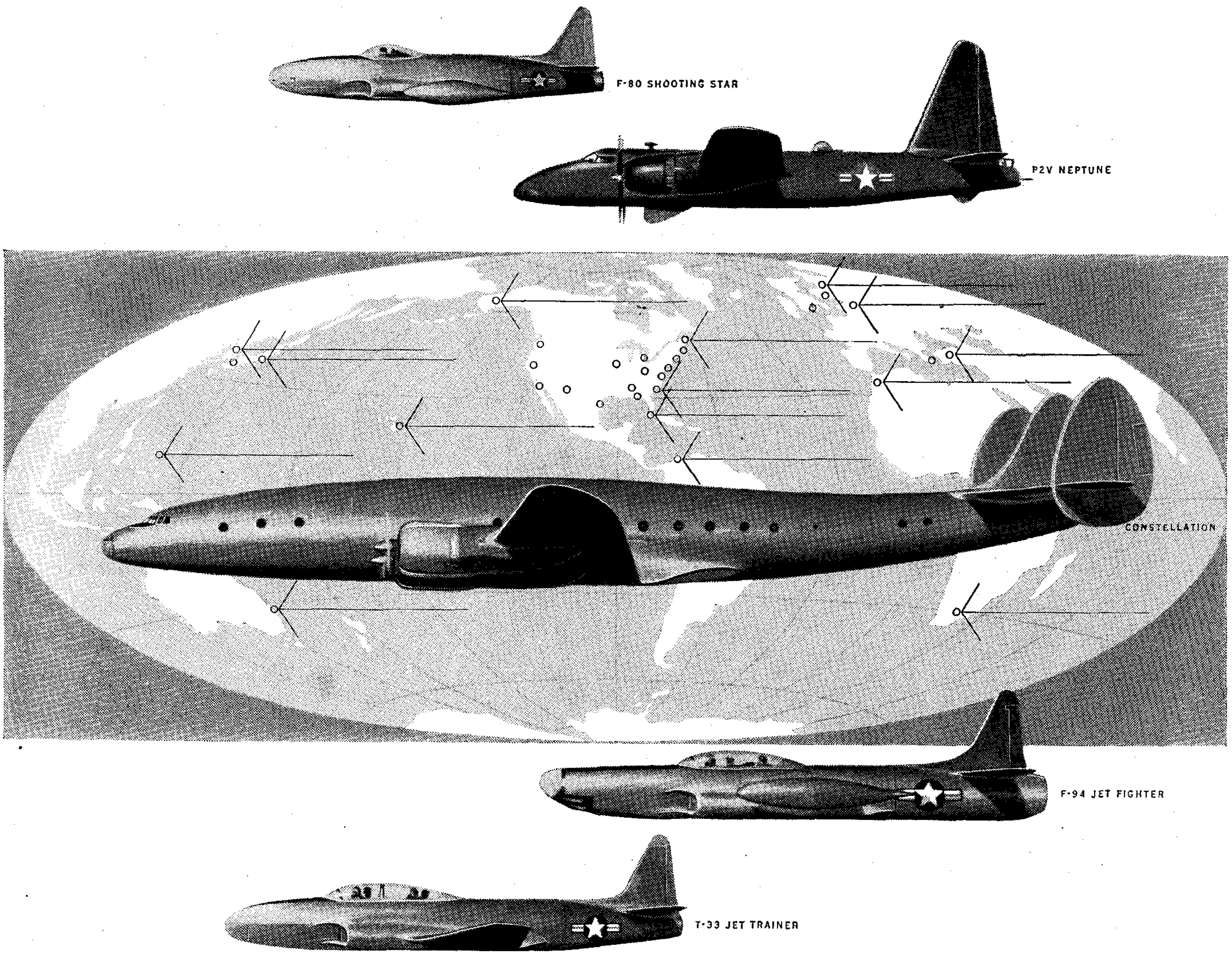

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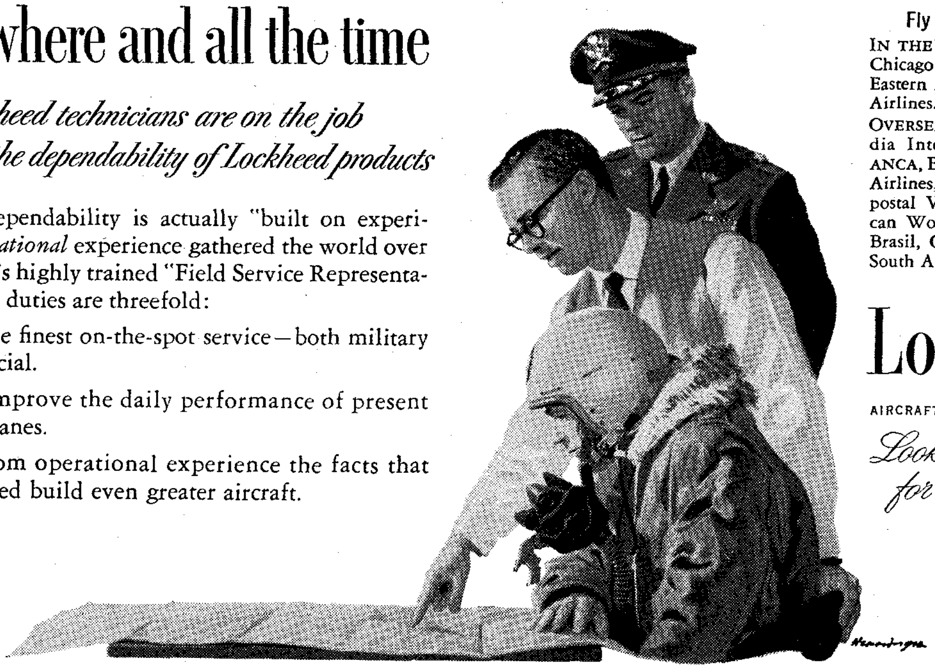

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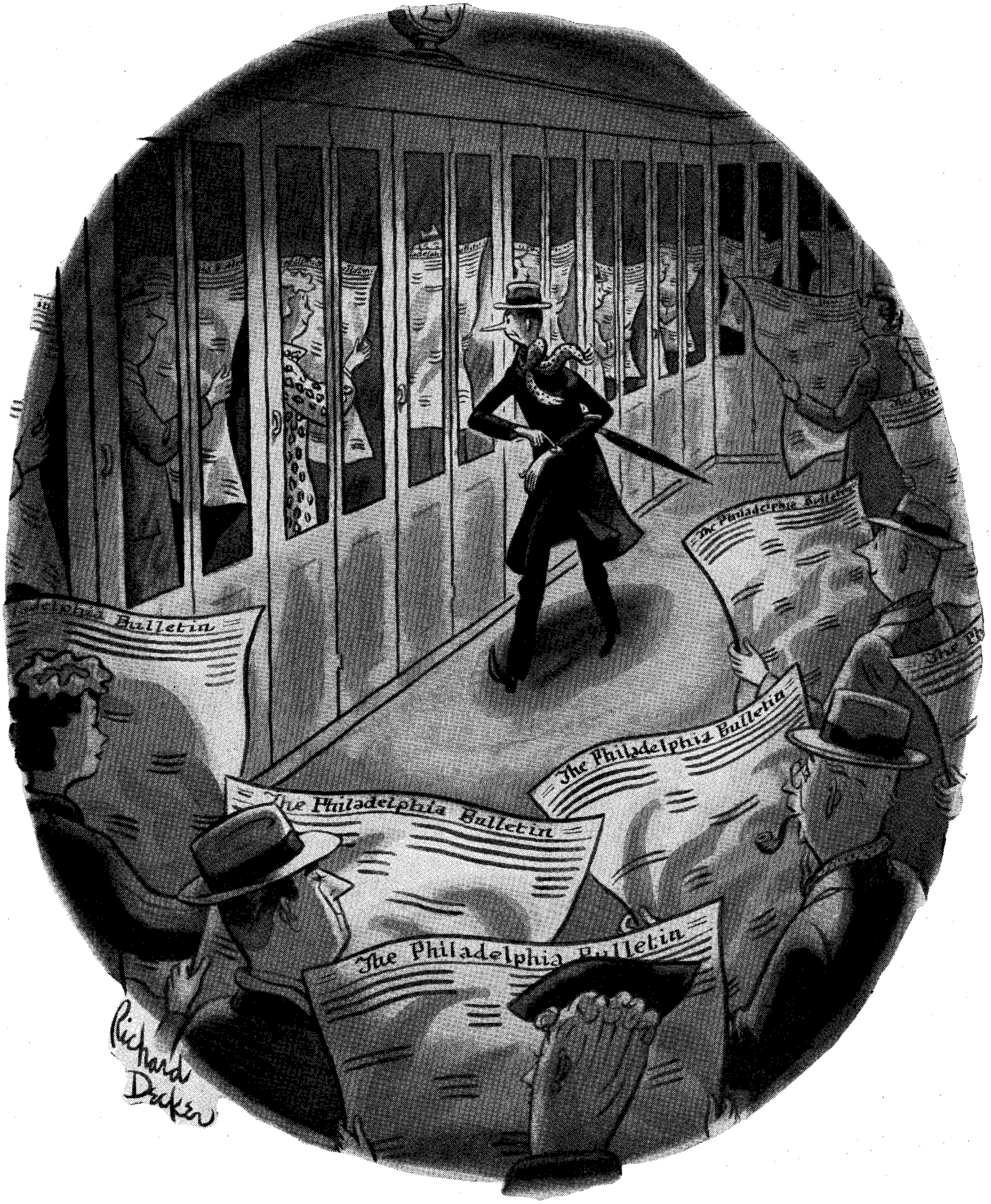
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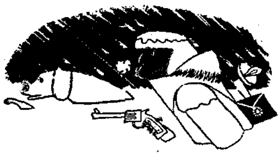
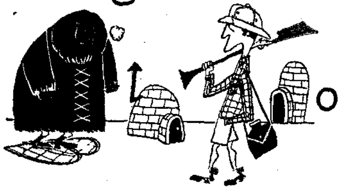
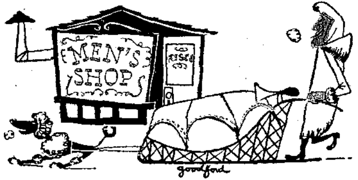
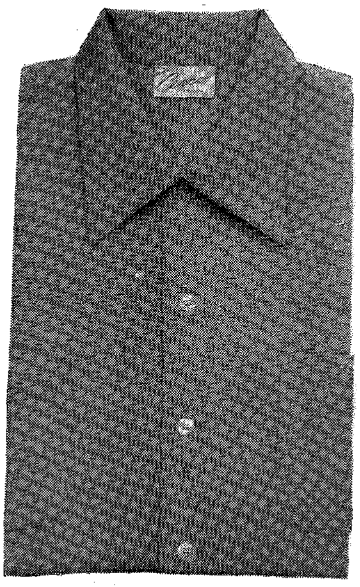
WHY PEARY WAS WEARY

or "A Long Cold Winter Without A CISCO Tissue-Weight Flannel Shirt."

Through blizzard and sleet with gun and camera trekked Peary  staggering under the weight of a dashing bearskin sportshirt Silly fellow! A simple igloo-to-igloo survey would have told him the wonders of Cisco's wonderful Tissue-Weight Flannel Shirt. The amazing weightless warmth  of the well-behaved, long-wearing Raylaine fabric, and Cisco's superb tailoring would have pleased the hail out of him If you're Pole-bound, snow-bound or bound to be smart, mush to your favorite store  and settle for nothing less than a Cisco.



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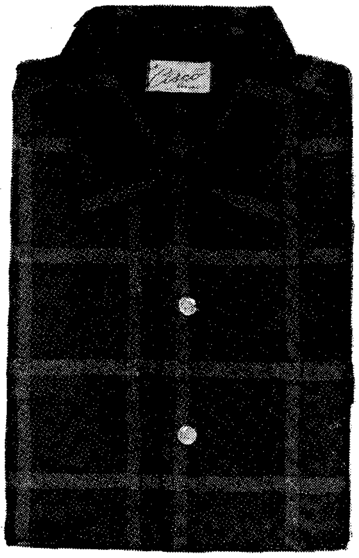

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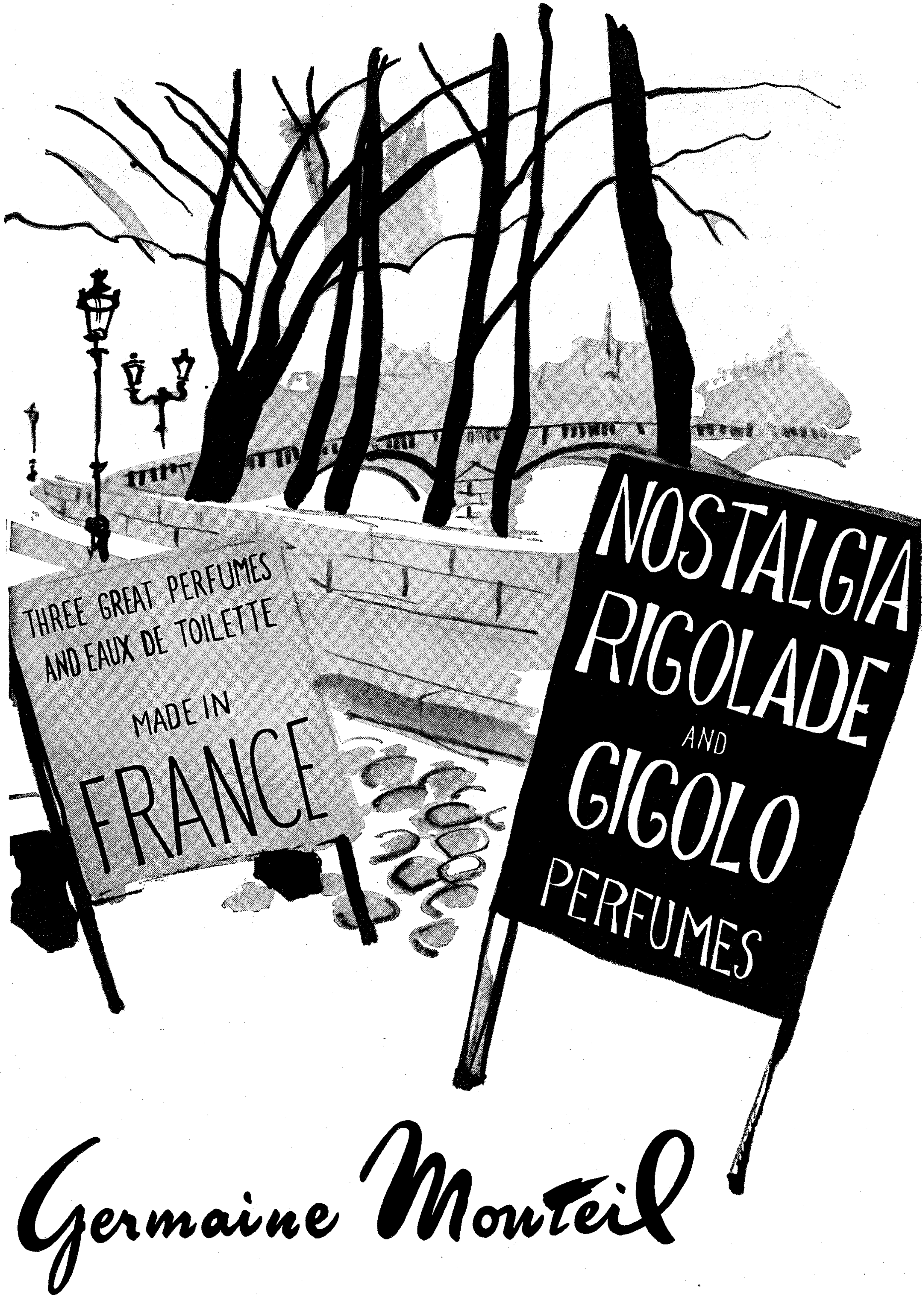
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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE *Old Farmer's Almanac* arrived in time for Thanksgiving, tabulating our blessings and foreshadowing new blessings in the coming year. It is, after all, useful to know the hour of high water on one's next birthday, and the gestation period of the walrus. *Expect clear weather, followed by rain or snow.* This is good advice and we intend to take it.

The *Almanac* is a happy association of astronomy, prophecy, philosophy, and poetry—with random shots of photography thrown in, and a recipe for banana doughnuts. It is a timetable of the verities; in it you can almost hear the heavenly bodies slowing up for their whistle stops. On page 104, the astronomer discusses dawn and dark and the length of twilight. But long before you arrive at page 104, the poet for January has examined twilight:

> Where all's collapse and chaos, now,
> And dust of these obscures the sun . . .

The astronomer, worrying about the length of the twilight, advises that we "subtract from time of sunrise for dawn" and "add to time of sunset for dark." The poet, worrying about the same thing, speaks more resolutely:

> And take your stand and stay to see
> The wild and frightened and absurd
> Collapsing chaos turn and flee
> Before the grave compulsive word.

This is not only good advice, it is tingling. It can be accepted with confidence, and independently of aspects, holidays, heights of high water, and weather.

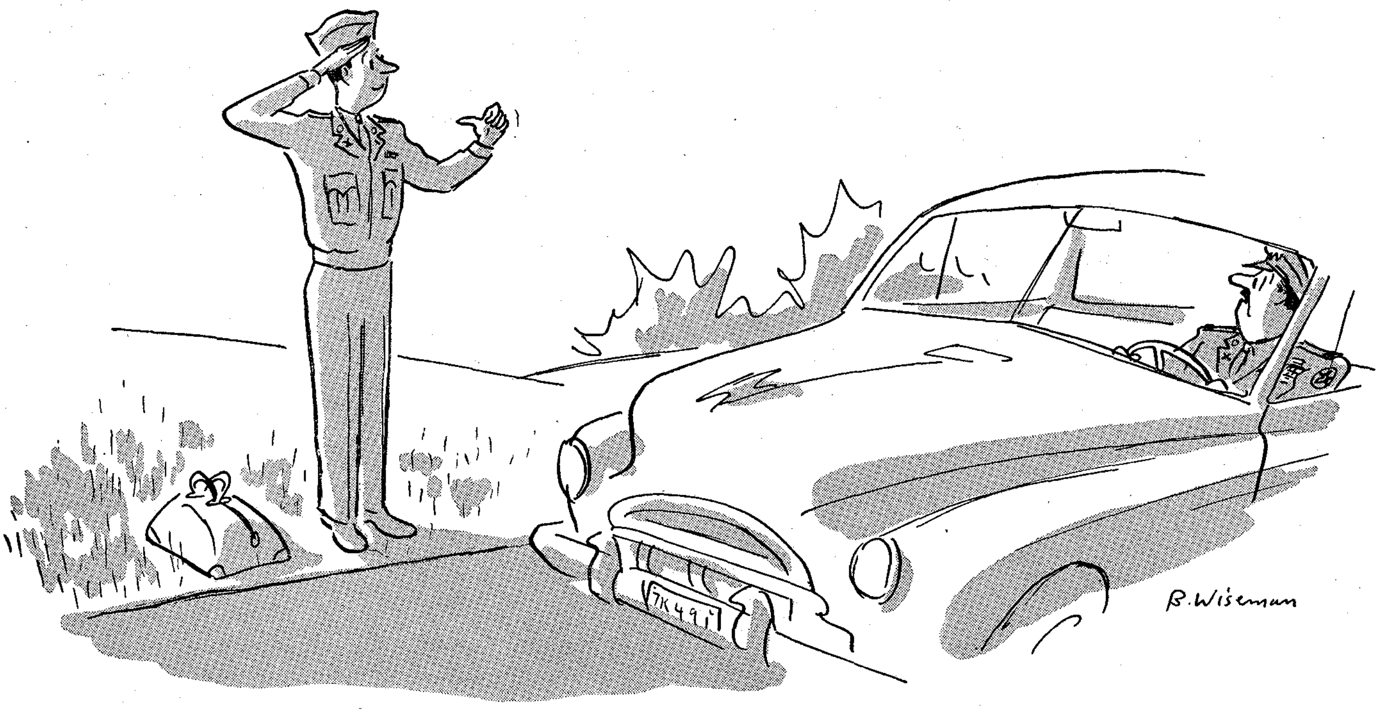
The thing to take one's stand on is, of course, liberty. Liberty is in a fix everywhere in the world, and men are spoiling to make the earth even less habitable than it now is. The tables of sunrise and sunset for another twelvemonth are almost the only surefire commodity for which to render thanks to God. Each morning, we glance at the political weather map for signs of clearing, but we think it quite likely that we are in for rain or snow. However, we have recently come across some remarks of E. M. Forster's, written in the memorable twilight of 1939. They are sustaining. His is the grave compulsive word. Mr. Forster, a lover of democracy, discerns in the world a sort of aristocracy—an aristocracy of the sensitive, the considerate, and the plucky. This is no Englishman's club; the members are everywhere, he thinks—in all lands, in all ages—"and there is a secret understanding between them when they meet. They represent the true human tradition, the one permanent victory of our queer race over cruelty and chaos." Their pluck, he writes, is not swankiness but the power to endure.

Mr. Forster in 1939 was not optimistic, but he had a nice, steady grip on his pen and found time to write coolly and appreciatively about the sensitive, considerate, and plucky. He felt that "with this type of person knocking about," the experiment of earthly life could by no means be dismissed as a failure. His words of 1939 cause us to give thanks in 1951. We propose to grab a bite of turkey, take our stand, and stay to see.

Immortality

WE read in the paper the other day that Charles Pomerantz has been honored by science, through the agency of Lieutenant Colonel Robert Traub, Chief of the Department of Entomology of the Army Medical Department Research and Graduate School, in Washington, by having his name affixed to a newly identified species of flea. Mr. Pomerantz—poet, entomologist, and president of the Bell Exterminating Company—is the man about whom this magazine carried an article under its Reporter at Large heading in 1947, telling how he discovered that a mite was causing the outbreak of an absolutely new disease, rickettsialpox, in a New York City neighborhood, which had baffled medical science. Well, we have paid him a congratulatory visit at his office, on Hudson Street. Mr. Pomerantz, who is small, rosy, and fifty-four, received us triumphantly in a book-lined cranny redolent of formaldehyde and dominated by a flat-topped desk on which were a litter of papers, a phalanx of bottled bugs, and a copy of Essig's "College Entomology." "Such glory!" he cried, setting up a folding chair for our comfort. "Two intimations of immortality in two years! One would have been enough."

"Two?" we said. Mr. Pomerantz raised his eyebrows and sat down at his desk. "You missed the first?" he asked. "It was the feature article in the *Journal of the Washington Academy of Sciences*, August 15, 1949—'Pomerantziidae, a New Family of Prostigmatic Mites,' by Dr. Edward W. Baker, U. S. Bureau of Entomology and Plant Quarantine. Of course, that may have been more expected than *Stivalius pomerantzi*, the flea, which may have accounted for the relative silence of the



press. But a whole family! I am the only man in the United States who has had a whole family of mites named for him. The reason was entirely Dr. Baker. He was active in the rickettsialpox investigation and he would have liked to give my name to the mite involved there, but unfortunately the mite was already known—*Allodermanyssus sanguineus*. Even Dr. Baker couldn't rename it. But finally he found it—seven specimens of mites had been discovered in a Georgia peach orchard in 1936, labelled, and put aside. While Dr. Baker was doing some research, he noticed differences between these mites and related groups, and decided it was a new family. Then he said to himself, 'I'll name it for Charlie.' The genotype is *Pomerantzia charlesi*."

Mr. Pomerantz plucked a sheet from the mound of papers at his elbow. "With *Stivalius pomerantzi*, it was different," he said. "It struck like a bolt. I had met Lieutenant Colonel Traub in 1947, at an entomological meeting. He was fascinated with my work. I remember he said, 'You will hear from me again,' but at the time I thought nothing of it. Then, suddenly, the other day, a letter. 'Dear Mr. Pomerantz: A new flea found in the Philippines. *Stivalius pomerantzi*. Sincerely yours, Robert Traub, Lieutenant Colonel, MSC.' My reaction was I felt a cold kind of sweat come over me. I felt humble and exalted. For the second time in two years, my name was engraved on posterity in the field of medical entomology. I would be less than human if I didn't give way. Some cry and some laugh. I mopped my brow. And then, that night, at home, I was seized like a Holy Roller with a creative spirit. As always, it took the form of poetry." He handed us the paper he had taken from the pile. It bore a poem entitled "Flea Lament," which read:

'Neath celestial splendor by the sea,
I stood in enchantment at heaven's wonder.
Behold! a flea alighted upon me
With perilous sting and piercing thunder.

Compressed, confounded, villainous beast,
Thy piercing thrust, on summer's eve
Upon my sun-kist flesh to feast,
And chill the blessing I came to receive.

Your malicious sting, ill-famed, wingless outcast!
No degenerated fly would dare to try human gore,
And leave its fabulous sting of an evening's repast,
Tho' I walk in pain and rest no more.

Sting, scoundrel, sting, 'tis your last, not in vain
Shall I condone in this atomic rage
Your half-famished visit, your biting pain.
Extinct thy malignant cunning, 'tis an exterminator's age.

"I'm sorry for that word 'exterminator,'" Mr. Pomerantz remarked as we returned his poem. "I would have preferred P.C.O.—for Pest Control Operator—but I was afraid that might make it too obscure."

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The F. A. O. Schwarz Christmas toy catalogue lists a skin-covered horse, which turns out to be covered with calfskin.

The Penna Wine Company puts out a California Chianti bottled in New York.

Second Ordeal

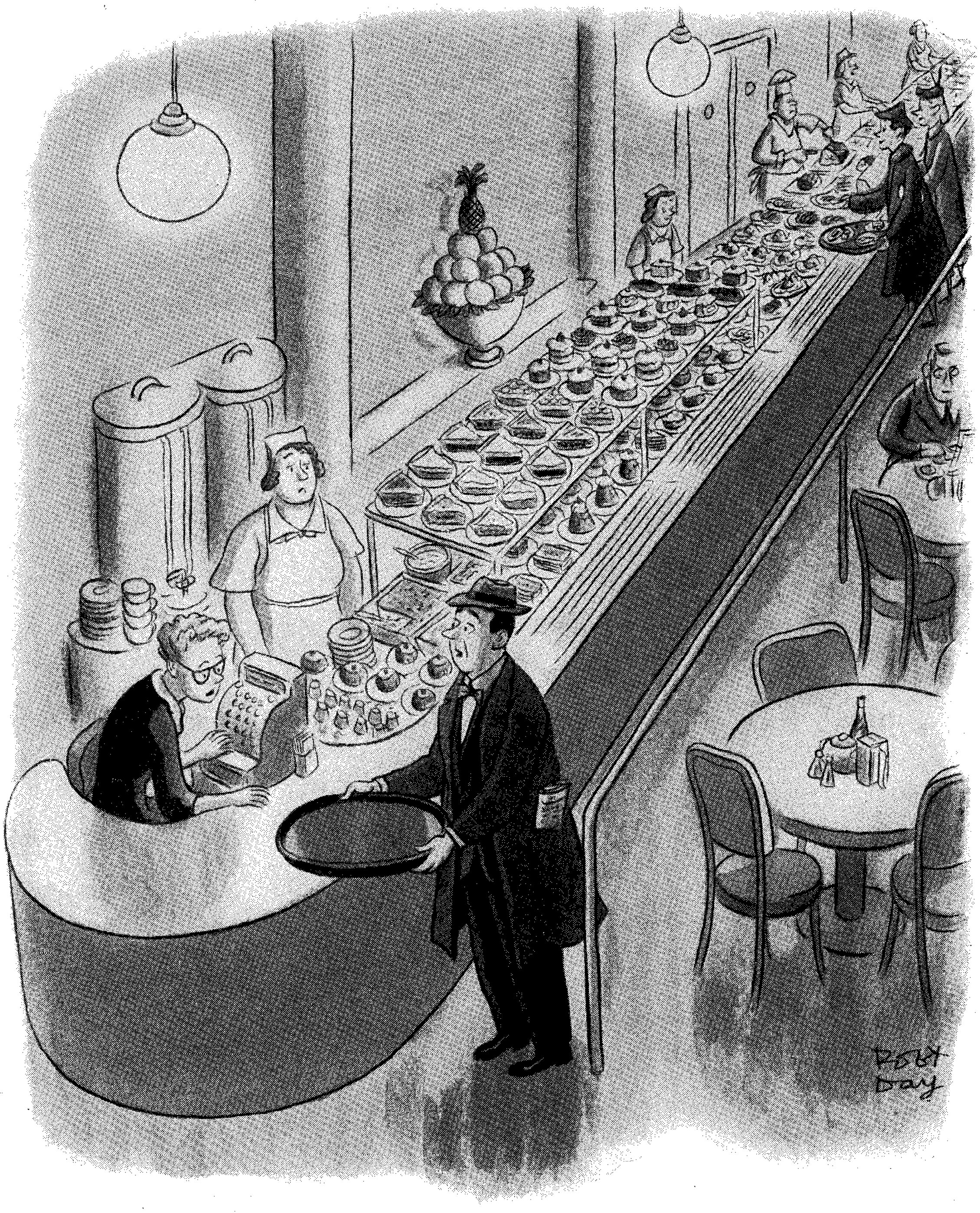
JUDGE HAROLD MEDINA, who a couple of years back put in nine harrowing months at the trial of the eleven Communist leaders, is currently undergoing an even more protracted, though more agreeable, test of his staying power. He is managing to keep awake and alert at the trial of sixteen leading investment-banking houses, which, along with the Investment Bankers Association of America, are charged with violating, and conspiring to violate, the Sherman anti-trust law. The case, which has attracted little attention except among lawyers and readers of the financial pages of the *Times* and the *Tribune*, threatens to set new records for complexity and length in a field of litigation where trials that last a year or more are becoming commonplace. The government's complaint covered fifty-six closely printed pages, and the opening statements of opposing counsel took four months to deliver. At one point, the Justice Department spoke of offering in evidence no fewer than two hundred thousand documents, some of them two hundred pages long. Judge Medina eventually quashed this plan; nevertheless, many thousands of documents have already been offered in evidence, and the printed transcript of the trial already runs to over ten thousand pages.

Next Wednesday, the trial will have

been going on for a year, and in anticipation of this anniversary we went down to the Federal Courthouse, on Foley Square, the other afternoon to see how the Judge was bearing up. We were a few minutes early for our appointment with him, so we stopped in at Room 1505, where the trial is being held. The walls of the courtroom are lined with temporary bookshelves, heavily laden, and in the well of the court we counted, along with half a dozen steel filing cabinets, fifteen lawyers and an equal number of briefcases. There were only three spectators on hand, and the atmosphere of the courtroom struck us as pleasantly informal. When we entered, a discussion was under way as to whether a certain government exhibit should be referred to as Document 991 or Document 6791. After shuffling some papers, a government attorney announced in triumph that *both* designations were correct, since the document had, by accident, been printed twice. Judge Medina notified the stenographer that his remarks were not to be taken down, then said, "I wonder if there's plenty of room in the insane asylums? They're certain to get plenty of applicants out of this case." The lawyers all had a hearty laugh, and shortly afterward the Judge adjourned court until the following morning.

We proceeded to Judge Medina's chambers, on the twenty-second floor, and found him already there, seated at his desk, puffing on a pipe, and looking full of pep. "Fascinating case, but it's a good thing I'm one of these fellows who thrive on work," he said. "I don't see how we can possibly get through in less than another year. Do you realize that it's been nothing but documents so far? It may be several weeks yet before we get to our first live witness." Court has been sitting every weekday, Judge Medina said, except for a three-month summer recess, two months of which he spent working on the case, and a couple of brief stretches when he was laid up with a bad back. We asked Judge Medina how he had happened to be assigned to another big trial so soon after the trial of the eleven Communists. "In 1948," he said, "Judge John C. Knox, the chief judge, called me in and said he was thinking of assigning me to this anti-trust case. I was a brand-new judge at the time, and eager to please. Right off the bat, I said I'd be glad to take it. By the time the Commie trial started, I was up to my neck in pre-trial work on the investment bankers, and any other judge assigned to the case would have had to start from scratch."

Judge Medina said that he usually gets down to the office between eight and eight-thirty in the morning and leaves about six-thirty in the evening, and that there has to be something pretty lively going on to keep him up after nine-thirty. "One thing I am strict about," he said. "That's a nap after lunch every day. Otherwise, by the middle of the afternoon I wouldn't know *what* the lawyers were talking about. It's a very complicated case, though I have a filing system for keeping track of things that is, if I do say so myself, a lallapalooza." On weekends, which he generally spends at his country place in Westhampton, he works on the case for about four hours on Saturday and another four hours or so on Sunday. During the week, the



"I guess I'm just not hungry."

Judge and his wife limit themselves to one evening of dining out or entertaining at home; on the other evenings, he reads. He likes to take on several books at once, and right now he is engrossed in "The Last Puritan," the letters of Charles Lamb, and biographies of Harvey Cushing and Charles Evans Hughes. The Judge is an ardent Princetonian, class of 1909, and at the time of our visit was looking forward to attending the Yale-Princeton game. We commented on the fact that the tie he was wearing—white Indian heads on a green ground—appeared to have Dartmouth connections. "I got an honorary degree from Dartmouth in 1950," he said, "and somebody gave me this. I'm a strange fellow, you know; I practically never wear anything but green ties. I won't wear this when I go down to Princeton, though—I'm not *that* strange."

Balanced Diet

A TERRIBLE tale has been unfolded to us by a recent Schrafft's luncher. A man at the table next to his ordered a Martini, unwrapped a lump of sugar, dunked it in the cocktail, ate it, and then drank the Martini. He thereupon complained to the waitress that the Martini hadn't been dry enough, ordered a second, drier Martini, and exactly duplicated the routine.

Through Channels

THE following notice, we are gratified to report, has been posted in the newsroom of the American Broadcasting Company in Hollywood for the guidance of staff members: "Precede all! In case of atomic bombing, teletype New York immediately. They will advise what to do."

Sculptor

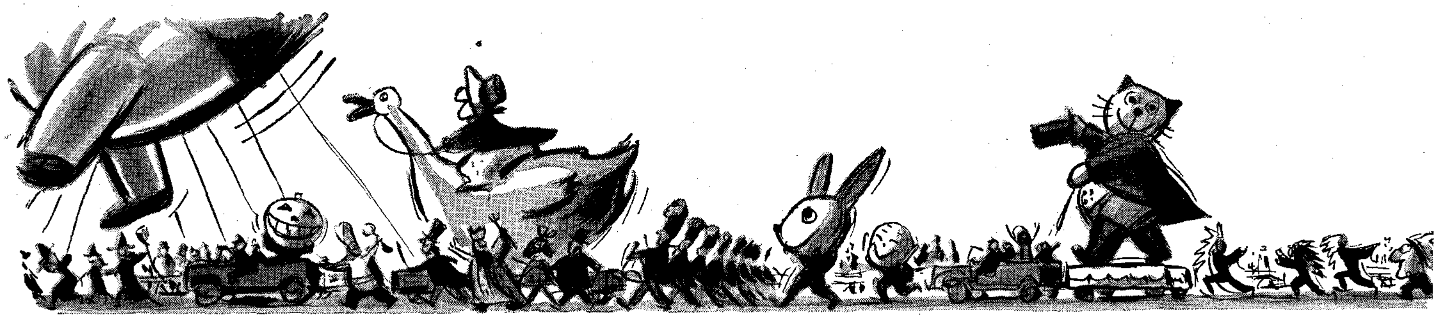
WE recently attended the opening of a show of the sculpture of Amar Nath Sehgal, a twenty-nine-year-old native of India, at the Arthur U. Newton Galleries, and found ourself bounded to the north by Sir Benegal Rau, to the south by some chick-pea-flour hors d'oeuvres, and to the east and west by abstract and semi-abstract pieces of sculpture—labelled, for instance, "Aggression and Submission," "The Downtrodden," "Hate," and "Lovers"—somewhat reminiscent of the work of Henry Moore. We hoisted a glass of sherry with Miss Sarah Newmeyer, former publicity director of the Museum of Modern Art, who advised us that Sehgal's sculpture is an expression of his reaction to the dreadful experiences he underwent during the riots that followed the partitioning of India. Later on, after the crowd had thinned out, we had a talk with Mr. Sehgal, in which Mr. Newton briefly joined us. "We've tried to bring out the idea that here's an Indian who lived in Pakistan and translated his experience into sculpture," Mr. Newton said.

Mr. Sehgal, a handsome, dark, liquid-eyed man with a sweet smile, has been living in New York since the summer of 1949. He was born in Campbellpur, in northwest India, the son of a lawyer; graduated from the University of the Punjab in 1941; and then took a job as manager of an electrical-appliance factory owned by his older brother. "I had become a secret sculptor in my teens," he informed us. "My family thought art was no sort of career, so I used to go in a zigzag way to a studio I shared with several other people only a few hundred yards from our house. I continued to go there secretly after I went into my brother's business, which I found *very* dull. I'd get up early in the morning, supervise our workmen for a while, and then spend a few hours in the studio, and I'd visit it again in the evening." Sehgal's family thought it was a girl that was taking up his time, but presently his work appeared in exhibits and won a couple of prizes, and the jig was up. In 1945, he retired from business to become a full-time sculptor.

In September, 1947, shortly after the partitioning of India, Campbellpur was the scene of awful riots, and Sehgal escaped to Delhi on a train he estimates carried five thousand refugees—two thousand inside and three thousand clinging to the tops and sides of the cars. "Soldiers stopped it a hundred miles from Delhi and tried to get everyone off into a cholera-ridden camp," he told us. "I locked myself in a washroom and managed to get to Delhi." In Delhi, Sehgal supported himself by doing interior decoration for cafés. He subsequently went to Bombay, and from there, via a forty-seven-day trip on a British freighter, he gained Manhattan. Through Victor D'Amico, director of the department of education at the Museum of Modern Art, he got in touch with Professor Robert Iglehart, chairman of the art-education department at New York University, and obtained a scholarship there that enabled him to get a Master's degree in art education.

Sehgal lives, and works, in a fifteen-dollar-a-month three-room cold-water flat on Sixth Street near Avenue B. "I spent two weeks making it habitable," he said. "It's full of rats. A year ago, I bought a trap that cuts the heads off, but I can't bring myself to use it. I don't feel like killing them. A neighbor lent me a cat, but my sculptures frightened the cat, and it left. It's quiet there; I feel as though I were in a remote part of India. I have to spend a dollar a day on coal during cold weather, and I really can't afford it. I looked at another tenement—a four-room, twenty-five-dollar-a-month one in the Bronx—but it was just as bad. I thought, I haven't come to America in order to rehabilitate the slum areas."

Sehgal, who sometimes sculpts for three or four days without leaving his place, works with a mixture of plaster, burlap, iron, and cement. "When I start something, I have only a hazy impression of what it's going to be," he said. "I try to bring out the adverse effects of my experiences in India. It's been a kind of catharsis for me." We strolled around the gallery with him and paused before his "Lovers." "Some people complained that the two figures look like donkeys,"



he said. "Well, maybe they are. Donkeys are more affectionate than human beings in the twentieth century."

Bogieman

A PSYCHOLOGIST who not long ago gave a talk to a Parent-Teachers group at one of the city's housing projects passed a covey of mothers in the development's playground a few days later and heard one of them say to her five-year-old son, "See that man over there? He's the psychologist. He'll get you if you don't watch out!"

Decibel Happy

THE other day, we found ourself in attendance at the Audio Fair, at the Hotel New Yorker, in company with several thousand audio enthusiasts, a relatively recent breed of hobbyists, whose chief delights are turntables, tape recorders, antennas, loudspeakers, diamond and sapphire needles, and a vast variety of other things that will produce bigger and better and more—especially *more*—high-fidelity sound. We stepped from an elevator on the sixth floor, where the Fair's HQ was located, and were greeted simultaneously by a din that beggars description and, through prearrangement, Mr. Harrie K. Richardson, of the Fair's publicity staff. Mr. Richardson was quite friendly-looking, and he was obviously saying something pleasant to us, but for two or three minutes we couldn't catch a word. He was to be seen but not heard. We finally tried shouting in his ear, "Thank you! Where's the noise coming from?" "Fastest-growing hobby in America!" he cried, forming a megaphone with his hands. "Wait until you hear the new binaural sound—tweeters and woofers going full blast on two great units. After all, humans hear with two ears." "The NOISE—where is it COMING FROM?" we asked. "Well, it's the same principle!" cried Richardson. "Reproduces the sound on records or tape at home—IN YOUR HOME—exactly as you would hear the concert in a concert hall WITH YOUR TWO EARS!" We nodded, and Mr. Richardson, evidently feeling that contact had been established, led us into a room with a sofa and desk, and shut the door.

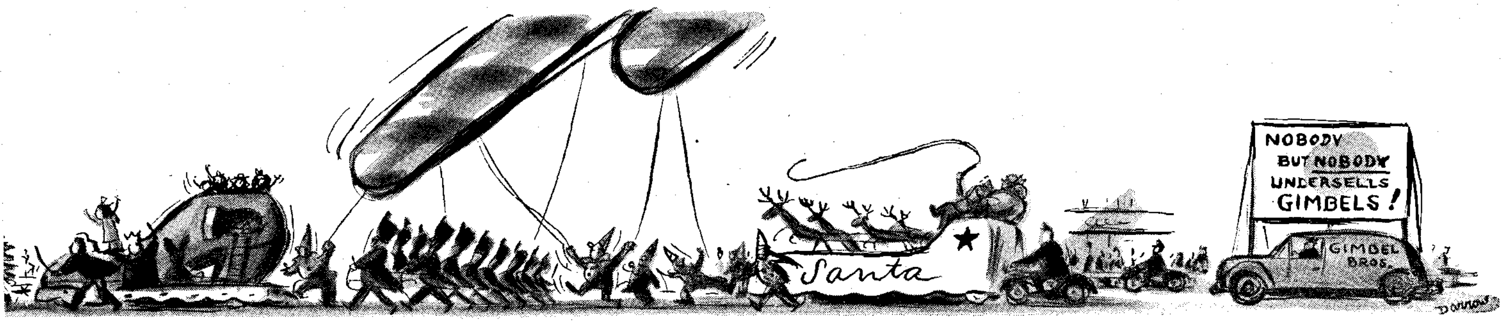
The room was an oasis of quiet, like the Times Square I.R.T. station at 5:15 P.M. "Where's the noise coming from?" we asked. "Oh," said Mr. Richardson, and chuckled wanly. "The Fair is being held on the fifth and sixth floors, and about a hundred rooms are being used by exhibitors and dealers to display their products. Right this minute, out in those rooms, you'll find pickups, dual-horn corner reproducers, phonograph preamplifiers, equalizer-preamplifiers, boosters, cartridges, tone arms, attenuators, voltmeters, signal generators, duo-cone speakers, synchronous magnetic tape recorders, pulse-type audiometers, noise generators, noise suppressors, potentiometers, reverberation generators, toroidal coils, hermetic terminals, audio oscillators, record-changers, intermodulation meters, and chokes." Mr. Richardson recited the list again, slowly, so we could get it down, waited until we'd caught up, and continued, "All together, they can be quite noisy, but the audio enthusiasts love them. Love them all! They improve the *quality* of the reproduction."

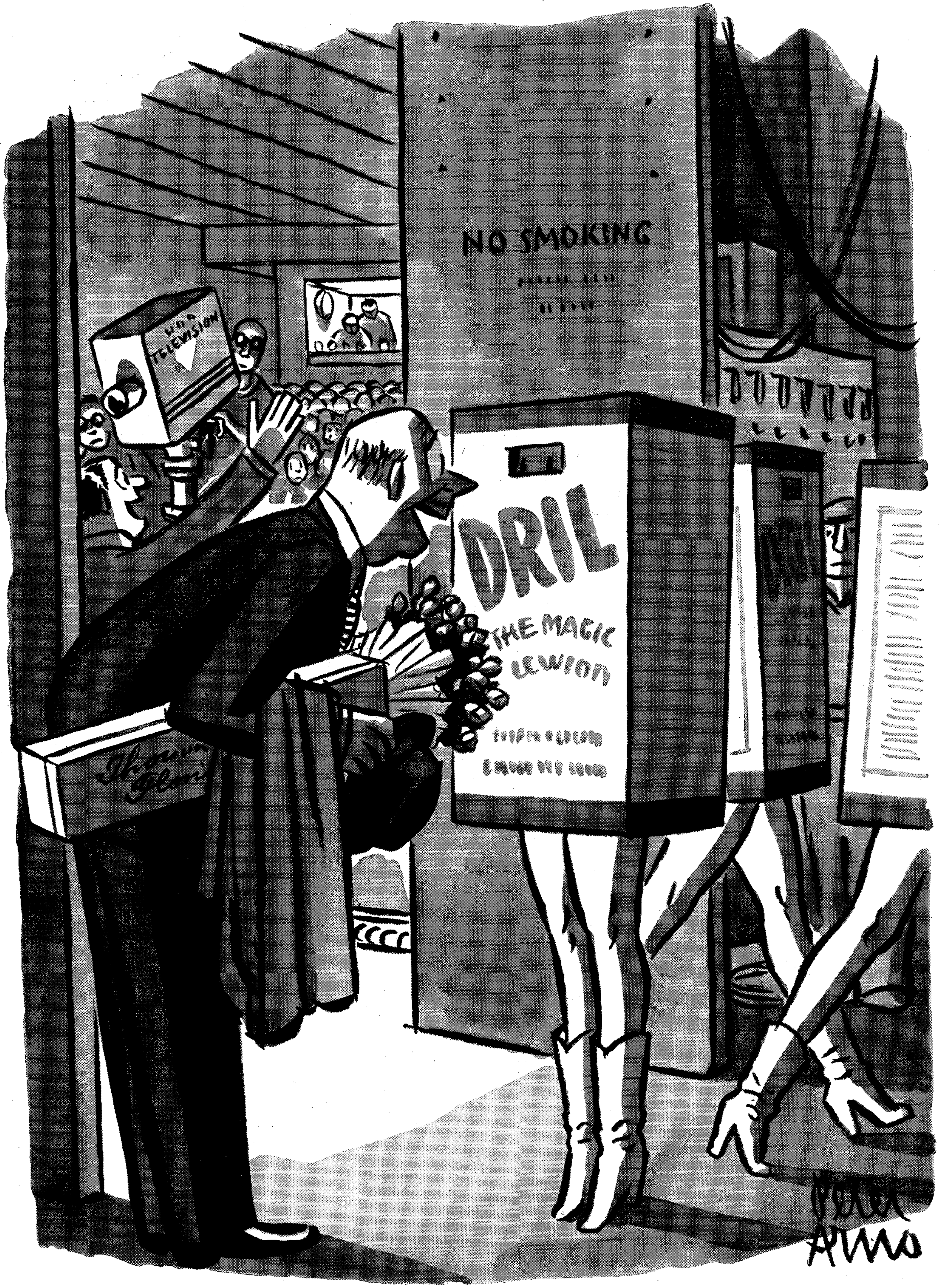
Mr. Richardson opened the door, and the noise almost felled us. "Follow me, and we'll see something NEW," he said, and we trailed him down crowded corridors, past room upon room filled with people listening to blaring noises. From one room, we could hear the sounds of a recording of "Thus Spake Zarathustra." Zarathustra had given up speaking and taken to hollering. "Lots of audio enthusiasts LIKE THEIR MUSIC LOUD!" shrieked Mr. Richardson. "Permits them to hear the basses. LISTEN to those basses. Boom-a-boom-a-boom-boom-boom!" We followed Mr. Richardson into a dark chamber, illuminated only by colored lights that flashed onto a small silver screen. Mr. Richardson closed the door. From somewhere in the room, music was coming forth relatively *sotto voce*. "You are observing and hearing an exhibition of Audio-Color," a gentleman in one corner announced. "Note that the lights change as the music plays—low notes emerge as red, intermediate as green, and high notes as blue. Astonishing! Wonderful! It's audiotherapy. Imagine having one in the living room—all lights out but these, and the music playing. The bewitching magnetism of it! We can hypnotize you with this—make you forget time and space. Not on the market yet, but it's coming soon, and it will revolutionize America's leisure-time habits."

Mr. Richardson led us to another room, where a young man was demonstrating a Sound Level Meter, a pocket-size device for measuring the amount of noise in any given place. The door to this room was open. "WHAT'S THE DECIBEL LEVEL HERE?" we asked. "Seventy-five," he said. "About the same as in a FACTORY. Very quiet is forty-five. Moderately noisy WOULD BE ABOUT SIXTY." "What's the level around here GENERALLY?" we asked. "An interesting question," he said. "According to the best aurolaryngical information, when you hit ninety, you reach a CRITICAL TRAUMATICAL ACOUSTICAL level. Hit a hundred and ten and you're at the threshold of feeling; that is, you get a warning tickle in your ear. At a hundred and twenty, an ACTUAL PAIN ensues. At a hundred and forty, PERMANENT DESTRUCTION OF THE HEARING. I took the meter DOWN THE CORRIDOR about an hour ago and she hit a hundred and five. I felt the tickle." We thought we felt the tickle and got the hell out of there.

Solution

A COUPLE who wanted to hang on to a sleep-in maid they acquired while occupying a large country house last summer had no place for her in the fall when they and their four children moved back to their five-room apartment. They put her up at the Park Sheraton, from which she reports for work every morning.




TELEVISION
NO SMOKING
DRIL
THE MAGIC
LOTION
Peter Arno

"My dear, you were superb!"

THE MISSIONARY

I HADN'T expected to find another foreigner in the town of Ching-si. Actually, it was hardly a town but a fairly large village on the edge of the Gobi Desert, square, enclosed by high walls, and built in the compact geometric pattern of all villages in the northwest of China. It had an inn, several shops selling furs and felts, because it was on the only road connecting China with Sinkiang and Tibet, and some good restaurants to accommodate the travellers along that road. This slight edge of prosperity over yet more remote villages gave Ching-si animation and made it a logical place for the weekly mail truck to halt overnight.

I had been riding for some days on the mail truck, returning from Mongolia to Lanchow to rejoin friends with whom I was travelling in China. I have an amateurish interest in caves (preferably old, always with either painting or sculpture inside), and had spent the previous few weeks on a side trip of my own, journeying to the famous and fabulous Buddhist caves of northwest China, at Tunhwang, which are certainly old (fourth to eleventh century A.D.), and were decorated with both painting and sculpture by the Buddhist pilgrims to insure their safety when they travelled the old silk route to Persia, centuries ago.

By the time I reached Ching-si, an interest in caves had begun to seem a feeble reason for being in that part of the world in midwinter, although when I had first decided to make the trip, it had seemed silly to miss so good an opportunity. With the encroaching Communist armies taking over more of the country every day, when would there be another chance?

I was exhausted from the ride over the raw roads, frozen from the bitter blizzards of December, and my knowledge of Chinese, scanty at the best of times, had begun to desert me entirely. In the hope of finding something even slightly familiar in the village, and because I felt very far from the places I knew, surrounded by strangers, I asked the driver of the mail truck, as we neared the village, if there were any foreigners in the town—"*Wai-guo ren yo mei-yo?*"—in an appalling accent. There was the usual delay while my question was relayed to the mechanic, the postal official who travelled with the truck, and a couple of passengers who, like me, had bribed their way into a ride. Finally, one of them answered, "There is one woman."

At the Ching-si post office, I asked again, and there the matter took on the proportions of a theatrical performance. The postmaster chattered to the driver of the truck in northwestern dialect, and the passengers stood about making comments and occasionally smiling encouragingly at me. Then the postmaster invited us all to have a cup of tea with him. He occupied a little house behind the post office, and it was arranged in the usual Chinese way. Across one side of the mud-walled main room was the *k'ang*, a low, earthen platform that serves as a communal bed and that can be heated by lighting a fire underneath it. There was no *k'ang* fire now, because of the shortage of fuel in that barren part of the country. Our hosts were waiting for the extreme cold of January before they lit it; instead, there was a charcoal brazier on top of the *k'ang*. We all clustered around it. There were no decorations on the walls and, apart from a rickety table in one corner, there was no furniture. Stacked against the walls were sacks of meal; strings of garlic and red peppers hung from the ceiling.

The postmaster's wife brought in tea. She was much younger than her husband, wore the usual padded blue cotton trousers and jacket, and seemed intensely amused by the sheepskins and rough, peasants' clothes of my two fellow-travellers on the truck, and, I suppose, by their countrified manners, which must have seemed to her, a citizen of a town, hopelessly provincial. She served no food—it was too hard to come by in that area—but we had plenty of tea, in bowls we all held in both hands, and discussed the problem of my going to see the foreigner. Eventually, the postmaster's young son was assigned to take me to the foreigner's house.

The two of us walked down the main street of the town. People standing in doorways of shops and behind road stalls watched our progress and stared at me. The boy was kept busy shouting explanations of who I was and what I was doing in Ching-si, while I dodged around the lines of donkeys and the yak trains that were coming into the town in the evening.

The foreigner's house was mud-walled, like any other, and had a scarlet door opening onto a courtyard. From a shack at the side of this yard came smoke and the smell of something cooking. It was then that brilliant-purple moment of a desert evening when light rises all around you and the night will come suddenly in a few minutes. The cook stood at the door of the shack and shouted at my small escort. He shouted back. The cook shouted again, and the small boy looked at me and pointed to the front door of the house. I gave him some money and smiled at the cook. He, too, pointed to the door. It was too cold to stand about outside, so I walked straight in.

IN front of a tiny charcoal brazier, a woman sat with a Bible in her lap, her finger marking the place she had evidently stopped reading when she heard the shouting outside. She must have been somewhere in her sixties; she was wearing an old tweed suit and had a black knitted shawl wrapped about her head. It took her a second to focus her eyes and see that I was a stranger. Then she jumped up and came toward me, a stocky, graceless figure, with her hand out.

"Do forgive me," I said, "for marching in on you like this with no warning—"

"Oh, please!" she said in the breathless voice of a little girl. "Such a pleasure—and a fellow-*American*—"

"No," I said, "I'm—"

"But at least you speak *English*. Why, come in, child. Look at the state this room is in! You look chilled to the bone. Come close to the fire."

"Thank you. I'm just in Ching-si for the night, on my way to Lanchow. They told me there was a foreigner in town, so I thought—" I stopped, partly because I wasn't very clear *what* I had thought (that I would find some vague reassurance, perhaps, from speaking a language I knew) and partly because the woman wasn't listening to me at all. She was busily putting more charcoal on the brazier, straightening a lace doily in the center of her table, and trimming the oil lamp. In her manner there was a curious combination of absent-mindedness and fussiness.

"Please don't bother," I said, "I just came—"

She looked up. "You're *not* American."

"No. I was saying—"

"Then you're English. I might have guessed by the accent."

"No, I'm Indian." I told her my name.

She told me her name, which, for the purposes of this account, I shall say was Mildred Wiltsey. Then she sat down slowly, smoothed her skirt over her knees, leaned forward, and said, "Tell me"—she paused, and her fussiness vanished, a look of calm intensity coming into her face—"have you been washed in the Blood of the Lamb?"

"I beg your pardon?"

She had the wide, beautifully dreamy eyes of myopia. She gazed at me in silence.

I wondered if I had heard her correctly, but, to be on the safe side, I said, "I am a Hindu."

"Oh, my dear!" she said, with all the warmth and sympathy in the world. "You poor child!"

"Well . . ." I said.

Miss Wiltsey patted my knee comfortingly, "The good Lord never gives a burden without the strength to bear it." Almost without a change of tone, she went on, "How too bad that you are only staying the night. People visit such a short time these days. When I was a child, in *my* part of the country we never did look on it as a visit unless folks stayed a month—unless, of course, we were just calling on acquaintances in the afternoon. Why don't you just sit and warm yourself while I fix the spare room for you?"

"Please," I said quickly. "You really mustn't bother. I'm going to stay at the inn."

She turned sharply in the doorway. "Why, I never heard of such a thing! You'll be sharing a room with *Chinese!* Chinese *men,* I mean."

"Yes, but the inn is outside the town walls, and the mail truck leaves before dawn, so I can't stay inside Ching-si, because the gates won't be open in time."

Miss Wiltsey wasn't exactly satisfied, but she decided to let the matter drop, saying only that she would pray for me. With a return to her former concern, she asked if I had eaten.

During the walk from the post office to Miss Wiltsey's house, I had planned in my mind that if the foreigner was at all congenial, I would ask her to dine with me at one of the local restaurants. I had thought it would be nice to chat casually and pleasantly—two strangers together in a cold and foreign country—about the desert, the people, the vagaries of the Chinese character, the delights of Chinese food, with, possibly, a few reminiscences of home and background.

I said to Miss Wiltsey, "I was thinking of eating at a restaurant. Is there a specially good one?"

"I have never eaten at a restaurant here." She turned away modestly. "My digestion— I don't think it could stand Chinese food."

Astonished, I asked, "But what do you live on out here?"

She smiled. "You mustn't feel sorry for me. I can buy chickens, and eggs. I've taught my cook how to prepare them. I wonder, have you visited in America ever? In the South, we have wonderful ways of fixing chicken. Of course it's not the same here, but I ask the good Lord to give me patience. My cook tries his very best. Chinese carrots and cabbage are almost the same as at home, but bamboo shoots . . ." She shuddered.

Somehow the vision of Southern fried chicken in northwest China was too much for me. I said, "I wouldn't dream of bothering you. Can't I persuade you to join me for dinner?"

I sensed that something else was on her mind. At last, with some embarrassment, she said, "I wonder if it will be all right for two ladies to dine alone in a public restaurant?"

"I think that when one is travelling, it is permissible," I said carefully.

Finally, Miss Wiltsey agreed to sit with me in a restaurant while I ate. She bustled off on thick legs to collect her outdoor clothes and left me to gaze around the room. She had made it as nearly American as she could. Coarse blue Chinese cotton hung over the small, high window as a curtain. The round table in the center of the room was covered with a dark-green plush cloth with a fringe of tassels around the edge. In the middle was the lace doily, and on it the lamp. The two chairs were straight and wooden, and obviously had been made by local carpenters, but each had an embroidered thing like a pillowcase covering its back, as some dim reminder that, in another country and another generation, upholstery had to be saved from the brilliantine on the hair of gentlemen callers. On one wall hung a large framed print of a haloed shepherd and a lamb. Opposite it was a sampler on which was picked out, in faded cross-

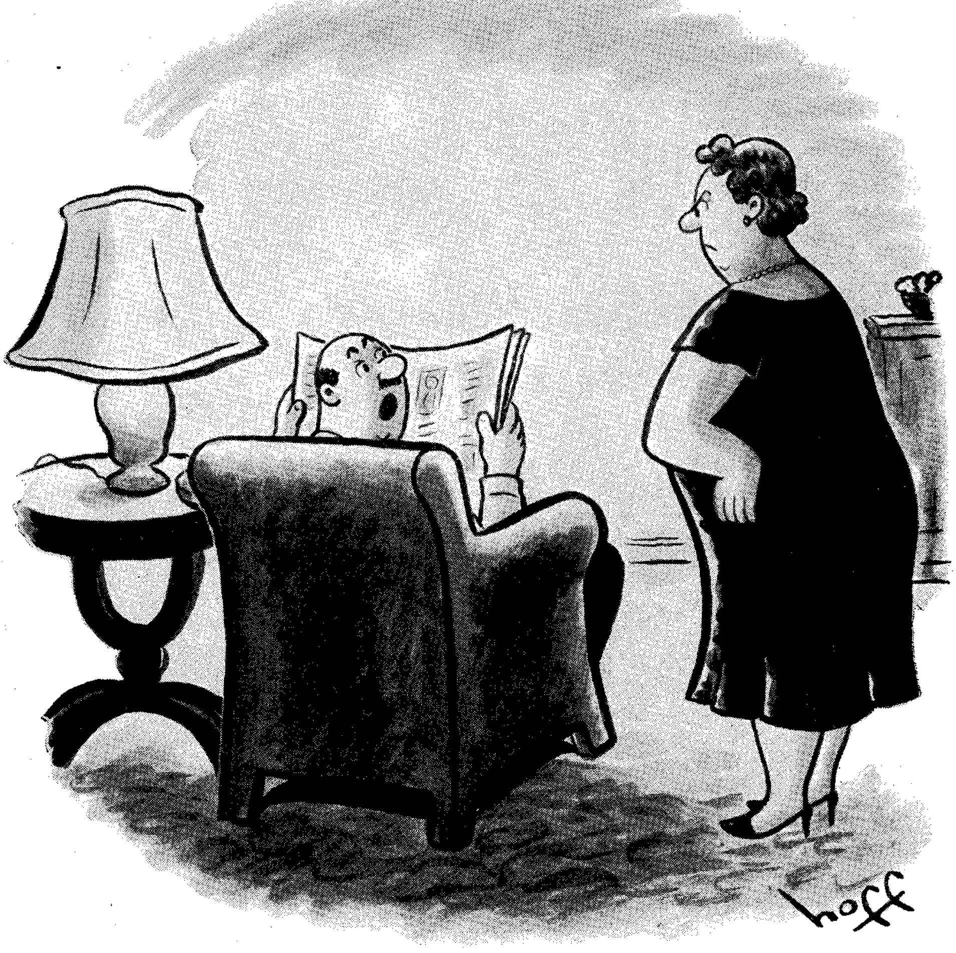
stitch, “AGATHA WILTSEY. 123456789. JULY 1870. GOD IS GOOD.”

Miss Wiltsey returned wearing a heavy coat and carrying a small parcel. Outside it was now dark, and we set off at a rapid pace. In the evening, the life of Chinese families turns inward. Shops are shuttered and present blank wooden surfaces to the street. Children are called into the courtyards of their houses. The bright doors are closed and only an occasional gleam of light shows where a fire is burning for the evening meal, or a stray shout or burst of laughter announces that children are still awake. The restaurants are the only inviting, active places. When we entered the first one we came to, the Chinese diners gave us their usual stare of unconcerned inquisitiveness. Although Miss Wiltsey's face was bright red from the biting cold, I could tell that she was blushing.

The restaurant consisted of one large room with mud walls and floor, rather more open to the street than is usual in Chinese buildings. There were about eight bare wooden tables, each surrounded by stools. Along one side of the room was a long cooking bench, and on it were four charcoal braziers and several trays of sliced vegetables and meat. Hanging from the ceiling above it were strings of dark-brown dried chickens, sausages, dried vegetables, and ginger and other roots.

The tables near the cooking bench—and the heat from the braziers—were monopolized by families with children, all eating earnestly and silently. In one corner, there was a large group of soldiers drinking and gambling, and talking in shrill, excited voices. And, of course, there was the inevitable quota of the mangy dogs that cower through the streets and houses of every Chinese village, screaming hysterically when they get kicked, fighting over any scrap of food that is dropped, and even lapping at the dregs from teacups, which people casually dump on the floors of restaurants.

The restaurant-keeper and an assistant were busy behind the bench. When Miss Wiltsey and I sat down at a table on the cold side of the room, the proprietor came over and asked what we wanted to eat. I ordered rice, chicken, and peppers, and a cup of the strong liquor distilled from kaoliang.



“No, I don’t think you were born yesterday.”

• •

The man had just begun to ask the familiar questions about where I came from and what I was doing in Ching-si when Miss Wiltsey cut him off politely, saying, “I will not be eating, thank you.” She produced her parcel from her lap, unwrapped it, and placed neatly on the table four boiled Chinese carrots, brilliantly red and somehow out of place in that dingy room, two hard-boiled eggs, and a boiled onion. Next to them she set out, with care and obvious pride, a silver spoon and fork. She then sat back to wait until my food was served.

I picked up the spoon and examined its ornate, scrolled-and-flowered handle. “How pretty,” I said.

“They were my mother's. They were sent to me when she passed on, nearly twenty-five years ago.”

“You were in China then?”

“Yes indeed. I've been here thirty-three years. But at that time I was in the Mukden area. Of course, when *They* came we had to leave.” She closed her eyes and placed her fingers on the bridge of her nose, as if she had a headache.

“The Communists?”

“We stayed as long as we could. It was terribly discouraging to think that all our work should be lost just because of a few wild heathen.”

“I can imagine,” I said, impressed that the Communist armies should be dismissed like that.

“But I managed to save some of my mother's things—the silver she was given for her wedding and her big lace tablecloth. I don't have much occasion to use it here. I just about never have company.” She looked at me almost shyly. “I guess it seems worldly to think about those things when I am engaged in the Lord's work, but a person likes to have a few familiar things around, just to remind them of home.”

There was wistfulness in Miss Wiltsey's voice, but no self-pity. I asked whether she ever got lonely, and she replied, “The Chinese don't seem to believe in calling at people's houses. But perhaps it is all to the good. A Chinese oven is mighty hard to bake in.”

“I mean don't you ever want to go back to America?”

She said with surprise, “Why, we get to go home every few years. But China is my *life* now. I just can't imagine leaving.” She seemed embarrassed, and I certainly was. One's social training gives no formula for dealing with courage in chance acquaintances. One can't congratulate them, and at the same time one feels that it shouldn't go unsaluted.

To change the subject, I asked whether Miss Wiltsey's Mission had made many converts around Mukden.

"Many Chinese came to our little hospital," she answered, "but the Chinese peasants are like children. So easily frightened. We couldn't persuade them to stay with us, to carry on our work. We tried with all our hearts, and when we asked them to keep the school and the clinic open after we left, they said why of course they would. But you can't trust them any more than you can trust a child. I used to teach them just as I would Sunday-school children at home. We treated them in the clinic, and when they were well enough to be convalescing, I used to tell them stories from the Bible."

"Really?" I asked, fascinated. "Did they have trouble understanding any of them?"

"Well, they certainly never said so, but I could never be sure that they really understood. Only once, a man—and he was a grown man, too—asked questions about the story of the Good Shepherd. He said that no good shepherd would leave a flock to search for one sheep. He said he was a shepherd himself, and he would never do it. He might send his son."

THE STRANGE CASE OF THE LOVELORN LETTER WRITER

Dear Miss Dix, I am a young lady of Scandinavian origin, and I am in a quandary.
I am not exactly broody, but I am kind of pondery.
I got a twenty-five waist and a thirty-five bust,
And I am going with a chap whose folks are very upper-crust.
He is the intellectual type, which I wouldn't want to disparage,
Because I understand they often ripen into love after marriage,
But here I am all set
For dalliance,
And what do I get?
Shilly-shalliance.
Just when I think he's going to disrobe me with his eyes,
He gets up off of the davenport and sighs.
Every time I let down my hair,
He starts talking to himself or the little man who isn't there.
Every time he ought to be worrying about me,
Why, he's worrying about his mother, that's my mother-in-law to be,
And I say let's burn that bridge when we come to it, and he says don't I have any sin sense,
His uncle and her live in incense.
Well, with me that's fine,
Let them go to their church and I'll go to mine.
But no, that's not good enough for Mr. Conscience and his mental indigestion,
He's got to find two answers for every question.
If a man is a man, a girl to him is a girl, if I correctly rememma,
But to him I am just a high pathetical dilemma.
What I love him in spite of
Is, a girl wants a fellow to go straight ahead like a locomotive and he is more like a loco-might-of.
Dear Miss Dix, I surely need your advice and solace.
It's like I was in love with Henry Wallace.
Well, while I eagerly await your reply I'm going down to the river to pick flowers. I'll get some rosemary if I can't find a camellia.
Yours truly, Ophelia.

—Ogden Nash

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THE food and the liquor were beginning to take effect. I was feeling warmer and was more than willing to dawdle over the last stages of the meal listening to Miss Wiltsey's story.

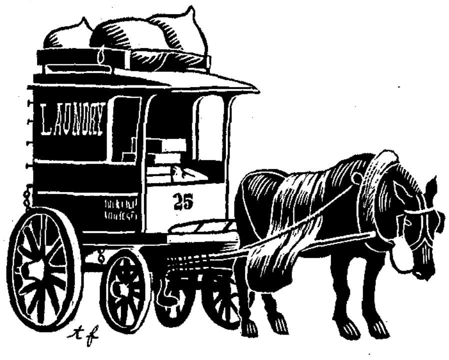
She told me about the day when they first received the news that the Communists had surrounded Mukden. "For a whole night, I sat up praying and hoping for guidance. By the morning, the Lord still had not spoken to me." In the end, the decision was made for her by the Mission, which sent instructions for all the workers to leave. "I still felt that I should stay and teach the godless and the wicked. Finally, it was the way the Chinese behaved that made me content to leave. One by one, they stopped coming to prayer meetings, and even to the clinic. Even workers we *trusted*, who had heard the Word and had been Washed, made excuses and left us." When Miss Wiltsey had been told that she would be evacuated by plane, she gathered a few of her mother's possessions and a few of her own. "There is very little a person needs besides a knife and fork and spoon and something to wear."

"And then?"

"Why, then I made some sandwiches and went to join my brothers and sisters," she said.

The Chinese didn't show much interest either way when they left. At first, she and some of her co-workers were stationed at Shansi. From there she came up alone to Ching-si.

"It's a frightfully desolate part of the country," I said, wondering whether, in a crisis, I would have enough presence of mind to make sandwiches.



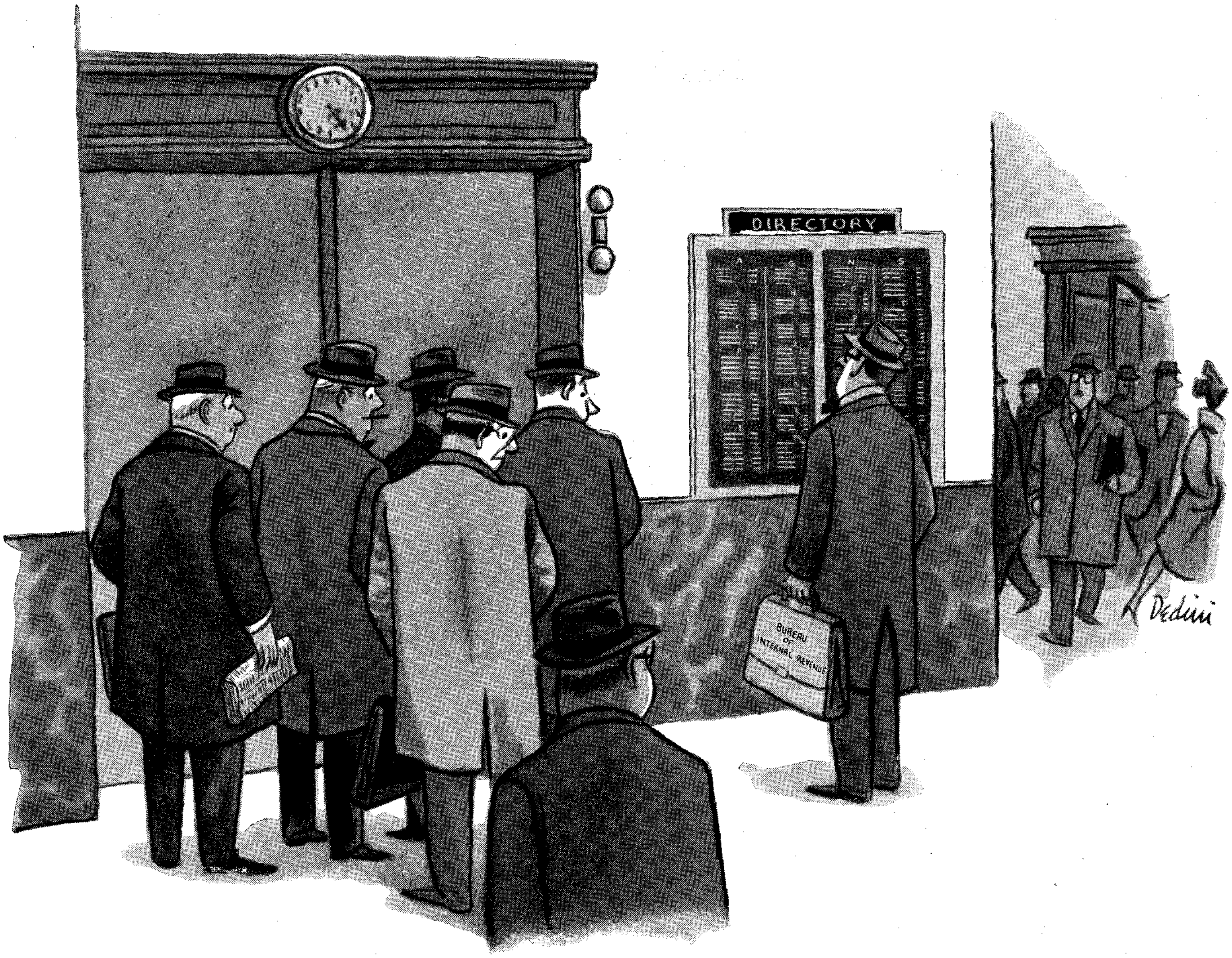
"Our Lord suffered far greater tribulations," Miss Wiltsey assured me. "I, too, am a voice crying in the wilderness, but I must tell the Word to as many of these people as I can. It is their only chance of salvation."

"What about those who don't hear you?"

"You must remember, child, that God is *kind*. The Bible tells us that those who have not heard the Gospel cannot be to blame. They will be beaten in Hell with *few* strokes. It is those who hear and will not listen that will be beaten with many strokes."

There is the question that is traditionally asked of prostitutes and of people who have chosen evangelism for their career, because, I suppose, both in their different ways are objects of surprise and sympathy, and one assumes that some drama must have brought them to their present pass. Accordingly, I asked Miss Wiltsey how it happened that she had become a missionary.

"Why," she said, "I knew I had to



pursue the work of the Lord from the time I was a child. One night, I had a dream. We had been swimming that afternoon—the Williams girls, who lived next door, and I had gone down to the creek. It was against our mothers' orders, because we weren't supposed to go where the village boys might see us. That night, I dreamed about it. I dreamed that I swam and was caught in a mighty whirlpool, and I sank and sank, and I drowned. All was blackness and swirling water, and then, after I was dead, I came face to face with God. There He sat, in His great radiance, and I was very scared. 'Please,' I said, 'let me go back to Earth.' And in a great, shaking voice, God said, 'A mortal lives but once.' 'Please,' I begged, 'I promise I will be good. I promise I will do whatever You say.' Again the great voice said, 'A mortal lives but once.' Again I begged and promised to devote my life to His service, and again the reply came back, 'A mortal lives but once.' At last, when I thought there would be no answer to my pleading, God gave me another chance and sent me back to the world. Since then, I have done everything in my power to prove worthy of His kindness. When I was a child, I could only help by saving my pennies for other missionaries, but now I can give my life to the Lord's work."

So far, Miss Wiltsey's story had had the flowing ease that constant repetition in her own mind must have given it. But now her voice caught. "I have tried," she said, deeply moved by her narrative, "oh, I have tried so hard to be a Christian. But it is so difficult to be sure that your work is pleasing." Tears came smoothly down her face. "How can you be sure that you are worthy? God has never appeared to me again. Is it because He is too displeased with me? How can I ask His indulgence again?"

I pushed my bowl of rice away from me. There was a burst of laughter from the soldiers who were drinking in the corner, and I looked nervously at the faces of the Chinese diners. "You mustn't be so upset, Miss Wiltsey," I said. "I'm sure God understands the difficulties under which you work."

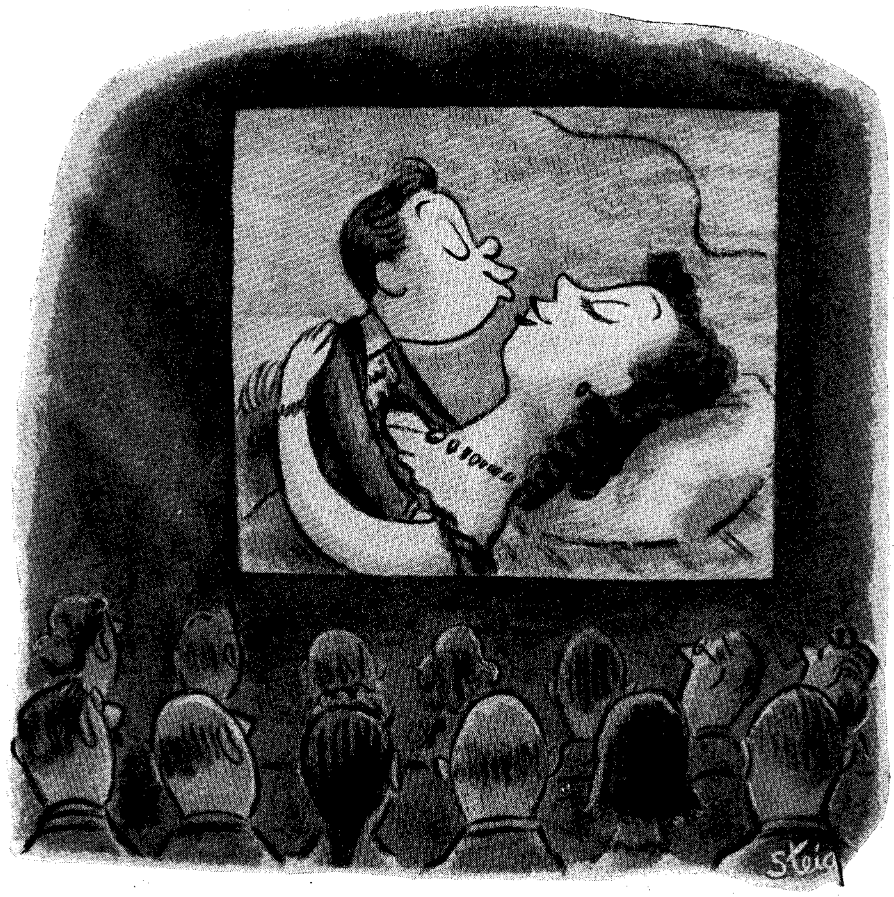
She caught her breath. "You are right," she said. "I must believe in His mercy. Why should I, who have received the greatest gift of all—the gift of a return to life—why should I expect to be comforted as well?"

"Come," I said, in the voice of a trained nurse, "have a cup of tea with me and then we will go."

"How stupid of me," she said briskly. "I didn't bring it— my tea, I mean." It was almost without surprise that I heard her explanation. "My friends at the Mission in Shanghai are very kind and keep me supplied with Lipton's whenever they can. They feel that anyone in this post deserves a few luxuries," she added apologetically. "They don't realize that I *want* the hardest jobs. I *choose* the most difficult places because I have so much to repay, and nothing but my greatest effort can repay my Lord. I will spread His word into the farthest deserts."

I quickly poured out a cup of tea and passed it across the table. "Try it. You'll find it's not as bad as you think."

She took a sip doubtfully and said,



DREAMS OF GLORY

Movie Star

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"Well-l-l," and then, "Mmm! It doesn't have much taste, but it *is* warm." She smiled. "You were at school in England? Was it a Christian school?"

"Yes."

"Was it Baptist?"

"Well, no. Actually, it wasn't."

"But you have heard the Gospel of the Lord and you are not a Christian?" she asked, more severely.

"I'm not." I added, with an attempt at flippancy, "I suppose that means that I get the full quota of strokes in Hell."

"Yes, I'm sorry to tell you it does," she said, "unless you repent your sins and join us."

"No, I don't think I can see my way to doing that."

"It will be a greater happiness than you can imagine," she said enticingly.

"No," I said. "Thank you just the same."

IT was too cold to talk, and Miss Wiltsey and I walked silently down the road in the frozen starlight to her house, and we hurried in, breathless, to stand and shiver by the brazier. In the half hour that I had left before the town gates closed, she showed me her tiny dispensary, from which, with a few simple drugs and patent medicines, she tried to make her small indentation on the seething sickness and poverty of China. I thought of the millions of emaciated children with the scarlet cheeks and brilliant eyes of consumption, the syphilitic men in the bazaars, the worn women crouching in the huts, and listened to Miss Wiltsey saying, "I can't understand it, but they seem to have more faith in the magic and wicked, fake remedies of their own doctors—men with no qualifications. They only come to me when they can't afford the Chinese cures." And "I'm just terribly worried that we won't be able to get more supplies through from Shanghai."

I made some routine comment about how nice it was to have such a ready way to get to know the Chinese. Miss Wiltsey turned to me with some excitement. "Oh, if only they *would* let you get to know them, how much simpler my task would be! But the Chinese are very reserved. Do you know, this week, for the first time, one of my patients asked me to dinner at her house? If I can just get into their homes, it is so much easier to spread the Word."

"What was the dinner like?" I asked, with considerable curiosity.

"It's fixed for tomorrow," she said, "and I'm so upset. My good dress is terribly wrinkled from being packed so long. Let me show you." She hurried off, and returned with a dark-red velvet gown of a strange, old-fashioned pattern, with lace of a color that I think is called écru at the neck and wrists, and she also carried a thin blue pamphlet—the Gospel according to Saint John. She pushed the book into my hand. "Certain passages are marked," she said. "Please read them carefully." Then she spread out the dress helplessly. "What do you do with velvet?" she asked.

"Steam it?" I said doubtfully.

When I was leaving, she walked into the courtyard with me, carrying the dress. I watched for a few moments while she spoke to the cook in his shack. With a look of absolute bafflement, he reached for a huge kettle steaming on the fire. I left her then, with a picture of that sad little scene in my mind—Miss Wiltsey, surrounded by clouds of steam; the billowing folds of the dress she would wear tomorrow for her first dinner party; the puzzled face of the Chinese cook.

AT the Chinese inn outside the town walls, the innkeeper asked whether I had found the foreigner and had enjoyed my dinner. I said yes.

He said, "It is good to talk to your own kind in a foreign country." He smiled at me in a friendly way. Feeling suddenly at ease and comfortable, I smiled back and went to take my place on the large *k'ang* that I would share with two Chinese families.

As I took off my coat, I felt the blue pamphlet in the pocket. I thought of reading it, but the tiny oil lamp was too dim, and then, what would the Chinese think of reading in bed?

—SANTHA RAMA RAU

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HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Dictionary of United States History*]

A chain had been placed across the river, but this was broken; the "Hartford," Farragut's ship, got safely through under cover of Porter's mortar-boats, and the others followed. The forts were silenced, and the Confederate flotilla attacked and almost entirely destroyed. Lovell fled, and Farragut demanded the surrender of New Orleans from the mayor. This was finally granted and Butler took charge. In 1890, great excitement against murderous Italians led to lynchings by a mob. [End of article.]

ONE

MY first impression of Trenkle was the same as my last, and both were identical with all those that lay changelessly between: that of a man bent on talking in epigrams. He had a nickname he was completely oblivious of. Among ourselves, we who knew him never called him Trenkle, or Philip, either, which was his first name; we called him One, after the indefinite pronoun he constantly used—"One should always look at El Grecos on an empty stomach," and "Life is a carnival at which one should throw the balls at the prizes," and "There are types of innocence of which one should not be guilty," and so on. This "one" device seems more naturally suited to Englishmen than to Americans. The homes where he and I met, some years ago, were largely in and around Westport, immediately beyond which, one (to borrow the locution) is, after all, on one's way to Bridgeport. Conversation may be, as One believed, a lost art, but it probably never did prosper on the aphoristic plane on which he strove to twinkle.

I remember the first time I saw One, at a cocktail party for a couple who had just announced their engagement. In the course of some standard persiflage about matrimony, somebody asked One, then thirty-four and espaliered against the mantel, when *he* was going to take the step. One reached for his Manhattan, which was on a nearby table. "Getting married is like sitting down on garden furniture," he said. "One does it cautiously."

A young advertising man I was sitting next to—a chap in his late twenties named Dick Fillmore—looked at me and murmured, "Judas Priest!" But within the month he was to find One at his own dinner table.

Dick and his wife, Madge, had just settled in a house in Darien, and in the process of striking social roots Madge was inviting people wholesale. This time she had practically everybody in the group I went around with. An excellent cook had prepared a capital dinner topped off with Nesselrode pudding. Having finished his, One set his napkin down and turned to Madge with a gleam in his eye.

"Stendhal," said One, who frequently built his effects on those of the masters, "Stendhal is reported to have said, on first eating ice cream, 'What a pity it isn't a sin!' " He gestured toward his dessert dish. "This *is* a sin."

"Tell Dodie," Madge said, with a wave toward the cook, who was just then emerging from the kitchen. Dick scraped his chair back with a jittery motion and said, "Let's have our coffee in the living room."

In there, One got off an epigram somewhat better than his usual. The subject was, fittingly enough, epigrams themselves, and after the coffee, when we were sitting around drinking highballs, One quoted liberally from Wilde, Shaw, and Voltaire. "Epigrams," he said, at length, "what are they?"

There was a silence. One picked up his drink, sipped slowly, and set it down again. "Epigrams," he said, "are canes with which we swagger in our youth but on which in old age we must lean."

Virginia Woolf, in her "Orlando," describes the effect of actual wit on an eighteenth-century reception room where wit is delusively held by the frequenters of the salon to be a nightly staple. The poet Pope is announced. He steps inside and delivers three mots in rapid succession. People sit in dead silence for twenty minutes. Then they turn in consternation and slink, one by one, from the room.

This at the Fillmores' was by no means a salon; this was just a bunch of us. But we were similarly immobilized; if not for twenty minutes, perhaps because we had so much less to lose—about as much less, I suppose, as One had to offer than Pope. People on the fringe turned away, muttering resentfully; somebody snickered and looked at his feet; arms reaching for highball glasses converged like the spokes of a wheel on the large central coffee table. "Ju—das—" Dick began, but before he could get to "Priest" Madge's bright voice cried restoratively, "Who's for ping-pong?"

THE person who remains in my memory as most able to take One in his stride was a man of markedly earthier grain even than Dick. Into a small cluster of listeners to whom, at the opening of an exhibition at a country art gallery, One was expounding Surrealism as inverted Romanticism hove a short, portly figure in a double-breasted suit. He was the owner of a rope-and-twine business. His name was Wentworth, and his wife was on the arrangements committee and had a water color in the show.

"The symbol of Romanticism was a swan," One said. "That of Surrealism, half a swan."

"I'll buy that," Wentworth said from the periphery, looking around and nodding.

Wentworth haunted the brisker conversation all evening, buying heavily. Among his purchases were these generalizations of One's:

"Polo is merely the cavalry of croquet."

"Nothing resembles reverence so much as intense profanity. It is the soul on one knee."

"Strict chastity is itself a kind of promiscuity. It lacks the principle of selection."

"You can say that again!" Wentworth responded to the last, as he had to the first and second, respectively, with "And how!" and "Check!"

One moved off in search of less robust approval.

I HAVE an almost total recall of One's aphorisms, partly because he used them again and again but also, it must be confessed, because they exerted a fascination over me, especially when the gulf between the frequently debatable content and the always impeccably classic form was arresting enough to make me think of a hot dog under a glass bell. Here are a few more of One's apothegms and paradoxes, as they occur to me:

"No sculpture is successful that does not inspire in us the desire to feel it—and leave us sheepish when we have done so."

"There is such a thing as smiling uproariously. I have done so once or twice in my life."

"The American principle: God helps those that help themselves. The Russian: God help those that help themselves. Only, the Russians do not believe in Him!"

"Eggnog is absurd."

"One reason I cannot order hash in a restaurant is the necessity of telling the waiter to omit the poached egg. One should not have to edit what one eats."

"Attacking the foibles of the human race is a good deal like swatting mosquitoes—one cannot do it without slapping oneself."

"I do not know whether the retalia-

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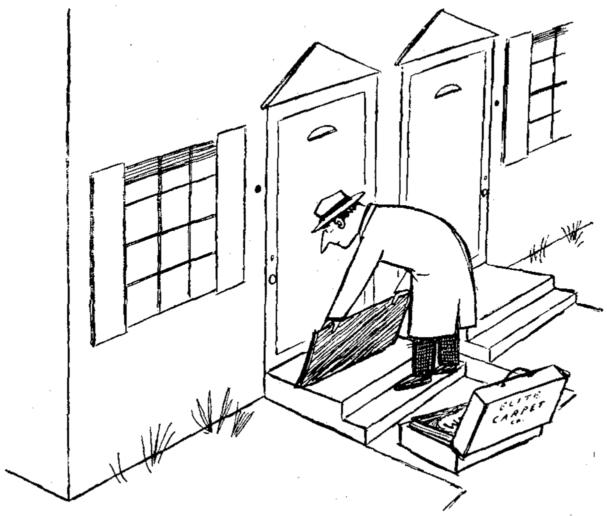
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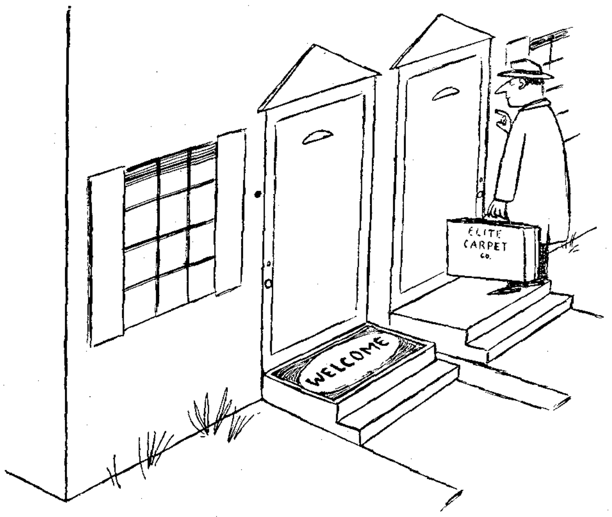


tion is intentional or not, but the food in museums is about on a par with the murals in restaurants."

"Time goes in one year and out the other."

"There is truly no such thing as a little garlic. Ideally, it should be rubbed on the cook."

"Conscience is like the emergency brake on an automobile. It is never used in an emergency, only when one is morally parked."

"Nature abhors a vacuum cleaner."

IT'S possible that One fancied himself another La Rochefoucauld, who would be quoted by the grandchildren of those out of whom, in life, he got no rise. The only response I ever heard that "worked" with him was the familiar "I know exactly what you mean!" One evening, he said to a group of us, "The music of Delius resembles nothing so much as pink stucco—if you know what I mean."

"Well—" I began, but was overridden by a woman wearing leather jewelry, who bobbed her head brightly and said, "I know exactly what you mean"—a signal of kinship that sent One happily into amplification.

"Not, you understand, that weathered pink of old missions fifty miles south of Los Angeles," he continued, "and not, you understand, the pink of the houses in Los Angeles, either, but, you see, the pink of the ice-cream stands on the outskirts of it."

Gassed into near-insensibility by this flow of subtlety, I laughed along with the woman, but whereas hers was a laugh of head-nodding appreciation, mine was a laugh of gentle, addled despair, the helpless laugh of someone trying to pick up quicksilver with his fingers.

But splitting the atom of meaning with One wasn't always a harmless pastime, and there was one occasion in particular when I got embroiled in the exegesis myself.

I was having dinner with One and another companion in the garden of a restaurant on the banks of the Saugatuck, near Westport. Travel on the Continent was discussed, and at last One, turning on the lathe of inference the sum of notes compared and anecdotes exchanged, said, "There are, usually, people and people. There are Frenchmen and Frenchmen. There are Englishmen and Englishmen. There are Irishmen and Irishmen, and there are, of course, Germans and Germans. But there are," he concluded, reaching for his coffee cup, "only Swedes."

I saw a hand whip away a vacant chair next to mine and a splendidly formed chap with ginger hair take a position over One.

"I heard that, Mac," he said, "and I'll thank you to take it back."

I got to my feet. "You don't understand," I said.

"There's nothing to understand," he said. "He'll take it back or I'll help him."

I could not imagine anything more certain to dissolve at the touch of analysis than what One had said (any more than I could remember ever having heard anyone being asked to take back anything that tenuous), but, eager to avoid a scene, I struck out hurriedly, "He means Swedes keep a steady level—none of the stock crotchets that make caricatures out of other nationalities." I laughed. "But maybe there are Swedes as *well* as Swedes, eh? In which case," I said, reaching the nadir of inanity, "I'm sure you'd be one of the Swedes."

"I'm Scotch-American," he said, compounding the confusion.

"Then what—" I began, and he waved to the table behind me.

At it was a dainty girl with cornflower eyes and hair like plaited gold. Her head down and her hands folded in her lap, she smiled deferentially at us. One rose with airy good nature and went over to her. The Scotch-American stood watchfully by, looking as though he might bring One's career to the anachronistic close that would have seemed so apt—ceremonial notice of offense, in the form of a card, and a rendezvous in the woods at dawn. But, with a bow that put us back still another hundred years, One said to the girl, "I have seen bottled honey, but I have never held it up to the sun. Now I know what it must look like, and it is with pride—not humility, by any means—that I embrace the opportunity of apologizing to such a vision."

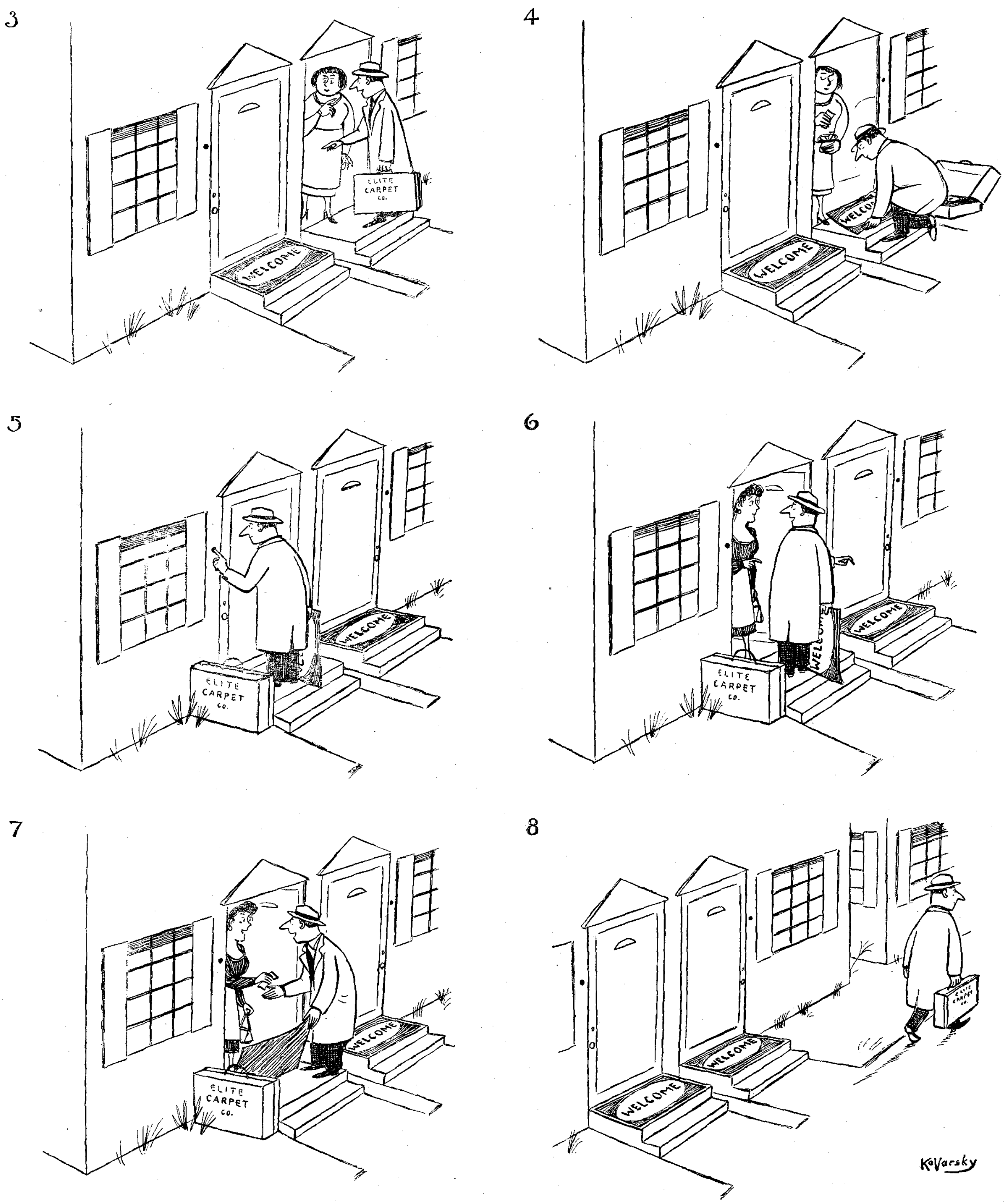
"We'll let it go at that," the Scotch-American said.

"Honey—" One resumed.

"Never mind the 'honey' stuff. I'll call her that," the Scotch-American said as I caught hold of One's coattail to pull him back to our table before he would have to apologize for the way he was apologizing.

"This . . ." I said, helpless against the current bearing me on into an idiom where I had no business. "This," I said, with a wave at the poor Saugatuck, "is not nearly the Danube."

I NEVER saw One again after that. He took an apartment in New York that autumn, and finally disappeared from the orbit of my friends. I heard of him only once more. About a year ago, I ran across somebody who said he'd had word that One was living in London, managing a private art gallery. I hope his quest fares better there than here—for it's as an endless quest that I see his life. I see him venturing, groomed and gloved, each evening through the British fog, looking for the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one door, the bright door beyond which blooms at last that indoor paradise of bandied conceits and oral arabesques he never found in Fairfield County.

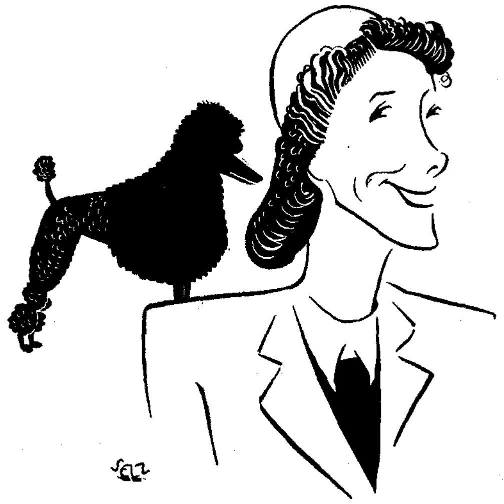
If there's anything to the maxim that once hotboxed our conversation, then the reverse of it must also be true, namely that canes are like epigrams, swaggered with in youth, leaned on in old age. What, then, about middle life? Because it occurs to me now that One is in his forties and that he always carried a stick. I've racked my brain trying to complete the apothegm he left unfinished, but the number of things that you can do with a stick in your prime that have symbolic value are few. There's hailing cabs, swiping at bothersome dogs, and clacking it along picket fences, but none of these have symbolic value. Hailing cabs comes closest, but it's too thin. There's only one other thing I can think of that you might do with a cane. Push doorbells.

One wouldn't buy it, I don't suppose, but then I'm not trying to sell it, either.

—Peter De Vries

PROFILES

DOWN THE LEASH



BLANCHE SAUNDERS, a dark-haired, wiry, youthful-looking woman of forty-five with a pronounced affinity for black standard poodles, is this country's best-known practitioner of Obedience Training, an up-and-coming branch of pedagogy that she has been instrumental in popularizing in America during the past fifteen years. Among Miss Saunders' professional acquaintances—dog fanciers whose affinities range all the way from Afghan hounds to Yorkshire terriers—the word "obedience" has but one meaning. It denotes the social polish that a qualified trainer can impart to a dog through the medium of his owner, or at least to any dog able and willing to react coöperatively to such exclamations as "Hup!" (or "Hop!"), "Pfui!" (or "Phooey!"), and "Heel!," to sit or lie motionless for prolonged periods while interlopers do their best to distract him, to bound over a series of hurdles with a dumbbell gripped between his teeth, and otherwise either to control himself or channel his energies along more or less useful lines in everyday life. Since, unlike more traditional systems of education, Obedience Training involves a chain of command, rather than direct communication between teacher and pupil, Miss Saunders can't exactly be classified as a dog trainer. Instead, she thinks of herself as a trainer of dog owners, those ineffectual bipeds whose only reason for existence is to act as intermediaries between her and their dogs. Some dog owners who have undergone the rigors of Obedience Training have been inclined to view the program as discriminatory, for the certificates and degrees Miss Saunders doles out upon the completion of her courses are awarded not to the owners but to their pets. Most owners, however, accept their anomalous status with good grace and when their dogs are guilty of a fault, or in extreme cases a flunk-out, sportingly insist that they, and not their pets, are to blame.

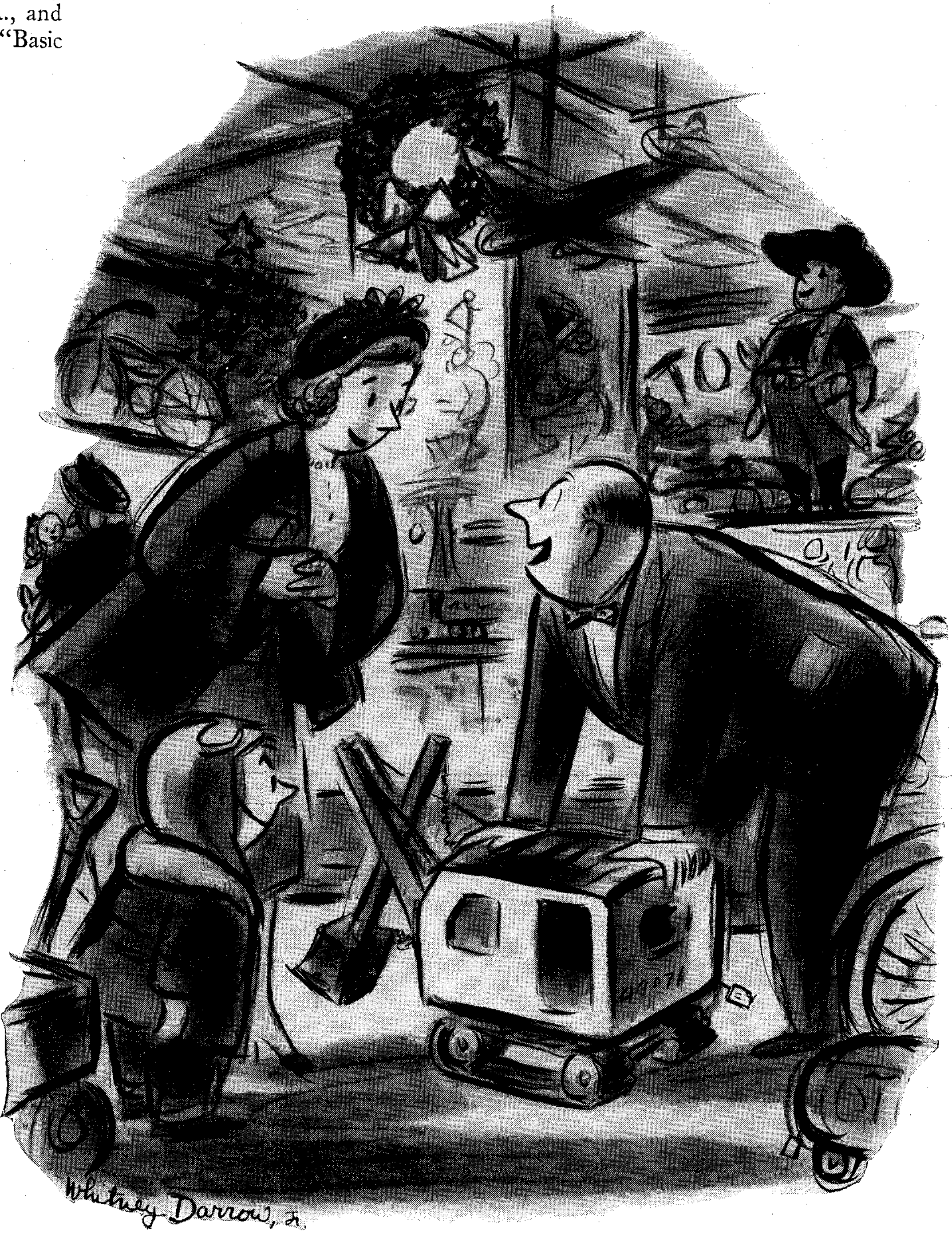
All this is as it should be, in the opinion of Obedience Training experts, but they often wish that dog owners, in their day-to-day dealings with their pets, would take a firmer stand. The Obedience Training people point out that dogs, as opposed to cats, are fundamentally amenable to being bossed around and that it is therefore not becoming for dog owners to take a subservient attitude toward the whims of their animals. According to this view, the dog owners of America, by allowing their dogs to precede them through doorways, to monopolize and muddy their furniture, to take sips from their cocktails or tidbits from their tables, and to intimidate, or even bite, their guests, not only have managed to lose the respect of their maladjusted animals but have become one of the major educational challenges of our day. There can be no denying that Miss Saunders has met this challenge with praiseworthy vigor, and from every conceivable angle. She has put in her most direct pedagogical licks in New York, where since 1944 she has been conducting Obedience Training courses, each consisting of nine lessons, in various armories and gymnasiums, mostly under the sponsorship of the A.S.P.C.A. The tuition for a course, for which Miss Saunders receives a fee of anywhere up to five hundred dollars, depending on the size of the class, is nine dollars. To date, about twenty-two hundred men, women, and adolescents have turned up for these courses, snaked along by their dogs and clinging to the wrong, or hind, end of the leash. "By the time they've finished the nine lessons," an A.S.P.C.A. official said proudly the other day, "the relative positions on the leashes have been reversed in at least two-thirds of the cases."

A considerably larger group of dog owners has had its eyes opened to the merits of Obedience work through a manual Miss Saunders has written, called "Training You to Train Your Dog," published by Doubleday in 1946 and listed by the *Times* last December as a "hidden best seller," meaning that it belongs, along with dictionaries and cookbooks, in that enviable category of books that, though they never reach the best-seller lists, continue to be bought in respectable quantities over a long period of time. So far, forty thousand copies of Miss Saunders' book have been sold. In addition to fulfilling the obligation implicit in its title, this volume has an unexpected appeal for its purchasers, many of whom ordinarily have little time for reading anything farther afield than the *American Kennel Gazette* and *Leash and Collar*, in that it gives them a nodding acquaintance with the prose style of Walter Lippmann. Mr. Lippmann dashed off a preface for it not long after Miss Saunders made a trip to Washington to induce the Lippmanns' black standard poodle, Brioche, to stop biting the columnist's secretaries. "To [those] who cannot or will not train their own dogs, [this] book ought to carry conviction that for dogs, as well as for others, education and discipline are not accompaniments of tyranny but are necessary to the pursuit of happiness," Lippmann wrote resoundingly.

Along with other wide-awake modern educators, Miss Saunders has recently begun employing audio-visual aids in her teaching. Her most successful effort in this branch of instruction has been a series of three 16-mm. films produced, in both black-and-white and color, by United Specialists, Inc., a firm in which she is associated with Louise Branch, who owns it and who, happily, is not only a fellow poodle fancier but a photographer. The three films, collectively also called "Training You to Train Your Dog" and billed by the producers as a "five-bark picture, a real bow-wow!," are designed to drive home the points made by Miss Saunders' manual, and they are available separately or in complete sets, the cost in the latter case being two hundred and ten dollars for a black-and-white version or five hundred and seventy dollars in color. "Puppy Trouble," the first of the series, covers, as set forth in its subtitle, the "Kindergarten and Grade School Training Stage" of a dog, and the voice of Helen Hayes, a poodle owner herself, has been dubbed in, expressing the presumed thoughts of the starring puppy, who, it was found, could not be relied upon to respond vocally at the proper moments and was not quite as comprehensible even when he did. "Some very cute little touches," as Miss Saunders described them over the radio not long ago, resulted from this collaboration. "In one scene, where the puppy was getting his first bath," Miss Saunders went on, "Miss Hayes made her voice shiver so realistically you could almost hear the little fellow tremble." The second United Specialists film, called "Basic Obedience Instruction" and subtitled "High School and Prep School Training Stage," and the third, called "Advanced Obedience Instruction" and subtitled "College and University Training Stage," have Lowell Thomas on their sound tracks, explaining the steps by which Obedience Training may lead to the granting of degrees represented by initials, analogous to B.A., M.A., and Ph.D., affixed to a dog's name. "Basic Obedience Instruction" depicts Miss Saunders and one of her favorite poodles demonstrating to a number of more or less intelligent-looking dogs and their owners the requirements for the degree of C.D., or Companion Dog—the lowest rung on the academic ladder. These include the heel on leash, the heel free, the recall, the long (one-minute) sit, and the long (three-minute) down. As might be expected, the third film, leading through the halls of higher learning, covers far more esoteric accomplishments, such as the retrieve on flat, the retrieve over obstacle, the speak on command, and the seek-back for lost article, by which the pupil progresses up the ladder to the degree of C.D.X. (Companion Dog, Excellent), then to U.D. (Utility Dog), and finally to U.D.T. (Utility Dog Tracker).

The "Training You to Train Your Dog" films are distributed to the public, usually at a nominal charge, by a number of rather disparate organizations, including the American Meat Institute and the American Museum of Natural History, which buy the reels from United Specialists. One of the distributors, the Gaines Dog Research Center, maintained by the makers of Gaines dog foods, estimates that through its facilities alone at least five hundred thousand people in this country are privileged each year to hear Miss Hayes whimpering in her imaginary tub and to watch one of Miss Saunders' talented poodles discriminating, at the command of his mistress, between a scented and an unscented gardening glove. These performances have undoubtedly proved instructive to a further, unestimated number of people in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Belgium, Switzerland, Holland, Cuba, Mexico, Brazil, and Venezuela, where the movies have also been distributed. The most recent request for them from abroad came in to United Specialists, to the gratification and mystification of everyone there, from the Rajkumar Preatum Sherjung, of Bijnor, United Provinces, India, who demanded the whole works, "Puppy Trouble" and all.

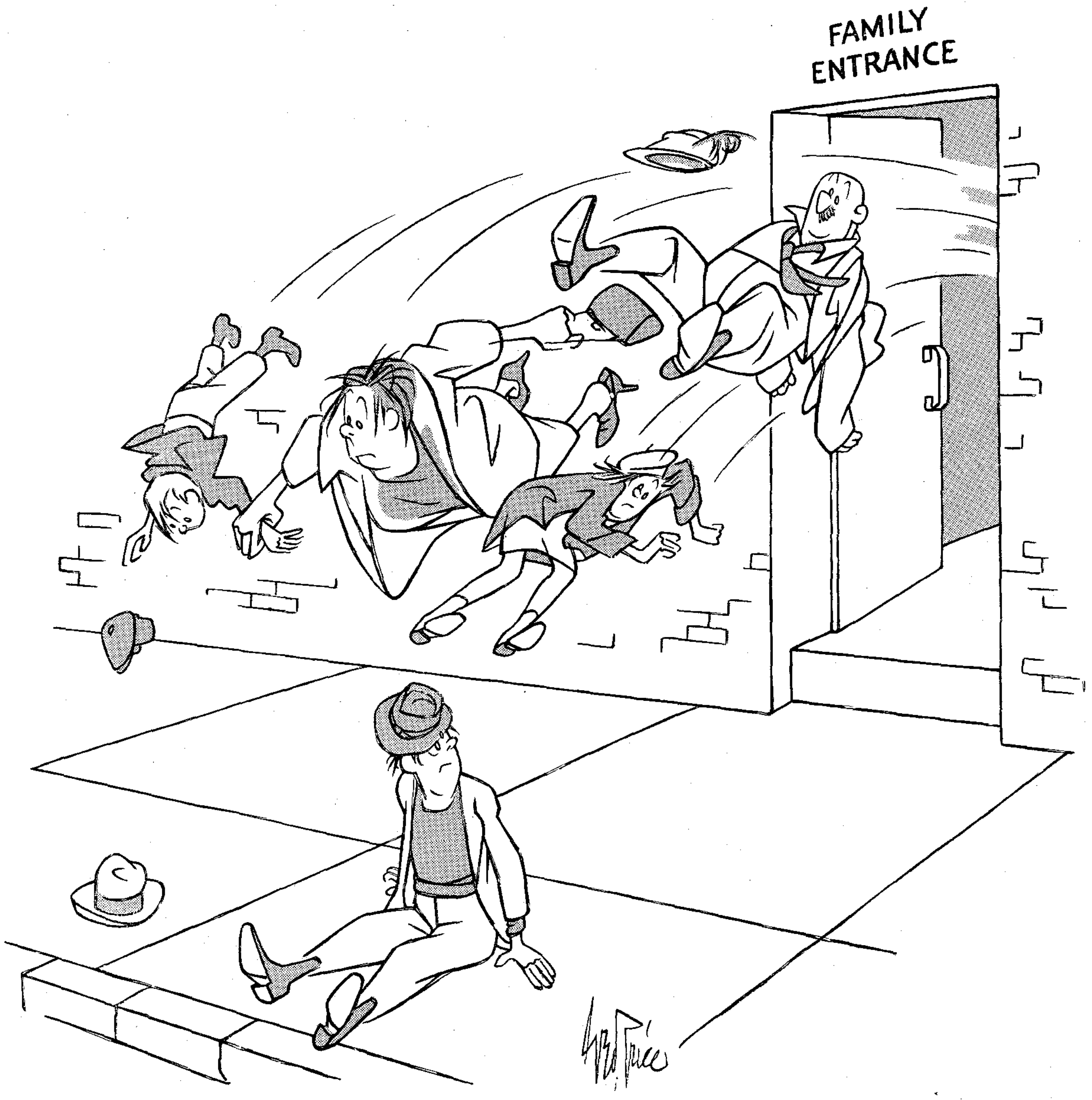
OBEDIENCE TRAINING is of Teutonic origin, and because it involves not only a good deal of canine regimentation but downright physical coercion on the part of the handler, who uses a choke collar to induce a dog to fall in with his wishes, its opponents frequently claim that its ranks consist of what they describe as Prussian types, or people desirous chiefly of imposing their wills forcibly on others. Obedience trainers, these detractors say, are imbued with top-sergeant, or bulldog, tendencies, to a man, or woman. But though Miss



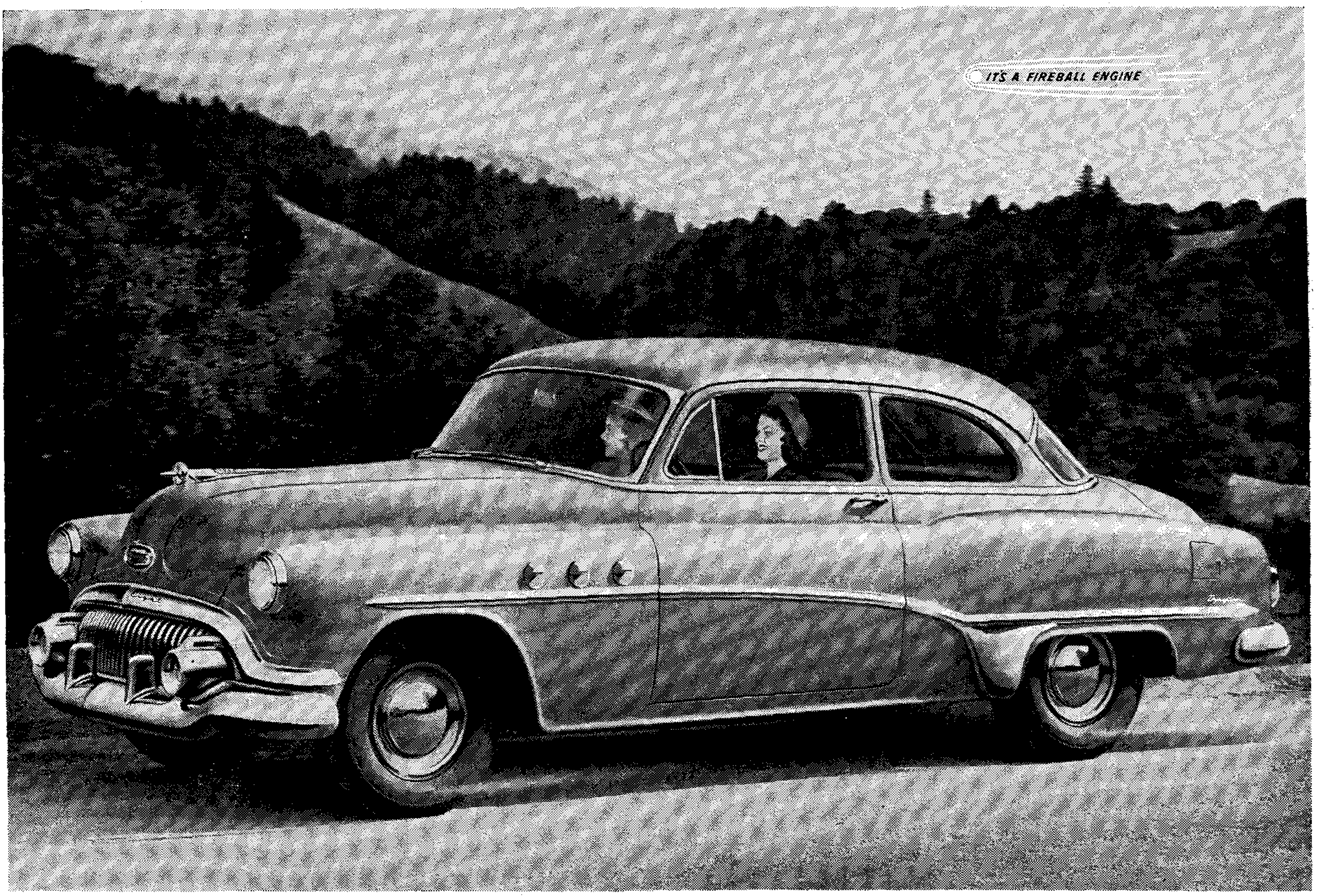
"Here's a really sturdy item—built to last for hours."

Saunders is considered in dog-fancying circles to be the embodiment of what is reverently termed "trainer personality," there is little in her manner to suggest the top sergeant and there is absolutely nothing of the bulldog about her. A dog-show official who is at his most articulate within his own very special frame of reference once said of Miss Saunders that she combines all the commendable qualities, both physical and temperamental, that are customarily associated with the terrier group—the slimness and stamina of the wirehair, the pleasing facial contours and limpid eyes of the cairn, the activity and gameness of the Border, and the amiability of the Dandie Dinmont—an opinion concurred in by the majority of her admirers but highly disconcerting to a minority who hold that Miss Saunders, since she is a confirmed poodle fancier, should bear a resemblance to her favorite, rather than to an alien, type of dog.

One attribute that Miss Saunders shares with no breed of terrier is her voice, which is low and husky. It is seldom raised in anger, but there is a perceptible undercurrent of annoyance in it when she's dealing with dog owners en masse. This is especially noticeable when she is confronted, in one of the various armories and gymnasiums in which she works, by a bunch of would-be trainers who, to judge by their actions, couldn't impose their collective wills on a tame mouse. At the start of such a class, Miss Saunders usually manages to employ the most moderate of the three tones of voice she advocates for Obedience Training; namely, the coaxing. "Let's try to improve just a *little* on our sit-stay this week," she'll say into a portable microphone she uses, addressing the thirty-odd dog owners lined up in front of her with their pets (ranging in size from Great Danes to Chihuahuas), each of which is stationed, in conformance with Obedience protocol, beside his owner's left knee. As the owners timidly beseech their charges to plunk themselves down on their haunches by way of participating in the sit-stay, Miss Saunders emits a gusty sigh, well amplified by the microphone, and resorts to the second, or demanding, tone of voice. "Come on, see to it your dogs sit!" she says firmly. "String them down on that leash. Who's supposed to be training who around here, anyway?" When, in consequence of resisting a good deal of tugging on choke collars, most of the dogs have decided that it's in their best interests to sit down, the owners drop their leashes and back gingerly away to a distance of fifteen or twenty feet, uttering what they fondly believe to be forceful requests to the dogs to stay put. At this point, two or three representatives of the more flighty breeds are likely to begin frolicking about the arena, and Miss Saunders is obliged to fall back on the third, or commanding, tone. "Bring your dogs back! *Make* them sit! *Snap* them down! See that they stay!" she shouts lustily into the microphone. "Put a little conviction in your voice for a change! No diplomas for *you* if you can't learn a simple exercise like this!"



Although this threat obtains results in most cases, each class is very apt to include at least one overwrought lady dog owner who not only is unable to make any impression whatever on her charge but may even burst into tears as she pursues him around the floor. When this occurs, Miss Saunders sets her microphone down with a crash, mutters "My goodness *sakes!*"—her strongest exclamation—and strides forward to take over the delinquent dog. Seizing his leash, she gives it a brisk tug, remarks matter-of-factly that the dog isn't boss around the place, as he seems to think, and repeats the sit-stay command. Sometimes a brief clash of wills ensues. More often, the dog gives Miss Saunders a speculative look and quietly falls in with her wishes, leaving his own-



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er with the suspicion that something occult has taken place in her presence.

The effectiveness of Miss Saunders' trainer personality, as manifested in her direct dealings with dogs, is difficult even for experts to explain, but it is generally conceded that she is the fortunate possessor of what those in the know refer to as "dog hands." This attribute, they say, is a matter of rapport, of which, as the late Josef Weber, of Princeton, New Jersey, one of the most noted of all German-born trainers in this country, said in a still widely quoted apothegm, "It yoost goes down the leash." In addition to being endowed with dog hands, or leash rapport, Miss Saunders is said to be able to anticipate to an uncanny degree the way a dog will act in almost any set of circumstances. In this way she averts many of the crises—dogfights, for example—that often harass less intuitive trainers. Despite her talent for keeping intellectually one jump ahead of a dog, however, she hasn't been able to wholly avoid one perennial training hazard—plain dogbite. At one time or another, representatives of practically every recognized breed, and quite a few mutts, too, have sunk their fangs into various portions of Miss Saunders, mistaking her, possibly, for an owner devoid of trainer personality. From a canine point of view, the results of these onslaughts have been unrewarding. "A dogbite to Blanche is as a mosquito bite to you or me," a man from the A.S.P.C.A. told a dog owner who was taking a breather during a training session one evening not long ago. By way of example, he cited an occasion on which Miss Saunders was driving him and a dog of hers home after a class. As she stopped for a traffic light, she complained mildly of a disagreeable tickling sensation in one foot. When they reached his home, she got out and examined her foot under a street light. She discovered that the toe of one of her substantial leather brogues had been gnawed open and a wound inflicted that would have disabled the average person for a week. Miss Saunders' only reaction was a relatively casual "My goodness *sakes!*" Then she bade the A.S.P.C.A. man a polite good night and leaped back into her car.

As Miss Saunders frequently points out in her training manual, the element of surprise is an all-important one in the master-dog relationship. It is also one of which she has always taken fullest advantage. In this field, as a trainer, she presupposes a good deal of ingenuity, alertness, and agility on the owner's part. If a dog is too vocal, for instance, and sets up a clamor the minute the owner leaves the house, Miss Saunders advises the owner to put on his hat and coat, shut the dog in the living room, stride to the outside door, slam it, and then sneak back noiselessly to the living-room door. "At the first sound [the dog] makes, call out, 'Stop that!' " she counsels. "This may come as such a surprise that he will probably be quiet the rest of the day, trying to figure out how you got back into the house without his knowing it." Miss Saunders also recommends some rather unusual items of equipment for startling dogs out of their shortcomings and making them ponder the singular requests of mankind. Among these are mousetraps (to be placed on sacrosanct chairs or couches), short lengths of chain (to be tossed at a dog's hindquarters if he barks when the doorbell or telephone rings), carriage whips (to be used in breaking dogs of chasing automobiles), and BB guns (to be aimed, it should be noted at once, not at but away from an erring pet). Illustrating the use of a BB gun, Miss Saunders tells in her manual of a distressingly loud-mouthed poodle who was an inmate of a kennel she once ran. "I crept inside the kennel with a BB gun," she recalls. "For fully twenty minutes I stood in total blackness with the BB gun pointed toward the wooden door of the pen. . . . Then when [the dog] decided it was time to begin [barking] again I pulled the trigger. In the dead of night the little pellet sounded like an exploding firecracker when it hit the door. From then on there was perfect silence."

IN the hands of an impetuous or highly nervous dog owner, a BB gun might well turn out to be a dangerous, or even lethal, weapon. In Miss Saunders' hands, never. She has been distinguished for both her marksmanship and her aplomb with firearms ever since the memorable day when, at the age of fifteen, she first hefted a rifle. As she recalls the incident, she was summoned out of a high-school history class and asked to pinch-shoot for a friend in a rifle match. After taking only two practice shots, both of them bull's-eyes, she entered the match, and wound up with two firsts—high score for girls and high score for boys and girls. To Miss Saunders' classmates, this was not a violently surprising accomplishment, for she had already established herself as proficient in sports, having earned a position on five of the school's six championship athletic teams for girls. It is Miss Saunders' suspicion that her athletic aptitude was a result of trying to hold her own in a household in which the other offspring consisted of seven older brothers and one older sister. She became a member of this top-heavy brood on September 12, 1906, in the town of Easton, Maine, where her father, the Reverend Abram Saunders, was the Baptist minister. After his death, in 1916, the family moved to Detroit, where she attended high school, ending up with excellent marks as well as a shelfful of trophies. Upon graduating, in 1924, she got a summer job on a small farm near Brewster, in Putnam County, New York, owned by Ethel Perrin, a family friend and the founder of the department of physical education in the Detroit public-school system. Tending Miss Perrin's livestock proved so congenial to Miss Saunders that she decided to learn more about the subject and, accordingly, enrolled that autumn in Massachusetts Agricultural College, which is now a part of the University of Massachusetts. There she majored in animal husbandry and poultry raising, and took side courses in engineering, carpentry, and automobile repairing. As part of its curriculum, the college insisted that its students take jobs on farms for at least six months of each year. Such was the local reputation Miss Saunders had achieved while working on the Perrin place that she had little difficulty finding a berth for herself as first in command of a fifty-acre farm in the vicinity of Brewster.

During the next ten years, while still an undergraduate and afterward, Miss Saunders worked on farms in and near Putnam County. This period of her life is recorded in considerable detail in several plump photograph albums that she treasures. A few of the snapshots in them show Miss Saunders—wearing overalls and looking handsome, healthy, and supremely contented—perched atop this or that item of farm machinery. Most of the pictures, however, are of animals, including calves named Precious, Marjorie, Sylvia, and Edna; Jerushe, a very photogenic shoat; Muffit, a stolid work horse; and innumerable anonymous milch cows—all of which, she feels, were in some measure responsible, by giving her a working knowledge of animal psychology, for her present skill in handling dogs. She believes, for example, that a flock of White Leghorns, shown in the albums in their various stages of development, laid the foundation for her ability to move casually and almost soundlessly among high-strung dogs. Most often, when

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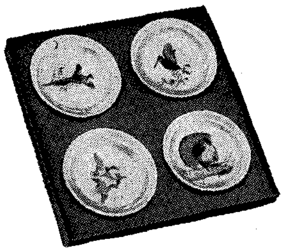

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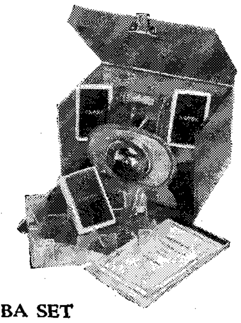

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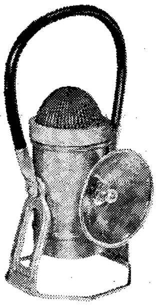

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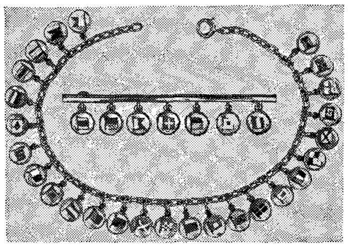

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looking through the albums, Miss Saunders turns to the photographs of some Boston terriers she encountered during her farm training, to whom she taught such tricks as begging, jumping over sticks, and balancing tennis balls on their noses. She frequently says that although she'd never heard of Obedience work at the time, these terriers—notably one named Tagalong, a performer of the highest calibre—provided her with the equivalent of a kindergarten, or even a grade-school, course in the subject.

Regrettably, there's no photograph to record the afternoon, in the autumn of 1934, when Miss Saunders unknowingly took the plunge into what was to be her lifework, and experienced in the process the first faint intimations of her affinity for poodles. "I was working up in a haymow on a farm near Brewster that afternoon when a car with a rather large, intelligent-looking dog and a woman in it pulled into the barnyard," she has since recalled. "I came running down, and the dog was introduced to me as Tango of Piperscroft, an apricot standard poodle. I said, 'You mean *that's* a poodle? I thought they were horrid little white things with runny eyes.' " When the matter of Tango had been settled, Miss Saunders learned that her bipedal caller was Mrs. Whitehouse Walker, of Bedford Hills, who owned the poodle and was, indeed, the leading exponent of standard poodles in this country. Now she was pioneering in Obedience work with Tango and the other poodles she had in her poodle kennel, the Carillon, at Bedford Hills. Her visit to the Brewster barnyard was prompted by the fact that she had advertised in the *Rural New-Yorker* for a kennel maid at twenty dollars a month, and Miss Saunders had answered the ad. "I must have been getting a little bored with heavy animals, I guess," Miss Saunders says. "Anyway, until I saw that ad, I'd never thought of working with dogs. If anyone had suggested it, I'd have said, 'My goodness *sakes*, not *me!*' Of course, I didn't know it then, but Tango was a very important dog—the granddaddy of Obedience in America."

The granddaddy of Obedience in America, important though he was, wasn't a perfect physical specimen, being a shade too wide in the rear, but he was presentable enough to overcome Miss Saunders' anti-poodle bias. The week after Tango and Mrs. Walker called on her, she went to help out around the Carillon, and within a month she had been elevated to the role of kennel man-

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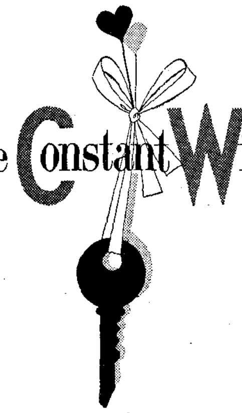

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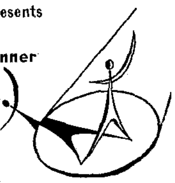

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ager. During that period, her personality underwent the sort of metamorphosis that Obedience people consider one of the most valuable by-products of their specialty. Commenting admiringly on this, Mrs. Walker said the other day, "When Blanche first came to the Carillon, she was a shy, demure little thing, without much self-confidence. But as soon as she'd worked a couple of weeks with Carillon Epreuve—Glee, for short, and the most nervous and timid of all our bitches—she simply blossomed out. That's the beauty of Obedience. It gives one poise. Takes one out of oneself. Glee was completely transformed, too. She ended up as the first dog in the United States, of any breed, to get her C.D., her C.D.X., and her U.D."

HAVING Miss Saunders to run her kennel for her left Mrs. Walker free to devote her full energies to alerting the dog fanciers of America to the merits of Obedience—a task of some magnitude, for at that time most people on this side of the Atlantic were under the impression that the only reasonable goals of formal dog training were police work, sheepherding, hunting, and retrieving. Only a few months before the arrival of Miss Saunders at the Carillon, Mrs. Walker had taken her first step toward advancing her theory that a dog should be well behaved as well as utilitarian by giving an informal demonstration of Obedience on the lawn of her father's estate, in Mount Kisco. Not long after that, she had succeeded in talking the officials of the North Westchester Kennel Club into letting her put on a similar affair as a part of their annual all-breed show. The small group of dogs and owners starring in this exhibition were rather uncertain about what they were up to, for their training was based solely on Mrs. Walker's hazy

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recollection of some Obedience tests she had once watched in England, but even so they walked away with the show. "The spectator appeal was so fantastic that nobody paid any attention to the judging of the breeds," Mrs. Walker afterward reported triumphantly to a friend.

Inspired by this coup, Mrs. Walker left Miss Saunders in charge of the kennel and hopped the next boat for England, where she headed straight for Tango's birthplace, the Piperscroft Kennels, near Horsham. Here Mrs. Grace E. L. Boyd, the owner of the kennels, put her star Obedience dog, King Leo of Piperscroft, through his paces for Mrs. Walker's edification. Next, Mrs. Boyd took her guest to meet a neighbor, a Captain Radcliffe, who had been influential in introducing Obedience Training tests into England from Germany. Under the Captain's guidance, Mrs. Walker mastered the subject, from hup to pfui, in about three weeks. Then she hopped a boat home. During the crossing, she stayed in her berth, outlining in her mind the first set of American Obedience rules. These were modifications of the English rules, which, numbering among their requirements such feats as scaling walls, retrieving objects over six-foot hurdles, and refusing food from strangers, Mrs. Walker considered too exacting. When she got home, she set about with renewed vigor serving as an evangel of Obedience and soon succeeded in stirring up so much interest among dog fanciers in this country that she was unable to deal singlehanded with the requests for information that inundated Bedford Hills. She was relieved to find that Miss Saunders had become infected by her enthusiasm and was able to take over all the correspondence while Mrs. Walker was in the field plugging her hobby.

In 1936, Mrs. Walker gathered a number of small East Coast Obedience groups she had helped organize into the Obedience Test Club, with headquarters at Bedford Hills, and introduced its members to the intricacies of a scoring system she had worked out for Obedience trials—the exhibitions, most often held in connection with bench shows, that determine the eligibility of the competing dogs for degrees. That same year, the officials of the American Kennel Club, who had been viewing this newfangled aspect of the dog business with skeptical aloofness, apparently came to the conclusion that their organization was better equipped than was the relatively insignificant Obedience Test Club to handle all the red tape connected with Obedience records and scoring systems and with the dispensing of degrees. They therefore announced that the A.K.C., whose official sanction carried almost overpowering weight among dog fanciers, would recognize Obedience Training, but only if it was given by clubs that paid the organization a fee of two hundred and fifty dollars. To the chagrin of those who had got in on the ground floor of Obedience, the A.K.C. declined to recognize the accomplishments of dogs who had already forged ahead in Obedience Test Club classes, which made it necessary for those luckless animals to re-enroll as novices and compete all over again, under a slightly different scoring system. The A.K.C.'s appearance on the scene also had the effect of automatically disqualifying any dog with a bar sinister in its background from earning recognized degrees, no matter how talented it might be. The unfortunate owners of dogs in this category nonetheless managed to keep their chins up, and continued to form Obedience clubs—unsponsored ones, which awarded a tactfully worded certificate rather than a degree. A few years later, their morale was raised considerably when a woolly-coated little dog named Squeaky, a stray adopted by Dr. Mary Julian White, then of New York and now a psychiatrist practicing in Washington, was shown on the cover of the *American Kennel Gazette*, along with two dogs of unquestionable ancestry, in a photograph taken during an intermission in an Obedience demonstration put on by Miss Saunders in Rockefeller Plaza. Since Squeaky was, and still is, the only mutt ever to be thus honored by the magazine, the photograph caused a furore which hasn't yet died down completely. Nowadays, the staff of the *Gazette* is non-committal when questioned about *l'affaire* Squeaky, but some defenders of the publication's editorial integrity claim that Squeaky is, to the expert eye, no mutt at all but a representative of a rare Tibetan breed, the Lhasa Apso. (Squeaky's owner, too, likes to think of him as a Lhasa, but, as a psychiatrist, feels obliged to admit that her thinking may be wishful.) Miss Saunders, however, who originally trained him, is an outright dissenter. "Now, look, that dog's no more Lhasa than I am," she said the other day. "Last month, in Canada, I met up with a *real* Lhasa, and he didn't look a bit like Squeaky. When he lived in New York, Squeaky used to be clipped to look sort of like a schnauzer, but he isn't that, either. He's just a terribly talented mutt, and that's how he got into my Rockefeller Plaza demonstration, and met up with that photographer."

Dazed but not done in at having their Obedience baby taken out of their hands by the A.K.C., Mrs. Walker and Miss Saunders, a resilient pair, swiftly began adjusting themselves to the new order of things. One of the marked advantages of being nestled under the maternalistic wing of the A.K.C., they realized, was the circumstance that from that time on Obedience trials could be held without any quibble at all in conjunction with A.K.C.-sponsored bench shows, the most fertile possible spots for long-range Obedience proselytization. In the matter of purebreds versus crossbreeds, both women were, and are, leniently disposed toward mutts; Miss Saunders, in fact, in later years, after her prestige as an Obedience trainer was such that she could get along without the cachet of A.K.C. backing, pretty much threw in her lot with the A.S.P.C.A., which makes no distinction between purebred and mongrel and can therefore award only certificates, and the majority of the classes she conducts today are held under its auspices. At the time, however, as thoroughbred-poodle fanciers and breeders, both she and Mrs. Walker had to admit that the A.K.C.'s discriminatory stand had its points, and before long the Obedience Test Club's literature was proclaiming that its ultimate aim was "to demonstrate the usefulness of the purebred dog as the companion and guardian of man and not the ability of the dog to acquire facility in the performance of mere tricks." In order to further this aim, Mrs. Walker and Miss Saunders embarked, in the fall of 1937, on a trek that has become legendary in the dog world. Rigging up a twenty-one-foot trailer with all the installations of a well-run dog-diet kitchen, they hitched it to Mrs. Walker's car and set out in the company of Glee

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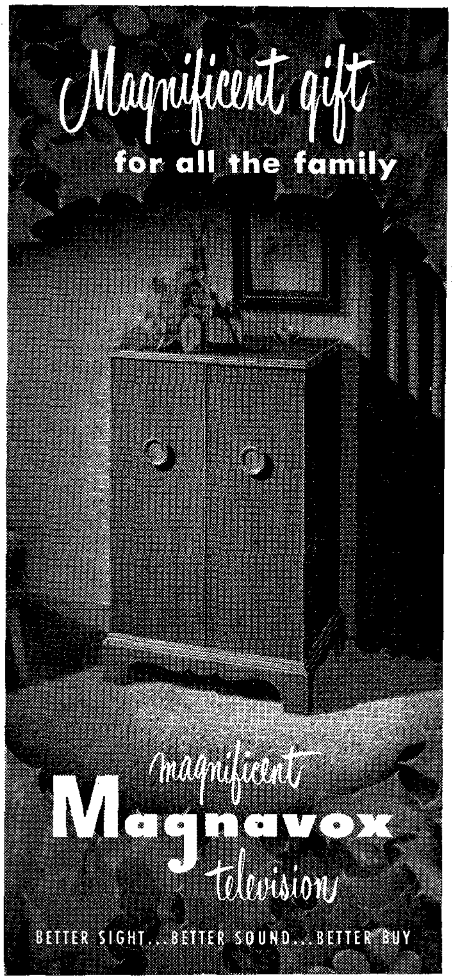
and two other blue-ribbon poodles—Ch. Carillon Joyeux and Ch. Carillon Boncœur—to give their demonstrations in communities where, as Miss Saunders puts it, "the word 'obedience' had never been heard before." These included most of the focal spots on the Southwestern dog-show circuit—Wichita Falls, Dallas, San Antonio, Houston, Galveston, Fort Worth, and Los Angeles. It was a lighthearted trip, as well as a successful one from a missionary point of view. "In that part of the country, dog people are rather like circus people," Miss Saunders later told some friends. "Just a big, happy family. On their way to shows, and going home, they shouted to each other from car to car, and often pulled up by the side of the road to compare notes on their dogs."

Ten weeks and some ten thousand miles later, the peripatetic kennel, its personnel intact, returned to Bedford Hills, greatly to the relief of several of the community's human inhabitants, who had considered the venture a perilous one and who now gathered about to shudder delightedly over the two women's accounts of its hazards, such as a Texas sandstorm that clogged all the drains in the trailer, and encounters, in several remote spots, with hoboes who, peering in the trailer's windows, reeled back when confronted by the merry faces of Boncœur, Glee, and Joyeux. As a more or less direct outcome of the trip, the number of Obedience trials held in conjunction with dog shows doubled within the next few months. The long-range results of the two travellers' efforts were recently pointed up in some figures released by the A.K.C., showing that since 1936 it has awarded to representatives of a hundred and eight of the hundred and eleven officially recognized breeds 6,550 C.D.s, 1,680 C.D.X.s, 460 U.D.s, and 296 U.D.T.s, and that in all, during that time, well over fifty thousand purebred dogs have competed in Obedience trials. While Obedience people regard these statistics as impressive, they also see in them a challenge to intensify their campaigning, especially when they reflect upon the fact that the total number of dogs in the United States is somewhere around twenty-two million, about five million of them purebreds and the rest kitchen cousins, or mutts.

Not long ago, the editor of *Dog World*—"If It's about Dogs, Write to *Dog World*"—explained to a reader, who had taken him at his word, that Obedience trials in this country have proved to be "a vitamin for the dog-



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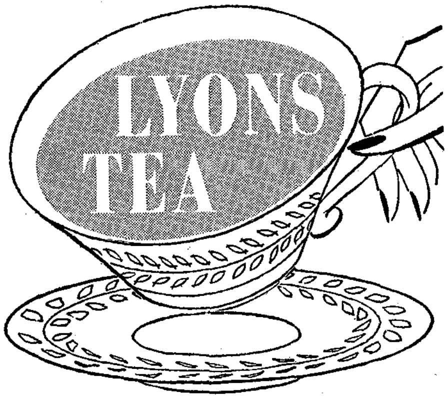

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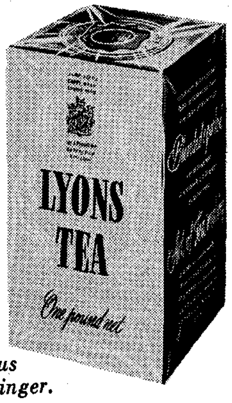

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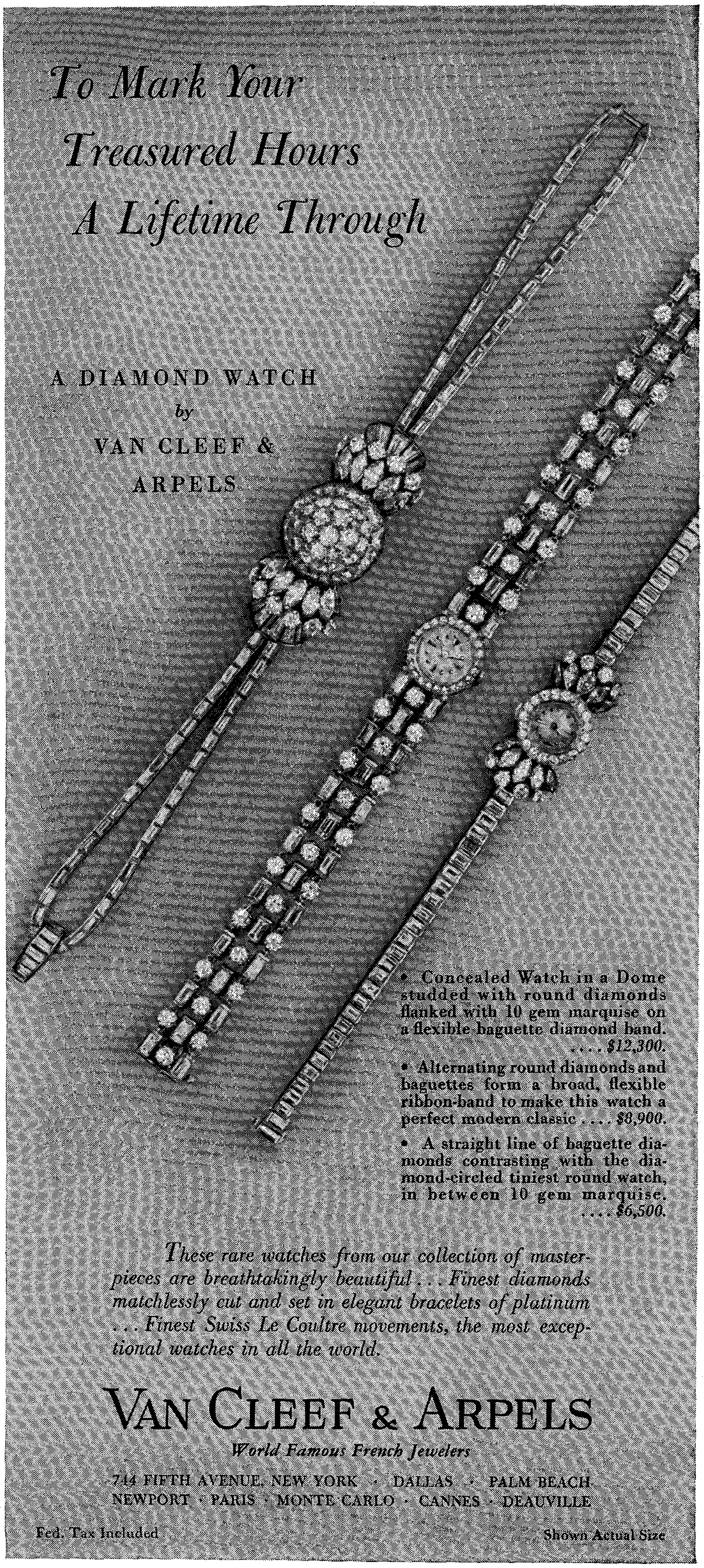
breeding and showing field." He might well have added that Miss Saunders' achievements both in Obedience work and in poodle breeding are an almost perfect case in point. At the time Miss Saunders took over as manager of the Carillon, poodles were comparatively rare in America; only a hundred and thirty-four of them—possibly a third of the country's total—were registered in the A.K.C.'s studbook. As a pupil, and then as an instructor, in Mrs. Walker's Bedford Hills Obedience Training classes, and later as a judge at Obedience trials, Miss Saunders became convinced that poodles constitute an eminently satisfactory breed for Obedience work, owing to two pronounced traits—their anxiety to please their masters and their intelligence, a term rather loosely applied by breeders to dogs who take readily to training and are able to retain what they have learned. Although it is impossible to put a finger on all the factors that determine the popularity of a given breed of dog, it is at present generally agreed that the increasingly frequent and successful appearances of poodles in Obedience trials in this country have had a decidedly tonic effect on their sale. By 1944, the number of poodle registrations had risen to 465, and by 1946 to 1,186; last year, the total was 3,195. A while ago, in reply to a letter inquiring about the total number of poodles now owned in this country, and, more specifically, in New York City, Arthur Frederick Jones, editor of the *American Kennel Gazette*, wrote, "I would estimate that now living in the United States there are about 14,000 Poodles of all sizes. This is estimated on the registrations over the last ten years, Poodles not usually dying too young. It would be practically impossible to estimate the number in New York City, other than to say that, aside from Southern California, and a few in the Middle West, the metropolitan area contains the bulk of America's Poodle population."

IN 1943, Miss Saunders felt that the time had come to strike out on her own. By then, it was obvious that a local, and possibly a national, poodle vogue was in the making. At the instigation of Mrs. Walker, who had decided to close the Carillon, because of the difficulties of keeping it going in wartime, Miss Saunders came to New York and rented a house in the East Fifties, where she opened an establishment for the care and training of poodles. The shingle she hung out bore the Carillon name, bequeathed her by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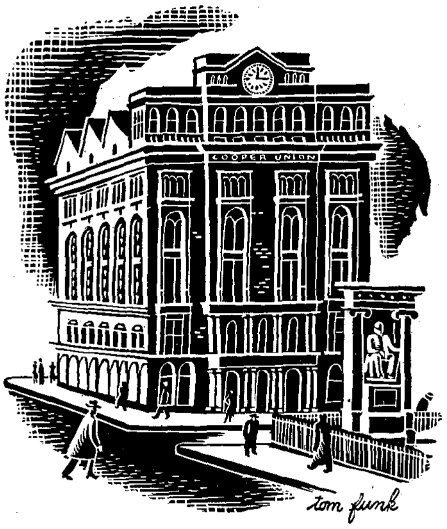
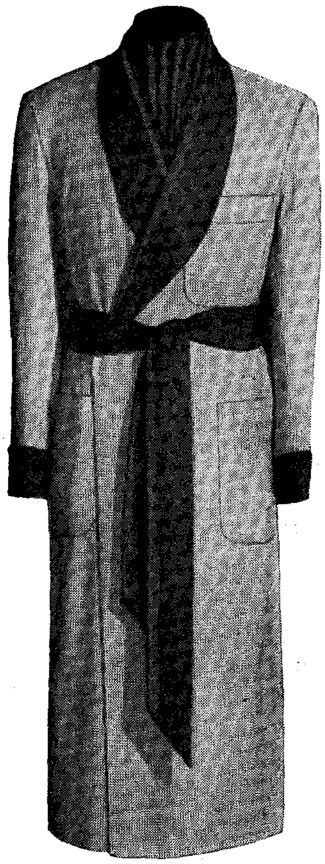
her former employer. She also brought with her, as an additional gift from Mrs. Walker, a poodle bitch named Ch. Carillon Colline—better known as just Colline—who was to be entrusted with the task of perpetuating the Carillon strain. Within a short time, the new Carillon, where Miss Saunders clipped, shampooed, manicured, boarded, and trained poodles (along with an occasional maverick from some alien breed), became immensely successful; its clientele included the pets not only of some of the most prosperous people in the city but of several well-known out-of-towners, among them some Wilmington du Ponts, who flew a number of poodles here regularly by private plane for their Carillon appointments. From the point of view of Colline, however, an urban base of operations offered serious disadvantages when offspring began to arrive, just as it has to many another young matron. This situation was remedied in 1946, when Miss Saunders and her photographer friend and business associate, Miss Branch, while in the throes of planning the first of their Obedience pictures, hit upon the idea of setting up yet another Carillon kennel, on an estate Miss Branch shares with other members of her family, in Pawling. By this time, Miss Saunders was working ten hours a day in her Manhattan establishment, in addition to running training classes for the A.S.P.C.A. once a week and judging Obedience trials on the side, and was therefore able to devote only weekends to the development of the Pawling project. Even so, she contrived to find time to draw up the architectural plans for the kennel, which started on a small scale but has been expanded over the years to accommodate sixty poodles, and which features such amenities of canine living as an electric dishwasher in its kitchen and ultraviolet lights over its whelping pens. A month or so ago, she expanded this operation by buying a ten-acre place near Bedford, which she is also calling the Carillon and where she plans to keep the kennel's puppies. The show stock will remain in Pawling.

Colline, now an extraordinarily agile matriarch of fourteen, no longer has any active duties around the Carillon, but she roams the premises with an air of marked, and justifiable, smugness. Occasionally, she is accompanied on her rambles by the most illustrious of all her offspring, Ch. Carillon Jester (C.D., C.D.X., U.D.T.), a handsome black standard poodle whose entire life has been consecrated to the cause of Obedience. Ever since he first posed, in his late puppyhood, for the illustrations for Miss Saunders' training manual, Jester has been in the public eye almost without surcease, performing in Obedience movies, barking fetchingly at Miss Saunders' request on radio programs, heisting dumbbells on Faye Emerson's television show, and tracking down gardening gloves, handkerchiefs, and other items of Obedience paraphernalia at large-scale Obedience exhibitions in such places as Madison Square Garden and Yankee Stadium. In the opinion of Obedience people, gatherings for the observance of National Dog Week and Be Kind to Animals Week would be hollow occasions indeed were it not for the presence of Jester, who inevitably has his audience in his pocket.

The advanced state of development to which Obedience Training has succeeded in bringing Jester's talents is readily explained in the light of the evolution of his breed. Over the centuries, poodles have been distinguishing themselves for their savoir-faire in the hunting field, in circuses, on the stage, and in the laps of royalty. Poodles were once primarily used as retrievers of waterfowl, as Miss Saunders is about to point out in what she describes as "an unusually straight-from-the-shoulder dog book," on which she is collaborating with Mrs. John Cross, Jr., the dachshund-fancying wife of the bench-show chairman of the Westminster Kennel Club. The book will also scotch the widely held notion that poodles originated in France. Actually, they originated in Germany; their name is derived either from the German *Pudel*, meaning puddle, or from *puddeln*, to splash in water. The poodle's elaborate clip, which has been the target of much facetious comment from the uninitiated, dates back to its retrieving days, when it was adopted as a practical measure, to keep the animals from sinking under the weight of their coats as they dived into rivers or lakes to retrieve birds. Shortly before the French Revolution, poodles were taken up wholeheartedly by the ladies of the court at Versailles. As a result, the breed attained an aura of preciousness that still clings to it, obscuring what Miss Saunders feels is its true utilitarian worth. She regards it as lamentable that a lot of latter-day poodle owners have persisted in taking a frivolous attitude toward their pets, especially in the matter of discipline. "Of course [my Miss Matilda] is spoiled," Mrs. James Lowell Oakes, Jr., blithely admits in "The Book of the Poodle," one of the many recently published volumes devoted to rhapsodic appraisals of the breed. "She is going to school and learning Obedience Training . . . but I do not want her ever to lose her love of people. I do not want her to stop jumping up on the back of our love seat or barking at our car."

WHIMSICAL and overindulgent dog owners, although a notably free-spending group when it comes to providing comfort for their pets, nevertheless cause Miss Saunders a good deal of anguish. She suffers greatly in this respect at nearly all the Obedience Training classes she conducts, and perhaps most of all on those nights when she presides over a series of classes open only to poodles, sponsored by the Poodle Obedience Training Club of Greater New York, an organization of some seventy-five poodle fanciers, each of whom is convinced that his dog is superior on every count to all other poodles. As Jester's owner, Miss Saunders is able to ignore and even to smile at this communal fantasy, but she has found it extremely difficult to overlook some other, far more serious misapprehensions that members of the group cling to. On one recent all-poodle evening, for example, when the class convened in the gymnasium of the Washington Irving High School, on Irving Place, it became apparent as the novice division paraded before her, with only three more sessions to go before graduation, that the owners had been cherishing the illusion that their dogs were far too smart to need to bother their heads about the homework assigned them. "My goodness *sakes!*" Miss Saunders said rather early in the evening. "Where's this class been for the last four weeks? My all-breed class last night had only had a couple of lessons and *their* dogs heeled perfectly, on and





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off leash. Don't any of you ever work your dogs at home?"

"It's been raining a lot," explained the owner of a gray miniature with a red ribbon on its topknot.

"So what?" Miss Saunders said. "Your poodle can heel in the living room, can't he?"

Meanwhile, at the far end of the gymnasium, where a number of folding chairs had been set out, the members of the advanced, or utility, division were assembling. As Miss Saunders continued with the novice lesson ("Turn! Turn! Snap! Praise! *Command* when you start! Get those leads slack!"), one of the most enthusiastic of the local poodle fanciers, Count Alexis Pulaski, made an impressive entrance. In his retinue were Ch. Pulaski's Masterpiece (U.D.), Deauville Coquette, and Pulaski Master's Pinocchio, three of his finest gray miniatures; their handler, Miss Lucy Copestake; and Miss Dorothy Dorn, head of the dog department at Hammacher Schlemmer, who was staggering under the weight of several large suit boxes, which turned out to contain various articles of canine apparel. As the newcomers seated themselves, Ch. Carillon Jester, tethered nearby, set up a prolonged howl.

"What goes on over there?" Miss Saunders inquired irritably from her end of the gymnasium.

"Jester's teaching my Cocoa bad tricks," complained the young and pretty owner of a brown standard two seats away from the Count.

"Well, I can't believe my ears," Miss Saunders said. "Jester never howls unless he's interested in being a daddy. Slap his nose, somebody. Now, class, make your corrections again, and make them *severe!*"

The novice trainers obediently shouted "Heel!" at their dogs, with various degrees of conviction, and on the sidelines Miss Dorn opened the largest of the suit boxes and lifted out some poodle-size navy-blue serge sailor collars, ornamented with white rickrack braid and red stars.

"Adorable!" cried Cocoa's owner.

"My dogs are going to wear these collars at next week's cocktail party at the Coq Rouge," the Count explained to her. "Masterpiece is to be guest of honor. Did you know he makes about ten thousand a year in stud fees?"

"No! Really?" exclaimed the young woman.

"Less noise over there!" Miss Saunders called bitterly into her microphone. "This isn't a tea party, it's a class."

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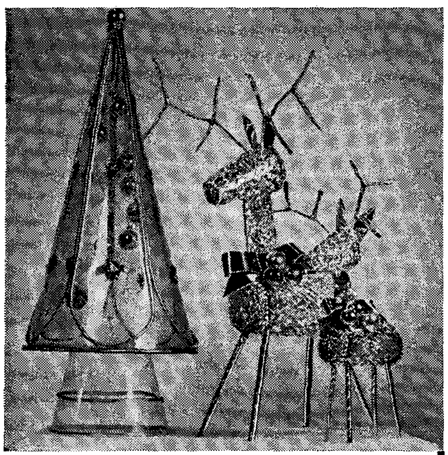

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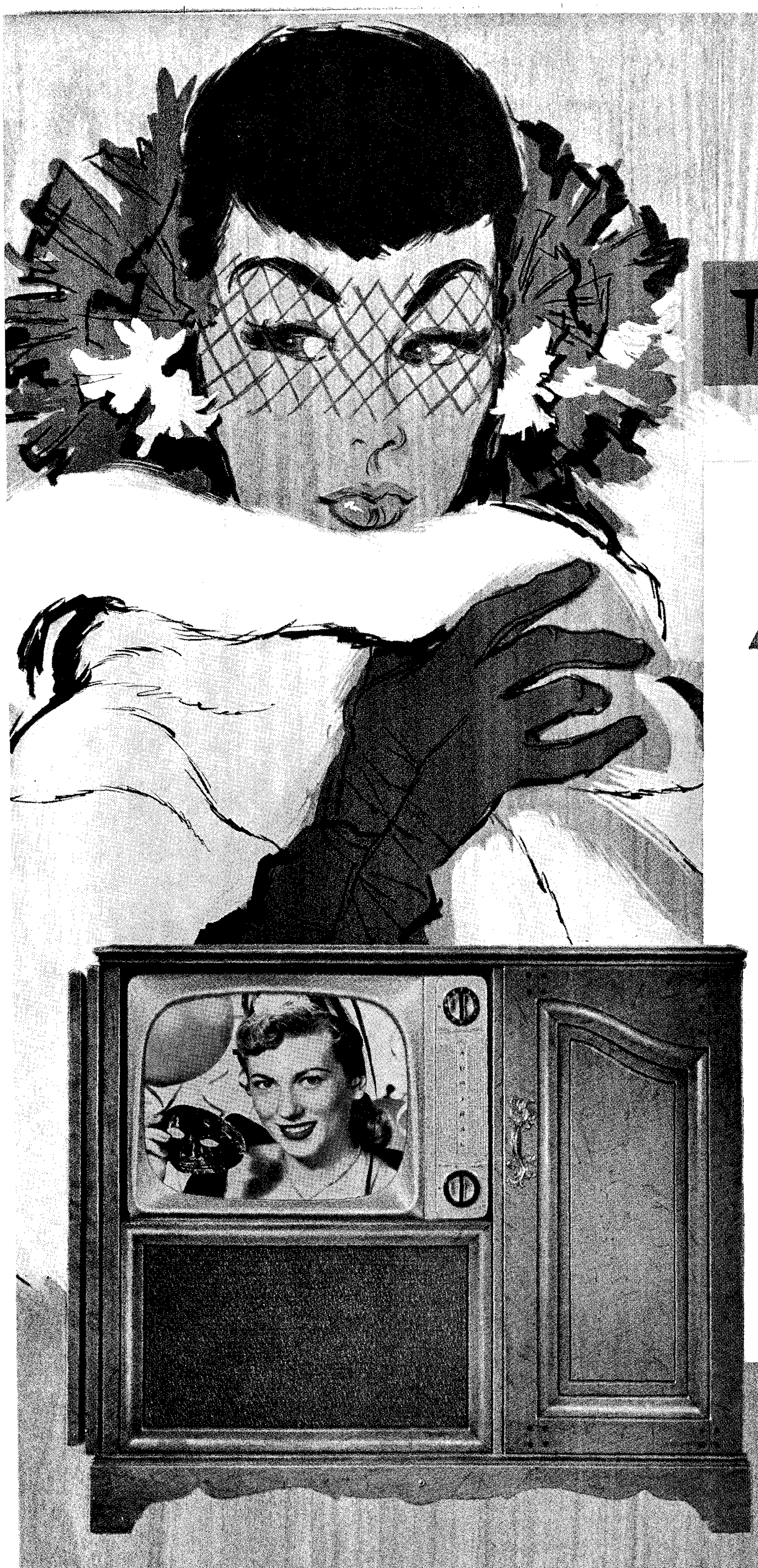

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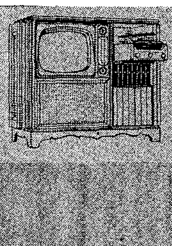

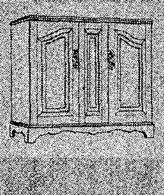

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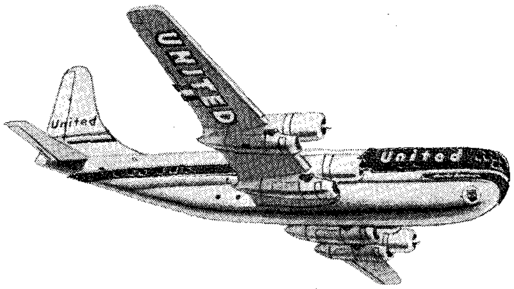
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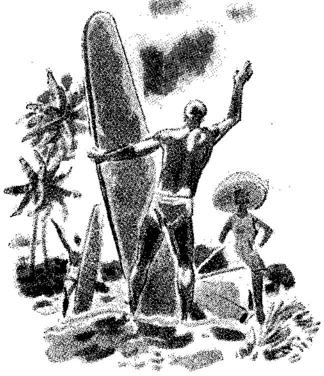

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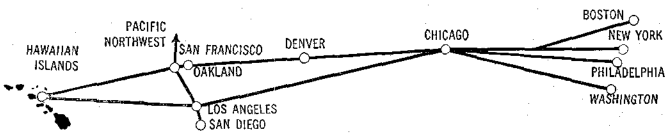
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first," said Miss Dorn in a stage whisper, and proceeded to squeeze that sleepy and reluctant animal into a black velvet jacket, ornamented with ermine tails. "She's gained a good deal of weight," she added doubtfully.

"Try to make her walk," said the Count. "I want to see the effect."

"If the buttons are moved over, she can get away with it," Miss Dorn assured him.

"We'll diet her," the Count said.

"If there isn't less noise over there, somebody's going to have to leave," Miss Saunders said balefully as Jester commenced howling again.

"I don't think you'd better work Masterpiece tonight," the Count said to Miss Copestake as the novice division began to straggle off the floor. "He got a little overexcited at the photographer's today."

"O.K.," Miss Copestake replied.

"If things go like this next week, we won't have any graduation, I warn you!" Miss Saunders shouted after her retreating novices. "Now I'd like the advanced class out here, if I can manage to have a little peace and quiet." Then, slamming down her microphone on a table in front of her and lighting a cigarette, she remarked sotto-voce to a friend standing nearby, "Well, *poodles* are intelligent, anyway. I often like to remind myself of that." —ANGELICA GIBBS

•

WHERE ARE THE SNOWS OF YESTERYEAR?

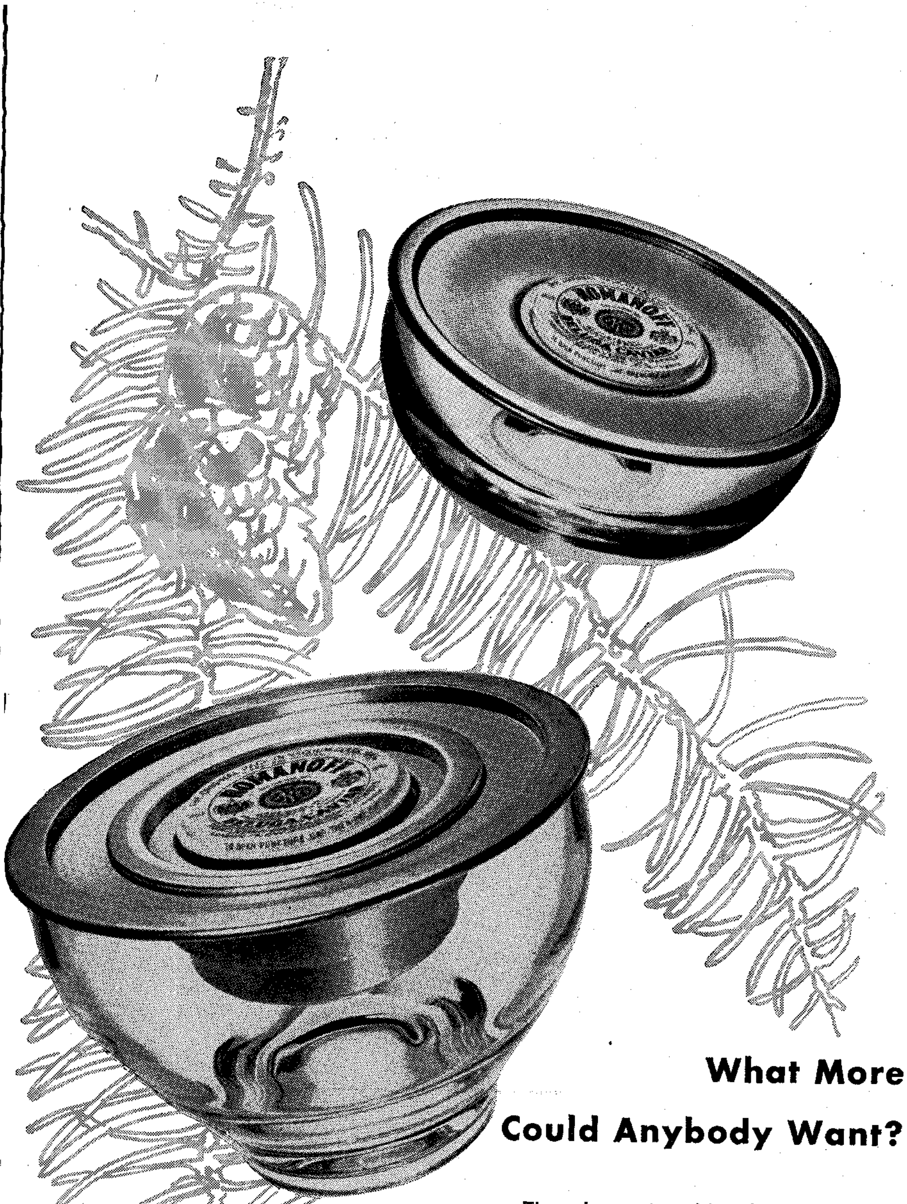
Radioactive snow has caused a photographic paper-coating plant [in Rochester, N.Y.] to suspend operations.—*The Times.*

Twinkle, twinkle, little flake.
'Twixt you and me leave wide the wake.
Elfin down of wintry sky,
I hope your compass goes awry.
If, nonetheless, descend you must,
To shed your frozen heart of dust,
Confine, I pray, your blights plutonic
To photopaper kodachromic.
—OTTO ENGLANDER

•

May Twitchell (Mrs. Charles F.) Coffin back from a tour of Europe, said she enjoyed the famous statuary all the more for the course in Charles Mills Gayley's "Classic Myths," her aunt, the late Mrs. Ida May Blochman, gave in Santa Maria Union High School . . . she had the correct answers and spelling for the statue group Lacocoon in the Vatican when the Harvard guide muffed it.—*Santa Barbara News-Press.*

Many a Harvard man doesn't even know who Lacocoon was.



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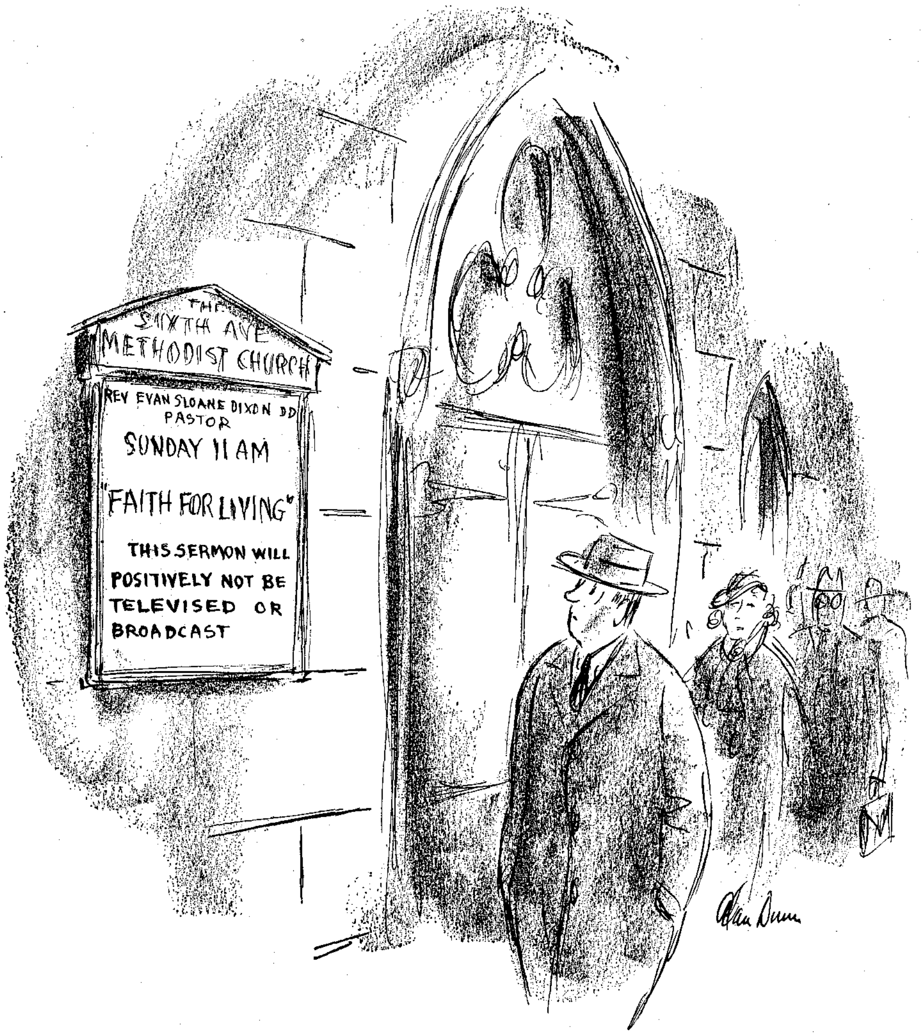
THE THEATRE

MINERS AND MOLLS

"PAINT YOUR WAGON," at the Shubert, doesn't bother with much in the way of a rational and orderly plot. There is a rather vague romance between a beautiful girl who has enjoyed the advantages of two years in an Eastern finishing school, where she has learned to read and write after a fashion, and a handsome young Mexican miner, acutely conscious of his racial handicap. There is some confusion having to do with her father, a rakish old party called Rumson, who gave his name to the Gold Rush town in California where the action takes place and who buys a wife from a passing Mormon who happens to have two of them. There is a certain amount of to-do about the descent of a delegation of sporting women on a community that up to then has been almost exclusively male. ("Paint Your Wagon" is the only musical I can recall in which the ladies of the chorus do not put in their appearance until the final scene of the first act.) And, naturally, there is a good deal of technical conversation about prospecting for gold, as the year is 1853, when this metal still passed for currency. Since none of these themes have any perceptible connection with one another, and since all of them have the air of being hasty contrivances designed merely to tie together a series of songs, dances, and vaudeville routines, I don't see why any further attention has to be paid to them.

The lyrics, then, are the work of Alan Jay Lerner, who is also credited with the book, though it is hard to believe everybody around the premises didn't just make that up as they went along. These haven't quite the honest sentiment that characterizes the product of Oscar Hammerstein II or the wonderful ingenuity once displayed by Cole Porter and the late Larry Hart, but they are cheerful and, I should say, eminently suitable to the period and the locale. Frederick Loewe, who was, of course, largely responsible for the success of "Brigadoon," wrote the music, and it is really first-rate, especially the numbers called "What's Goin' on Here?," "I Talk to the Trees," "I Still See Elisa," "How Can I Wait?," "All for Him," "Whoop-Ti-Ay!," and "Another Autumn." These compositions have a remarkable range in mood—lusty and frequently indelicate choruses by the miners, tender love songs executed by the young heroine and her admirer, either singly or together, and a ballad or two sung, or rather whispered, by James Barton, who also obliges with a soft-shoe dance and a fine and funny drunk routine that is apparently a relic of his days in vaudeville. Almost all these items seemed very successful to me, and I can't speak too highly of Mr. Loewe's talent and versatility. Agnes de Mille's choreography is, as usual, original and witty, and if I have any complaint about it, it can only be that now and then, as in the first scene of the second act, too much seems to be going on at once, so the eye has some difficulty getting the composition in focus. The scenery and costumes were designed by Oliver Smith and Motley, respectively, and everything is bright and gay, though again, as in the case of the dances, perhaps occasionally just a little too vivid and various for anybody but the patrons of a three-ring circus. These objections, however, are undoubtedly those of a captious and middle-aged man whose visual reactions are by no means what they were, and I guess you can safely ignore them.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In addition to Mr. Barton, whose performance embraces practically everything except a juggling act, the cast includes Olga San Juan, an appetizing newcomer from Hollywood who, according to a note in the program, was leading her own dance band at thirteen; Tony Bavaar, also new to the New York stage; Marijane Maricle; John Randolph; Robert Penn; and at least three agile and diverting dancers in Gemze de Lappe, James Mitchell, and Mary Burr. They all pleased me very much, as, with the exception of a cluttered moment or two, did the directing job done by Daniel Mann.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

The Reporter
Egypt's Reckless Gamble

The story of the year

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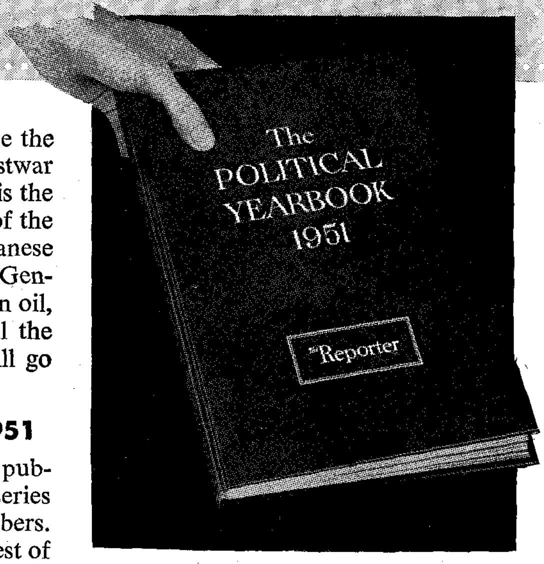

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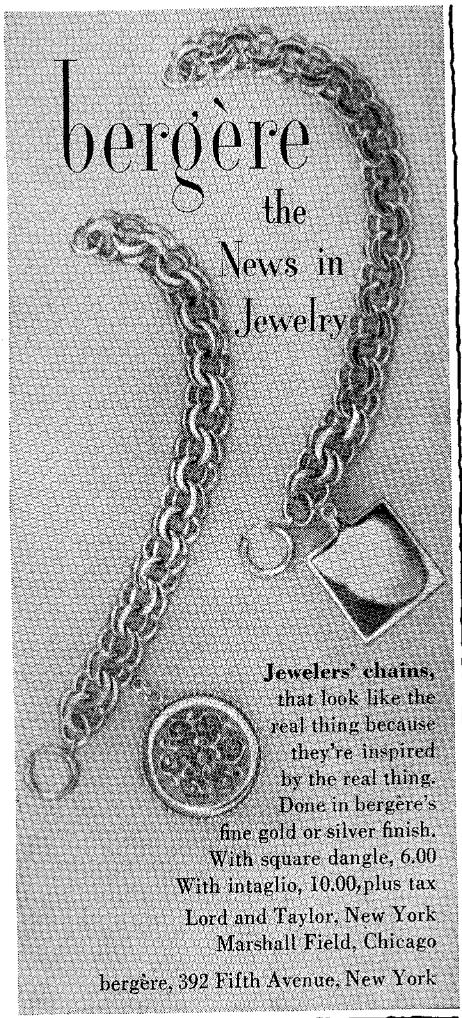
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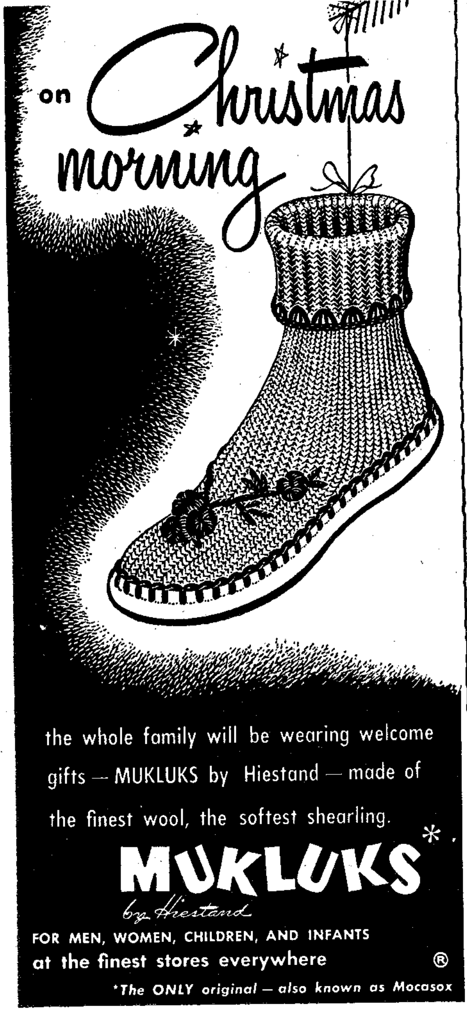
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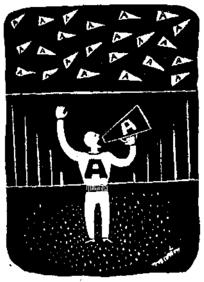
FOOTBALL

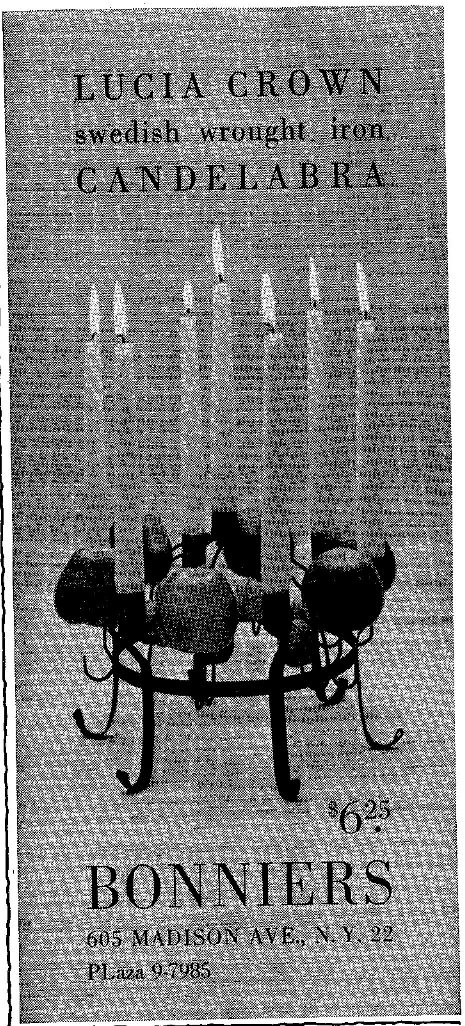
Seeing Eye



THE moving-picture camera has for a long time been a useful handmaiden to the art of football. Because it is a lover of truth in all things and strictly representational, it is used to record in infinite detail the things a coach needs to know before he delivers his post-mortem critiques to his large charges. Occasionally its findings are embarrassing. There was the case, this fall, of the game between Oklahoma A. & M. and Drake, in which, after throwing a sixty-one-yard touchdown pass, John Bright, Drake's star Negro back, got a broken jaw for his pains when Wilbanks Smith, an Oklahoma tackle, slammed into him. "There was nothing intentional about Smith illegally blocking Bright," said J. B. Whitworth, the Oklahoma coach, and then came the camera's version of the incident. In this one, Smith charged not once but twice through both teams, making no effort to nab the Drake ball-carriers, and, raising his fists, smashed them into Bright's face. Oklahoma won, 27–14, since Bright, who holds the all-time national record for ground gaining, wasn't able to take any further part in the proceedings.

That same October Saturday, the camera detected such furious merrymaking in the match between Marquette and Tulsa, both of whom play a rugged brand of football, that it seems likely the two teams won't be meeting again. Still on the same day, the camera showed that the tricky maneuver known as an onside kick was executed illegally when Texas Christian used it to score its second touchdown during its 20–14 defeat of Texas A. & M.

The most celebrated miscarriage of justice turned up back in 1940, when a superheated Cornell team, which had laid waste all before it, roared into Dartmouth's home town and managed to save itself from defeat only by shoving over a last-minute touchdown. A day or so later, the camera revealed that Red Friesell, certainly the best official this department ever laid eyes on, had given Cornell an extra down, on top of the rulebook four, and thus the chance to make the winning touchdown. Cornell generously declined its dubious triumph. It is the only time, as far as anyone can recall, that the camera's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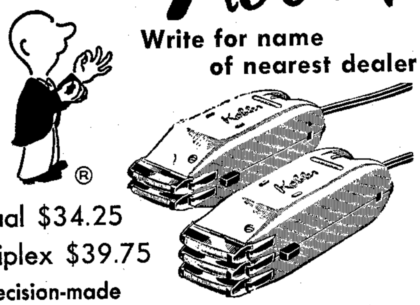
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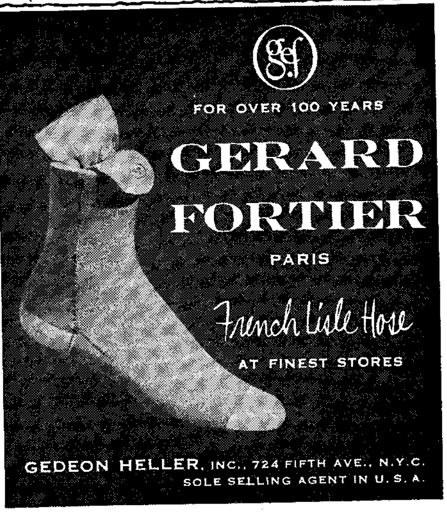
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findings have changed the score of a game. Aside from this and the Texas Christian game, there have been several famous instances in which they should have. There was, for one, the game back in the thirties in which Army and Notre Dame fought to a 6–6 tie. In Notre Dame's frantic effort to gain that tie, a long pass was thrown to Wayne Millner, a Notre Dame end, near the Army goal, and Army's Whitey Grove, a small and wonderful back, knocked the ball down. It was ruled that Grove had interfered with Millner and that the pass was complete, and Notre Dame got its tie after all. Then the camera had its say, which was that Grove had had one hand on the ball before he put the other one out—with perfect legality—to fend off Millner. Also, there was the game back in the forties in which Notre Dame, despite a cloudburst of passes, was still losing, 7–6, to Navy only three minutes before time ran out. A penalty for a Navy offside gave the stalled Notre Dame offense an unaccountable first down, a new outlook on life, and the winning touchdown. Up popped the camera to explain the unaccountable first down. Navy had been penalized not the standard five yards but fourteen. And there was, back again in the thirties, the match in which Yale staggered home ahead of Princeton by a score of 26–23. One Yale touchdown followed close on a pass from Yale's Clint Frank, the Kazmaier of his day, to his teammate Tony Mott. The Princeton team protested the legality of the pass, but you know what happens when you argue with umpires. Then the camera revealed that Mott had indeed run out of bounds before he caught the pass.

THERE is only one known film recording of a player's getting a decision over an official. In the days when Eddie Erdelatz, now the Navy coach, was a backfield man for St. Mary's (a football team with a semi-detached college on an anthill in California), he went after a goal-line pass from a teammate in a game against Fordham, only to find his way blocked by the late Dean Watkeys, the field judge that day. Erdelatz rammed through Watkeys, snatched the ball, and fell over the Fordham goal for a touchdown. It was no technical knockout, either. Watkeys was out cold for ten minutes.—J. W. L.

•

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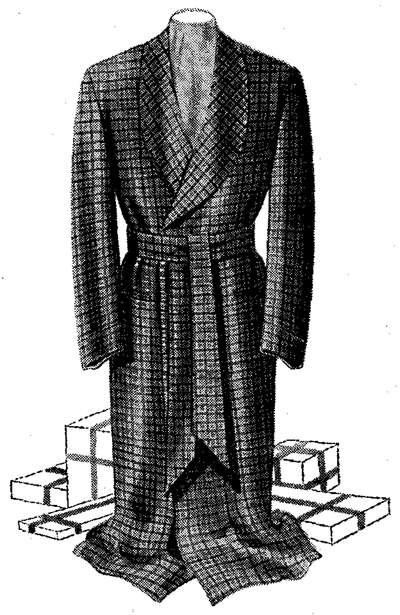

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TELEVISION

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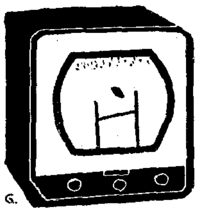
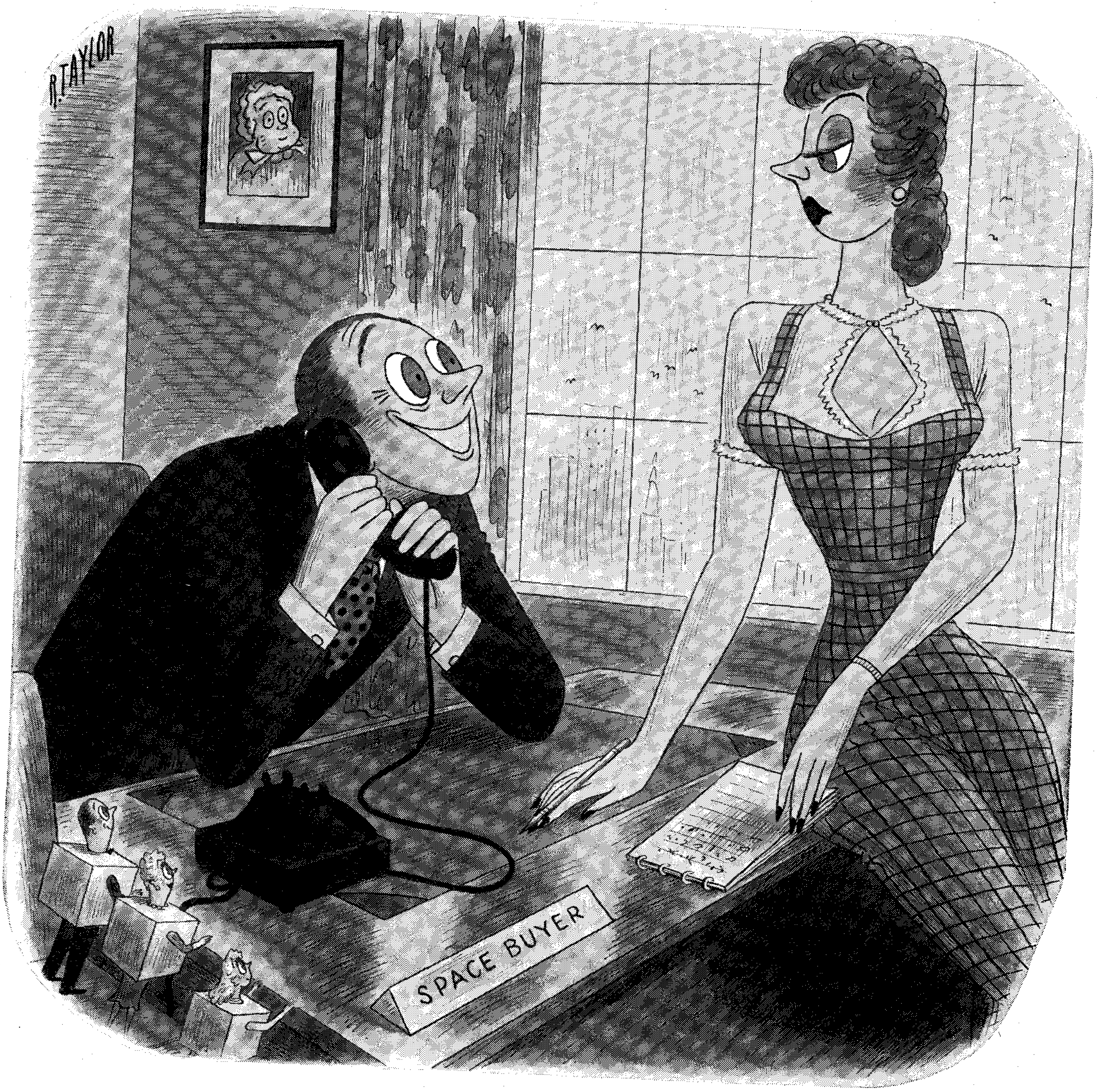


TUESDAY evening a week ago, at seven-thirty, I lighted up the tiny screen and concentrated for a while on the commercials rather than on the entertainment being presented. After all, commercials *are* the blood and bone of the television industry, and they deserve, at the very least, an evening's attention. On C.B.S., a fine-looking girl was smoking a cigarette. From somewhere an ominous voice boomed forth, "Do you inhale?" The girl neither blinked nor flinched. "Yes," she said calmly. "That's why I smoke Philip Morris." Over on A.B.C., a young woman put a nurse's cap on her head and spoke quite feelingly of Oxydol. On N.B.C., a personable young man was singing. A phone beside him began to ring, and he graciously answered it. Several of his friends, it seems, were about to come over to the studio and bring with them some goodies, including popcorn. He told them that he already had some goodies on hand, including a mess of Stokely's Finest Tomato Juice. As he put down the phone, he was smiling from ear to ear. "You know, neighbors," he told me, "when you're hungry, there is nothing like that first swallow." He disappeared, and in his place there appeared a cartoon of a fat, juicy, grinning tomato—one of the jolliest tomatoes I have ever seen. Within a matter of minutes, I was watching a heavily laden revolving table, covered with plates of Van Camp's Fresh Foods—luscious tamales, chili con carne, and Spanish rice. These, a female voice informed me, represented a gala array of Van Camp's Mexican-Style Foods. "Folks," she said, and although I couldn't see her, I knew that she, too, was smiling, "you can get them at your grocer, and I'll be there."

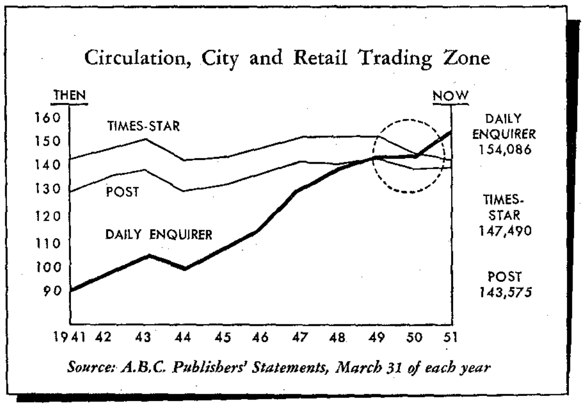
A three-times-weekly program called "The Stork Club" hove into view at seven-forty-five, on C.B.S., in the form of a pack of Fatima cigarettes reposing between two champagne glasses with storks on them. A hand reached out to select a butt, and a voice introduced Sherman (The World's Most Fabulous Host) Billingsley, who was seated at a table in a replica of the Cub Room, all the other tables of which were occupied by the sort of people Billingsley likes to have around. "The Stork Club," it quickly became evident, is, in a sense, one long, uninterrupted commercial, for Mr. Billingsley was extremely careful, when he introduced his guests, to identify the companies for which they work or the enterprises in which they are engaged. The other night, a great many representatives of the airplane industry were on hand. However, Fatima took a back seat only briefly. "Millions heard it!" a voice suddenly cried. What millions had heard, it developed, was a money-back offer from Fatima. Only forty-six dissatisfied Fatima smokers had taken advantage of the offer and applied for refunds. Fatima confidently repeated the offer, and Mr. Billingsley reappeared (I'd hardly noticed he had *dis*appeared), seated at a table with Joe E. Brown and Binnie Barnes. Miss Barnes announced that in England Fatimas are pronounced *Fat'*imas, not Fa*tee'*mas, and at seven-fifty-nine Mr. Billingsley reminded me to run right out and buy a pack.

At eight o'clock, on N.B.C., a $35.75 Bulova watch, with an expansion band, was pictured, and was followed by four gas-station attendants. They were the Merry Texaco Men, and they included a Hub Rubber, a Choke Poker, a Jack Backer, and a Tank Filler. They were much merrier than most gas-station attendants, and they sang a song about their individual talents and their collective loyalty to Texaco, ending up with the rousing line, "Fill up with Sky Chief!" Back on C.B.S., the Frank Sinatra program had barely got under way. A lady was demonstrating Flint's "Best" Food Mixer—an egg beater with double-action steel blades. "It can blend gravies," the lady said, "and make angel cake." The mixer was manufactured by Ekco, "the greatest name in houseware." Jack Benny, a guest of Mr. Sinatra's, discussed with him a problem that concerned him deeply. Mr. Benny is employed by Lucky Strike, and he was worried lest there be a conflict between his sponsor, the tobacco people, and Mr. Sinatra's, the hardware people. "We're on for Ekco ware," said Mr. Sinatra, smiling, and from somewhere offstage a thumping echo replied, "We're on for Ekco ware." Not to be outdone, Mr. Benny riposted with "L.S.M.F.T." "Be Happy, Buy Ekco," instantly cried the thumping echo.

Over on N.B.C., Milton Berle was standing alongside a pitchman's tray and wearing an Indian costume. Braids of hair hung down beside his jowls. "Me



"... She says Junior just spoke his first sentence: 'Solid Cincinnati reads the Cincinnati Enquirer'"



Source: A.B.C. Publishers' Statements, March 31 of each year

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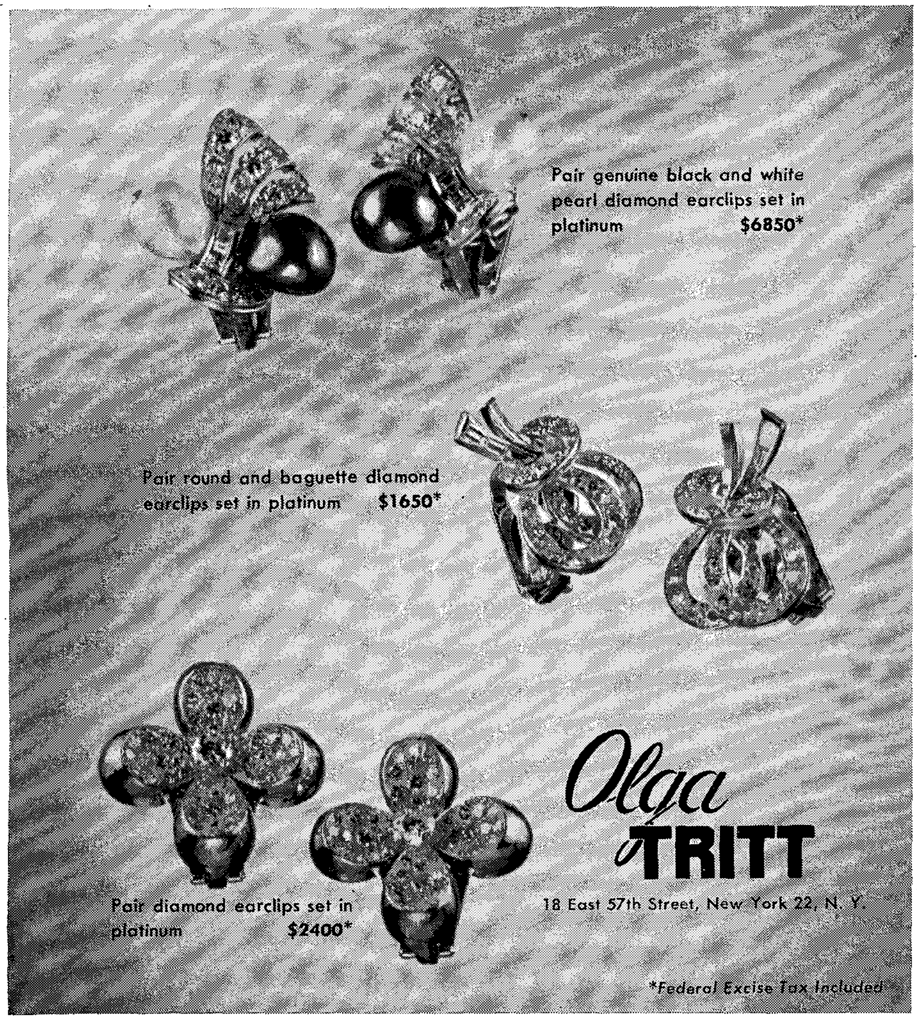
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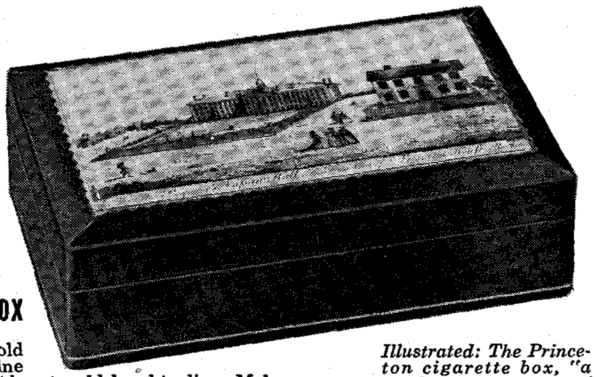
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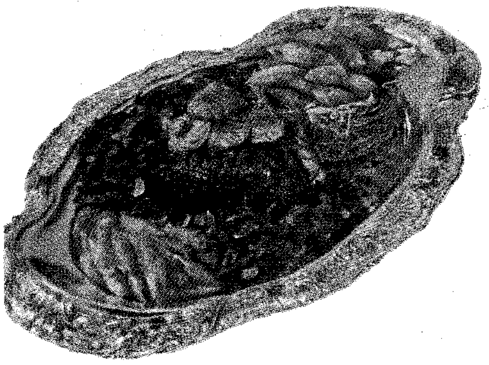
Blackfoot Indian, but no more," he said. "Me takee bath." A gentleman called Sid Stone turned up, wearing a checkered suit and a light-colored derby, and exhibited a miniature Texaco gasoline pump. He dropped coins into the pump, and a bell rang. "Don't look now," said Mr. Berle, still an Indian, "but here come commercial." Mr. Stone discussed Marfak chassis lubrication at some length, and it was a pretty good pitch. I turned back to Frank Sinatra, who was talking about his New York fan club and the affection he had in his heart for this group. At nine, on N.B.C., the Ronson-lighter people announced that they put out a pocket Ronson for every taste, with famous safety action, and a moment later I caught another glimpse of that $35.75 Bulova, with expansion band. On C.B.S., the Schick-razor people showed me a man shaving with a Schick electric razor, after which Rudolph Halley, who had shaved before the program, spoke briefly about big-time gambler mobsters muscling into industrial plants. A tense playlet was enacted, bearing out Mr. Halley's thesis, and this was followed by another sketch, concerning two characters, apparently travelling salesmen, who shared a hotel room. Their shaving problems pressed heavily upon them. One man used a brush and an old-fashioned razor, while the other employed a Schick electric. The Schick man earnestly tried to make the other fellow see the error of his ways. For one thing, he explained, he was shaved and ready to go out and earn a dollar while the other man was still chopping up his face in the bathroom. They then felt each other's cheeks. This convinced the old-fashioned-razor enthusiast. "Never let it be said," he said, "that I am against progress."

Within the next half hour, on various stations, I watched nickels leaping over razor blades, fingernails surrounded by tiny hearts, facial tissues jumping out of boxes, and a parade of distributors, generators, and resistor-type spark plugs marching in perfect formation and with military *élan*. At ten, a man wearing a smock inscribed "Auto-Lite" told me to call Operator 25 at Western Union if I wanted to locate my nearest Auto-Lite dealer. I did so, and received the information promptly and courteously. Seems I have a choice: Harry's Ignition or Pete's Auto Service for batteries, and Carl Muesel, Herman Ott, Sam's Auto Repairs, or Jim's Tire and Battery Service for spark plugs.

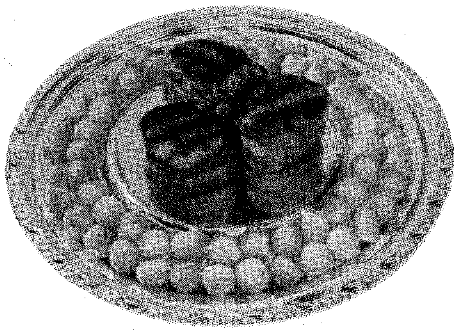
—PHILIP HAMBURGER

Guinness Guide to Steak

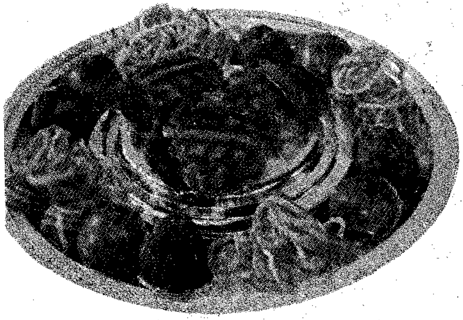
(as served at the Empire Room
of the Waldorf-Astoria)



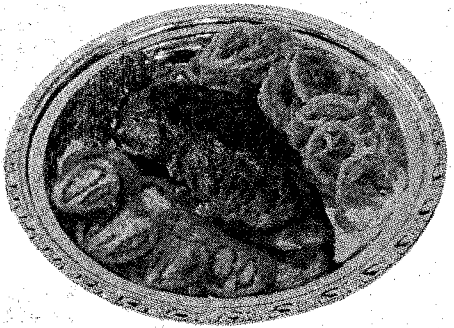
CHATEAUBRIAND takes its name from the French author and gadabout. He learned a lot about cooking from the Sioux and Blackfoot Indians, whose buffalo steaks inspired this masterpiece. Grill the steak to near-charcoal on both sides—the center remains voluptuously rare.



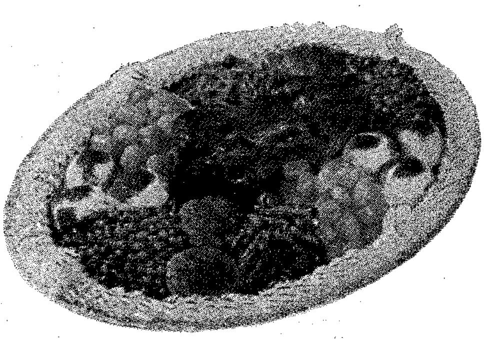
TOURNEDOS is miniature steak, carved from the kernel of the tenderloin. Escoffier gives 64 recipes for preparing tournedos, from Rossini (with foie gras) to Cinderella (with fonds d'artichauts). In the tomb of Rameses III murals show steaks among the provisions for the journey into limbo.



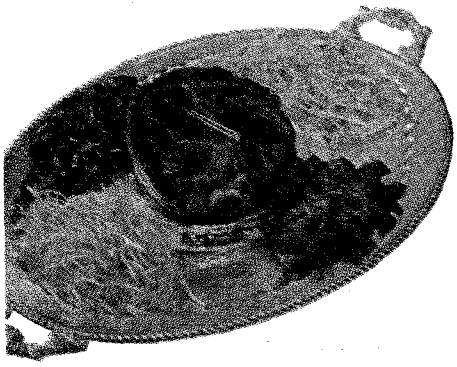
TENDERLOIN has an international reputation among steaks, as Guinness has among stouts. They are both superlative in *combination* — tenderloin in steak-and-kidney pudding, Guinness in "Half-and-Half"—with beer. Guinness Stout is now brewed in America, with yeast which is descended from the Dublin yeast of 1759.



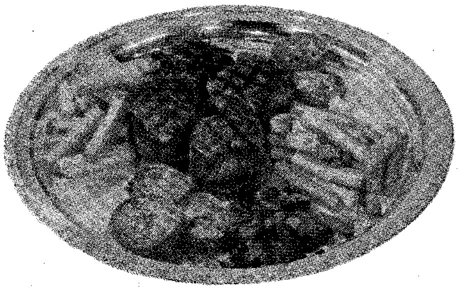
RUMP STEAK done to a turn, said Beauvilliers, is "superior to most of the subtle double-relishes of the Parisian kitchens." Marbling (fat interspersed with the lean) is one of the best indications of quality in steak. In Guinness, "the comeliest of black malts," the *ruby gleam* is a similar indication.



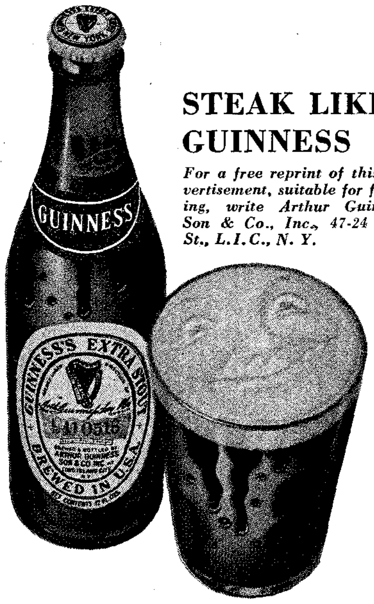
SIRLOIN is the patriarch of steaks. In its honor the Sublime Society of Beefsteaks was founded, with George IV, Hogarth and Garrick among the members. "Beef and Liberty" was their motto, much as "Beer and Guinness" is the rallying cry among latter-day *bon viveurs.*



PORTERHOUSE is a native New Yorker and the favorite steak of Americans. It was created in 1814 by Martin Morrison at his Cherry Street porter house, to please a discriminating harbor pilot. Have you noticed that seafaring folk are inordinately fond of steak—and Guinness Stout?



FILET MIGNON is heavenly stuff. Of stout, the perfect complement for steak, Dean Swift wrote "surprise him with a pint of stout, he flies and leaves the stars behind." The surprise is equally welcome with straight Guinness, or Guinness Stout mixed in *your* favorite proportion with beer.



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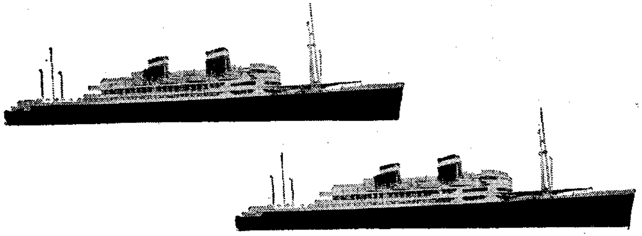

PRIVATE HOSPITAL

My grandmother had great respect for the knowledge and training of Dr. Blake, our family physician, and always followed his directions to the letter, but she invariably supplemented them with some medication of her own. Whatever Dr. Blake may have felt about this invasion of his profession, he reproached her, as far as I know, just once—when I had whooping cough—and the only response he elicited then was "You can't learn everything from books."

Undoubtedly, Grandmother's belief that the medical profession needed informed lay augmentation was the basis for her implacable antipathy to hospitals, which, she felt, were for those unfortunates whose families were too ignorant or indifferent to give them proper home care. Our family certainly did not lack its own hospital facilities. All during my childhood, until the mid-nineteen-twenties, my grandparents' Cincinnati apartment was a private sanitarium ready to receive any one of us who might be sick. My aunt and uncle lived on the floor above my grandparents in a large, red tenement in the West End of the city, and my parents and I lived in our own house next door, and whenever anyone was sufficiently ill to stay in bed for more than a day or two, he was sure to be moved to Grandmother's spare bedroom. There, she felt, the patient could best benefit from the combination of her talents and Dr. Blake's.

While Grandmother's value as an unlicensed doctor-pharmacist is debatable, she was recognized, even by Dr. Blake, as an excellent practical nurse. She was a small but strong woman who could handle a large invalid with ease. She could change sheets with a minimum of inconvenience to the patient, and she seemed to know exactly when a pillow needed fluffing or a drink of water would be appreciated. She ran her infirmary with tremendous enthusiasm, and only once did the work overwhelm her.

In the early fall of 1918, when I was six, the influenza epidemic struck Cincinnati, as it did the rest of the country, with extreme virulence. Our family proved very susceptible to the disease; my grandparents were the only ones who didn't catch it. Father was the first to succumb. The schools had been closed by city order, so I was at home when he returned from work, late one Friday morning, with a headache, a painful chest, a stuffy nose, and all the other symptoms that were to become so familiar to us. Dr. Blake, already a badly overburdened man, didn't arrive until evening. When he did come, and had made his diagnosis, Father was immediately taken to my grandparents' spare bedroom and lodged in one of the twin beds there.

On Saturday, my aunt wasn't feeling well when she returned from the cigar factory where she worked, and when Dr. Blake came a while later to see Father, he went upstairs and examined her. She, too, had influenza, and she was put to bed on the couch in Grandmother's living room. Dr. Blake, knowing Grandmother's feelings on the subject, didn't bother to suggest a hospital. The next afternoon, my uncle—although protesting that he had only a slight cold and that Ed Blake didn't know what in hell he was talking about—was packed off to the other twin bed in the spare bedroom. He and my father promptly began a rummy game on the small table that stood between the beds, and during the next week or so interrupted their card playing only for food and sleep.

That Sunday evening, my grandparents, my mother, and I had dinner in our kitchen. The three adults conferred and decided that Grandfather should go to stay with his sister, who lived a dozen or so blocks from us, for the duration of the plague, to lessen the chance of all the family wage earners being incapacitated at the same time. Mother was assigned the task of shopping and preparing food. She was to do the cooking in our house and then deliver the dishes to Grandmother's door. Grandmother, of course, reserved the right to plan the menus. All pharmaceutical work also remained in her domain.

On Monday morning, Mother set out to get the various items on the list Grandmother had given her, and since there was no one to look after me, she took me along. Our neighborhood shops didn't carry the squabs, out-of-season fruits and vegetables, strange herbs, and fish that Grandmother felt were necessary to restore health to her three patients, so Mother and I took a streetcar downtown, to the small stalls of the open-air markets.

It was midafternoon by the time we had finished our shopping. After we got home, it took Mother another two hours to cook the food according to Grand-

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mother's exacting specifications. When she returned from delivering it to Grandmother, she was pale and her eyes seemed out of focus and too bright. I had begun to feel hot and upset myself, and I had no interest in the dinner Mother put on the table for us. After a while, I spilled my milk, and when she reprimanded me, I had a crying tantrum and deliberately knocked the glass to the floor. I expected some kind of punishment, but Mother only looked at me for a moment and then said soberly, "You and I are sick, too, young man." Later, she went over to Grandmother's and asked her to send Dr. Blake to see us after he had finished his evening visit there.

Dr. Blake and Grandmother came to our house about nine o'clock. The Doctor's face was haggard and he sat down heavily in a big chair in the living room. "You two got the same damned thing?" he asked disapprovingly.

Mother nodded. "I'm afraid so," she said.

After he had inquired about our symptoms, taken our temperatures, and listened to our chests through his stethoscope, he shook his head. "They got it," he said, to no one in particular. Then he turned to Grandmother. "But this pair's going to the hospital."

"No, they're not," Grandmother said.

"Don't be a damned fool, Mary," said Dr. Blake. "You can't take care of five sick people, and, besides, this stuff is tricky. You need trained people to keep an eye on it."

"Didn't you just tell me that *nobody* knows anything about influenza?" Grandmother asked. "Didn't you say you don't even know what medicines will cure it?"

Dr. Blake sighed deeply. "As a matter of fact," he said, "I doubt if I could get anybody into a hospital, at that. All the places—General, Good Samaritan, Jewish—they're stacked to the roof."

"I'll have this family back on its feet in no time," Grandmother said. "I have some ideas that—"

"Oh, God!" Dr. Blake said. "I'd as leave turn them over to the pre-med students for surgery!"

MY aunt, uncle, and father gave feeble shouts of welcome when Mother and I entered Grandmother's apartment laden with sheets, blankets, pillows, and hot-water bottles. Grandmother bustled about eagerly. She set up a fold-away bed in the living room for Mother, and she prepared the couch in the dining room for me. As soon as

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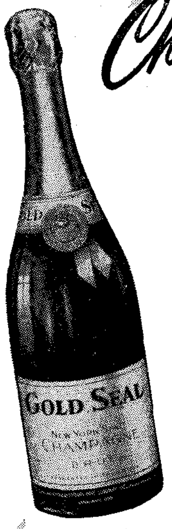

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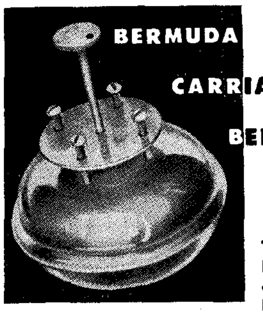

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Mother and I were in bed, Grandmother gave us the pills Dr. Blake had left for us, and a few moments later she made the rounds of her five patients with a medicament of her own—a quart of Grandfather's best bonded bourbon.

The liquor was not served in glasses, however. Grandmother insisted that it be taken from tablespoons, like medicine. She carried a number of clean spoons in her left apron pocket, and after each person had received his dose of whiskey, she put the contaminated spoon into her right pocket for later washing. Father and my uncle protested vehemently against the system, but Grandmother was adamant.

She held a brief conversation with herself before pouring my portion. "Maybe I should weaken it with water," she said. She shook her head. "Then it wouldn't kill as many germs." She compromised by giving me half a spoonful straight, which almost strangled me, though afterward I felt relaxed and drowsy.

I have no idea when Grandmother slept. All night long—so it seemed—I could hear her slippers making a light brushing noise on the carpets as she moved quietly from room to room, opening or closing windows, checking the positions of blankets, and refilling water glasses. Once, when I woke in the early dawn, she was standing in the middle of the dining room, looking ghostly in her long white flannel nightgown. "Go back to sleep, boy," she said softly. "I just wanted to hear if your breathing sounded all right."

During the time we were all there in bed, the apartment was more like a vacation resort than a sick bay. No one, apparently, was feeling great discomfort. I could hear my mother and my aunt talking in the living room, and Father and my uncle placidly bickering over their rummy game in the spare bedroom. Occasionally, comments would be shouted back and forth between the rooms. All the rooms in my grandparents' apartment were large and had high ceilings, and a gentle undercurrent of laughter and conversation seemed to flow through them constantly.

Certainly I have never enjoyed an illness more. Grandmother had a large collection of children's books and games, and a cigar box full of colored pencils for drawing. Sometimes, when she had a few minutes' leisure, she would bring the breadboard from the kitchen, put it on my bed, and play Stealing Casino with me. Also, we maintained a running game of ticktacktoe, and she would place her mark on the paper whenever

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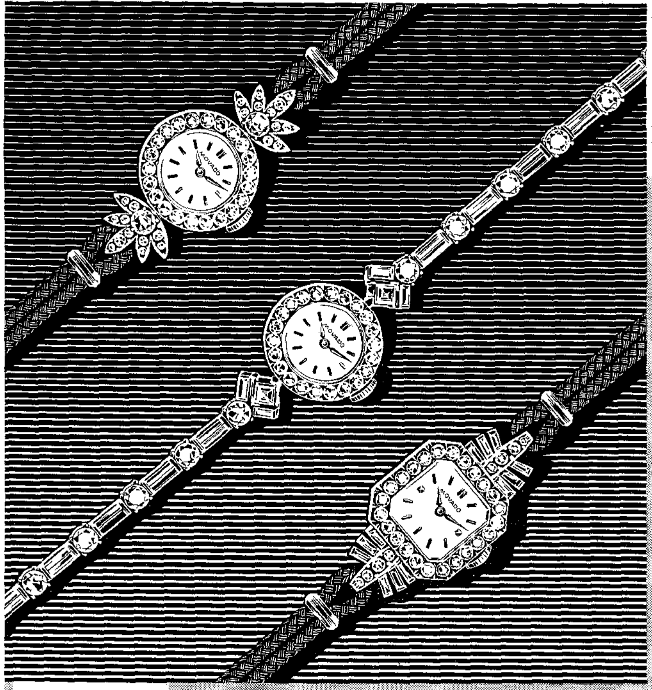

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she happened to be passing through the dining room.

Her idle moments were few, however. Along with cooking for and serving five people, giving each of them a daily alcohol rub, administering the medicine Dr. Blake had prescribed, and performing various other hospital duties, she continued to compound her own strange specifics in the kitchen. She gave special attention to this part of her work now, for she had to rely on the neighbors to do the shopping, which meant that her ingredients were restricted to what could be bought in the nearby stores.

All five patients were treated with her chest salve. I have no idea what she put in it, but the odor—part tannery, part spoiled fish—had the penetrating power of ammonia fumes. Fortunately, one became more or less inured to it after an hour or so, but I noticed that Dr. Blake always smoked a large black cigar when he visited us. One day, Grandmother prepared an innovation that met with strong but futile opposition from my father and my uncle. She mixed the regular dosages of bourbon with whipped egg white, on the theory that the egg would reduce the impact of the straight whiskey upon the digestive tract. "I'll be the first man in history to get a hangover from meringue," Father commented bitterly.

ALL of Grandmother's patients but Mother made rapid recoveries. By the end of the first week, Dr. Blake permitted my aunt to return to her own apartment, and on the following Wednesday, Father and my uncle were released. I was restricted to my grandparents' home but was allowed to dress and move about. Mother, however, had grown a great deal worse, and Grandmother postponed moving her into the now empty bedroom. After Dr. Blake had examined her on the second Friday night, he and my grandmother came into the dining room, where I was playing. "I'm afraid this thing's turning into pneumonia," he said.

"Her temperature's pretty high," Grandmother said.

"What do you think, Mary?" Dr. Blake asked. "Want me to try and get her into a hospital?"

Grandmother shook her head. "I can take care of her," she said.

"A job like this can take twenty-four hours a day," he said, "and you're not in good shape yourself."

As a matter of fact, that was the only time I can recall when Grandmother

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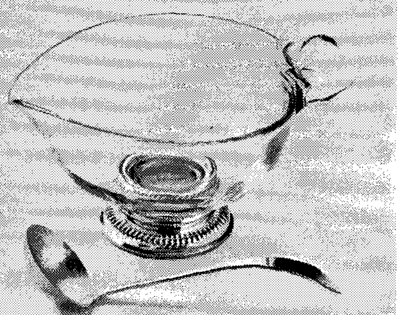

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looked her fifty-odd years. Her eye sockets were as dark as though she had put brown-purple greasepaint on them, and her usually clear skin was muddy and creased.

"I'll be all right," she said.

"Maybe your other daughter could help," the Doctor suggested.

"She's back at her job," Grandmother said. "I can make out."

As Mother's temperature mounted, she had frequent periods of delirium, and often at night I heard her talking wildly or gasping for breath with a sharp, tearing sound. The noise was strange and frightening in the darkness, with only a crack of light showing beneath the door that led to the living room, and I would pull the blankets over my head and cup the pillow tight about my ears to shut it out.

Grandmother had taken over the couch in the living room that my aunt had vacated, but I doubt whether she ever lay on it for more than a few minutes at a time. Each of Mother's outbursts was counterpointed by Grandmother's quiet, soothing voice, and throughout the night she would make trips to the kitchen to fill a basin with cool water to bathe Mother's forehead. Occasionally during the day, Grandmother would sink into the large wood-and-leather rocking chair in the dining room and immediately fall into a deep sleep. After a few minutes, she would wake up with a start, look guiltily toward the living room, and hurry in there.

Dr. Blake was not happy about my remaining with Grandmother, but since I still had a slight cough and there was no one else to take care of me—the other members of the immediate family were working, Grandfather's sister had no spare bed except the one he was using, and all the other relatives had patients of their own—I was permitted to stay. However, I was not allowed to enter Mother's sickroom, so I was

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totally unprepared for what I found the night I did have to go in there.

It happened on a Tuesday night about two weeks after the others had left Grandmother's private hospital. Mother had been talking to phantoms all day, and Grandmother, unable to reach Dr. Blake, had stayed in the living room almost the whole time, nursing her. Several times she had called to me to bring water and towels to the door. Long after I had gone to bed, I dimly heard the voices of the two women. At about two in the morning, I was awakened by my mother's crying wildly, "I must get up! I must get up!"

"Please, Margaret! Please!" I heard Grandmother say. "You've got to stay covered." The usual calmness was gone from her voice and a desperate pleading had taken its place.

"I can't stay here!" Mother said shrilly. "I can't! I can't stay here!"

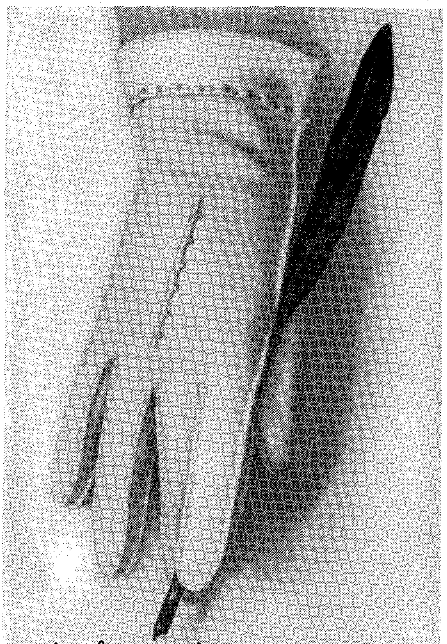
Grandmother's voice merged with hers into a meaningless babble, and I heard the bedsprings make a noise as though someone had sat down hard, and the rollers squeaked as the bed moved. Somehow, this uproar didn't frighten me as much as some of the earlier, more eerie sounds I had heard Mother make. This seemed more like a rational, if violent, quarrel. Then Grandmother called, "Jimmy! Jimmy! Help me!"

For a moment, I sat upright in bed, and then I threw back the covers and rushed into the living room. At first, I thought Grandmother was holding a total stranger on the bed. The contorted face looked somewhat like Mother's, and I recognized Mother's voice, but the person in Grandmother's grasp was absolutely bald. Grandmother was half sitting, half lying on the edge of the bed as she tried to keep the struggling apparition from getting up. I felt as if I were in the midst of some fantastic nightmare, and I wanted to laugh or scream or run away. "Hold her feet!" Grandmother shouted. "Hold her feet!"

I threw myself across the thrashing legs and grabbed the iron bar that ran lengthwise under the far side of the bedspring. Several times, I was almost tossed to the floor but I managed to hold on. Suddenly, Mother's energy was gone, her exertion ceased, and she began to cry. Cautiously, Grandmother and I released her, and then we stood up and looked at her.

"Who—?" I said. "What happened?"

"Don't talk," Grandmother said. We remained there until Mother went to sleep. Then Grandmother put her



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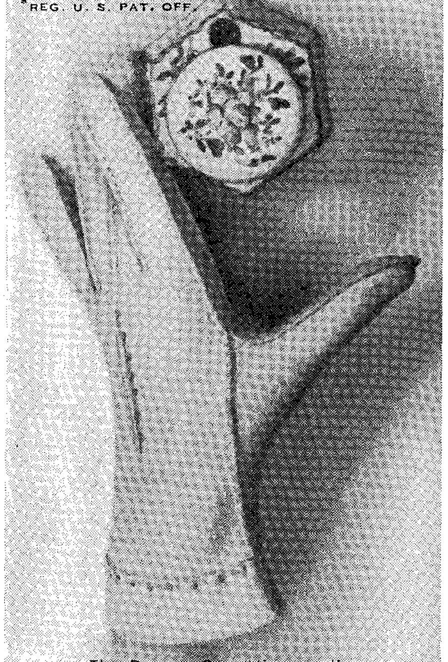

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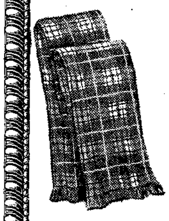

arm around me and took me back to the dining room.

I was shivering with nervous excitement and cold, and I climbed into my bed and pulled the covers around me. Grandmother sat in the rocking chair and stared at her hands. She looked like a completely exhausted old woman.

"What happened to Mother's hair?" I asked.

"The fever," she said. "The fever made it fall out."

"She looks funny," I said. "Won't it grow any more?"

"I don't know," Grandmother said. She began to sob. "It's my fault. If she doesn't get well, it's my fault. I thought I knew more than anyone else. I should have let them take her to a hospital."

I had never seen my grandmother cry before, and I was overwhelmed with fright and loneliness. I began to cry, too.

She stopped almost as soon as I began, and came over to the bed and put her arm around me. "She'll get well," she said. "How about a glass of warm milk with some chocolate in it?"

MOTHER was extremely weak for a day or two after that, but her temperature began to fall. By the weekend, Dr. Blake announced that she was showing real improvement. Since my cough had gone, Father, at the Doctor's urging, agreed to send me to the home of an aunt who lived in Chicago until Mother had entirely recovered. The morning I left, I was permitted to stand in the doorway of the living room and say goodbye to Mother. I felt uncomfortable and slightly indecent, looking at her shiny, naked head. After one glance, I said something about missing the train and hurried away. When Father and I got to the train, he put me in the parlor car, gave the porter a dollar to look after me, and assured me that my aunt would be waiting for me when I arrived.

While I was in Chicago, Father wrote from time to time of Mother's continued progress, and finally my aunt received a letter asking her to put me on the morning train on Thanksgiving Day. I arrived in Cincinnati about three in the afternoon and Father and my uncle met me.

"Mother's going to have Thanksgiving dinner with us at Grandmother's," Father told me happily.

I swallowed hard, but I didn't say anything.

We went directly to my grandparents' home. Mother met us at the

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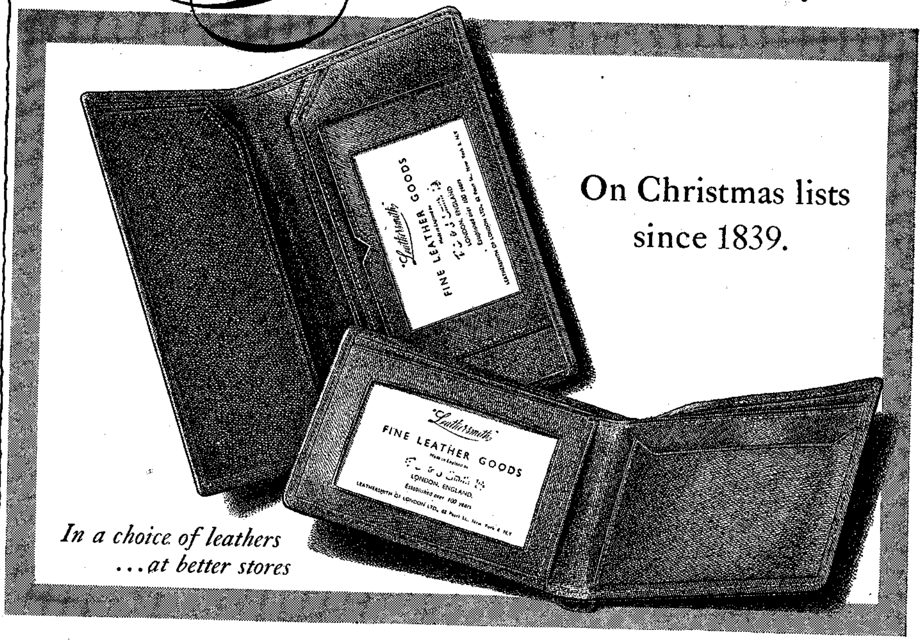

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door. She was somewhat pale, but I didn't really notice that until later, for, astoundingly, her red-blond hair was piled high on her head, in the pompadour she had always worn. I threw myself into her arms without questioning the miracle.

It wasn't until after we had finished dinner and I had regretfully declined a second piece of mince pie that Grandmother said, "What do you think of your mother's hair?"

"It grew back fast," I said.

Everyone laughed, and Grandmother told me that she had saved it all when it fell out and that she'd had a transformation made of it.

Mother saw my perplexed expression. "Don't worry, son," she said. "My own hair is growing again."

I didn't see my mother without her wig for some time, but one evening she came to dinner with tight red-gold curls covering her head, and I thought I had never before seen anyone so beautiful.

"You look swell," I finally managed to say.

"A perfect showgirl," Father said, and he laughed with pride.

It was a long while, however, before Mother could be persuaded to appear in public without her wig. Women with short hair were still considered quite daring in Cincinnati. Grandmother was at our house the day Mother finally decided to put the wig away. "I don't know what I'd have done if you hadn't saved my hair for me," she said.

"I'll bet they wouldn't have done it at a *regular* hospital," said Grandmother. —JAMES A. MAXWELL

•

This book on the life of W.H.G. Kingston is one that has to be read to be appreciated.—*Hamilton (Ont.) Spectator.*

Must be something wrong somewhere.

•

Whatever her thoughts, they were interrupted as the hotel lobby door swung open and a young woman carrying a baby and her husband entered.—*Buffalo (N.Y.) Courier-Express.*

That'll interrupt all but the stubbornest thoughts.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Daily Illini, of the University of Illinois*]

Sam Lesner, movie critic for the Chicago Daily News, acted as master of ceremonies for the after-luncheon speeches and provided a sharp contrast to Kaye's witty, interesting style of delivery.

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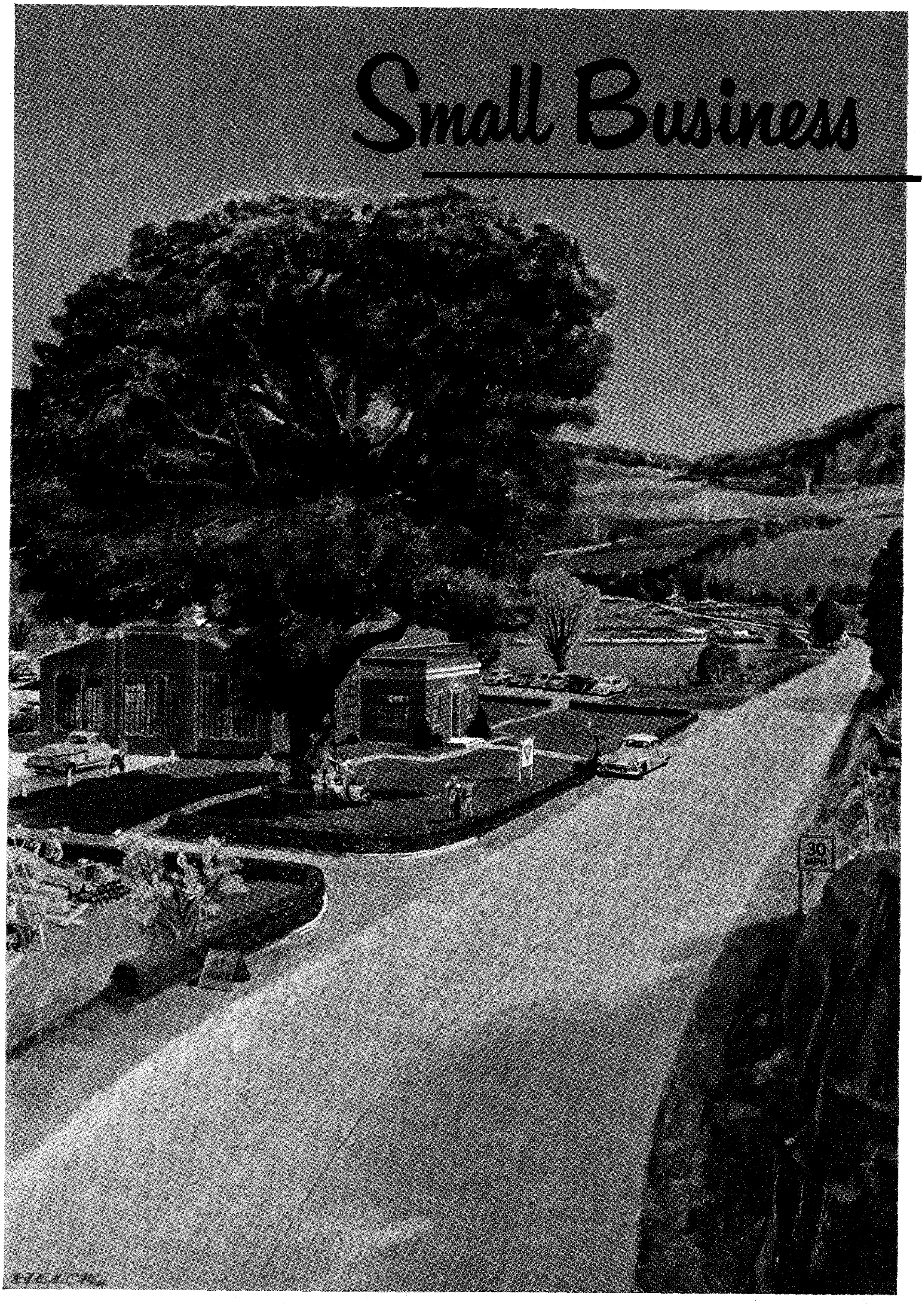
Small Business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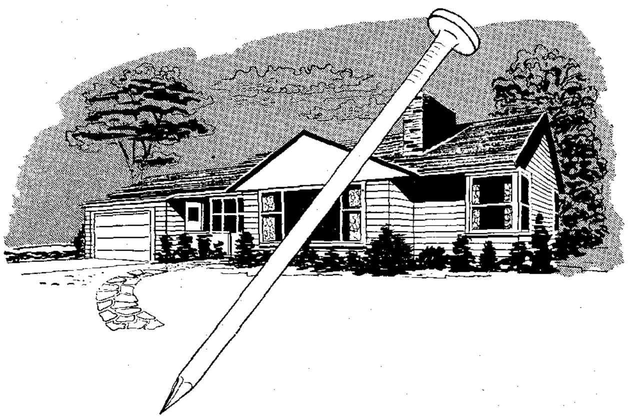

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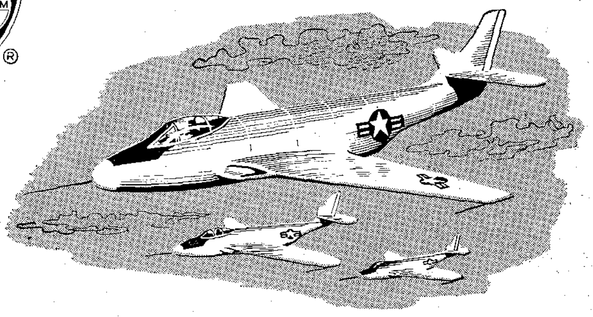

BUILDING A FIGHTING force or a civilian product, one reason for America's production might are thousands of small subcontractors. Big plants reach out to them for special skills, like those possessed by J. Clytel Manufacturing Co., Cleveland. You might call Clytel "fabrication artists" in sheet metal, if you watched them today, producing complex Navy aircraft blade antenna of Alcoa Aluminum. They say, "Our help from Alcoa started with our first aluminum order, 6 years ago. Working with us, taking us to your own Development Shops to learn your skills, and aiding us ever since whenever a question of fabricating, or welding, or forming, or assembly came up." Thus Alcoa's aluminum knowledge has been multiplied; thus aluminum has created jobs and helped build a stronger, better America.

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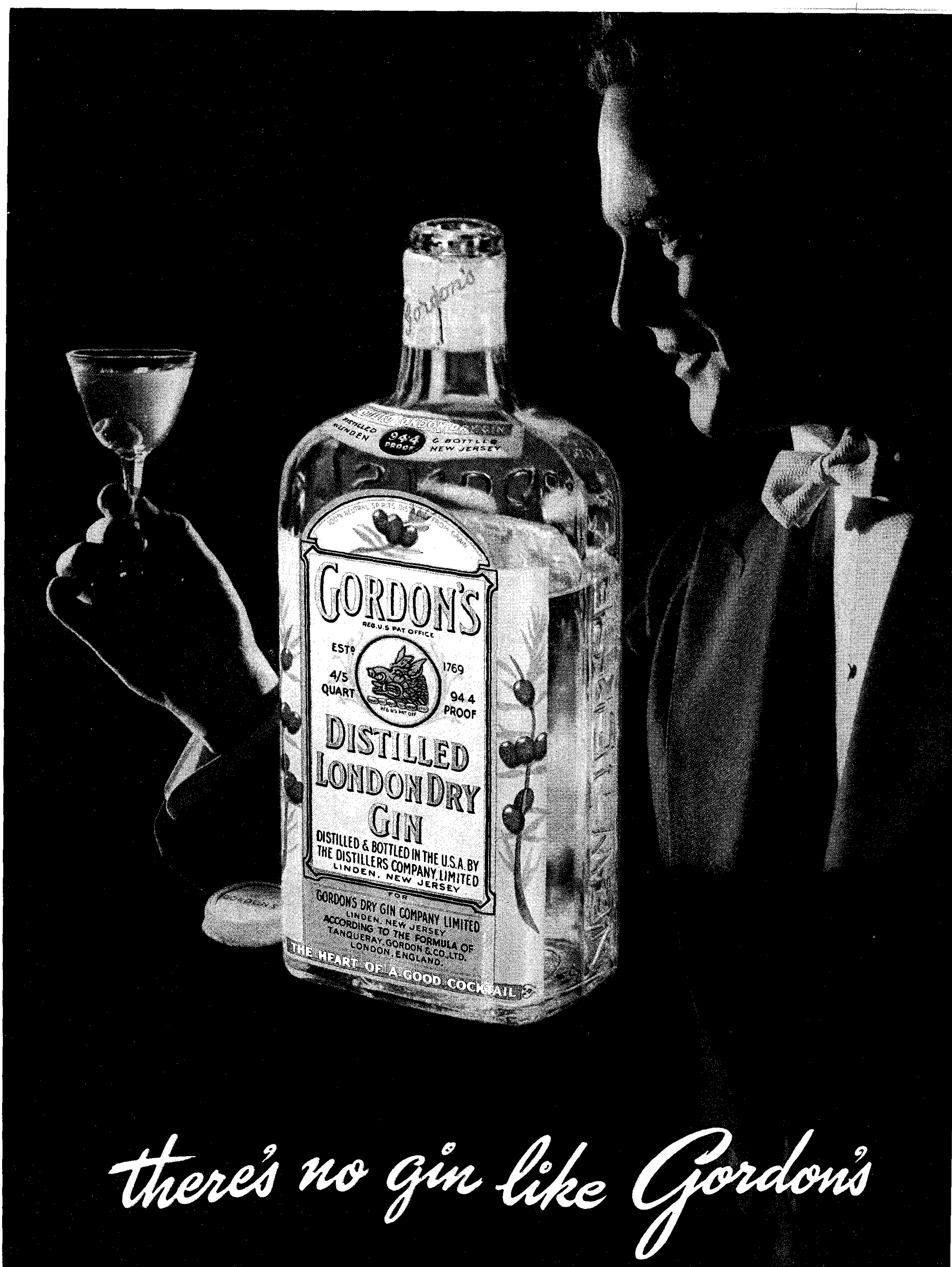
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THE INGATHERING OF THE EXILES

"THE State of Israel," remarked one of its public servants in Jerusalem not long ago, "isn't a melting pot, it's a pressure cooker." A bizarre and nearly overwhelming immigration has poured into that vessel in the three and a half years since it was fashioned. When the state was proclaimed, in May, 1948, there were six hundred and fifty-one thousand Jews in Israel; between then and the beginning of September this year, six hundred and sixty-five thousand Jews immigrated there. Most of the Jews who settled in Palestine between world wars were dedicated Zionists and went there on a positive impulse, after stringent training in pioneer life; the new influx, which has doubled the Israeli population in forty-two months, has consisted largely of the survivors of Europe's concentration camps and the depressed populations of the ghettos of the Middle East and North Africa. The "ingathering of the exiles," as the Zionists call this heartbreaking irruption, is the principal point of pride and reason for existence—and also the principal burden and growing despair—of the State of Israel.

Most of the newcomers arrive with only such means as can be crammed into a bundle or two, and the cost of housing, feeding, and teaching them, and of subsidizing their labor, is staggering. What is even more troublesome to those in the government of Israel who administer the inflow is the falling off in the "quality" of the immigrants. (By quality, these officials mean education, training for work, high cultural standards, ambition, flexibility—whatever tends to make people more adaptable to the current conditions of life in Israel and competent to help improve the conditions with convulsive rapidity.) The quality of the immigrants has varied inversely with the number of arrivals from Asia and Africa. In the first year and a half of the state, only a third of the immigrants came from those areas; in 1950, half did; now two-thirds do. The proportion is still increasing. Immigration from Germany, Austria, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, and Poland has been pretty well completed. There are still a hundred and fifty thousand Jews in Hungary, but so far the Hungarian government has let very few out. There are nearly three hundred thousand Jews in Rumania, and the Rumanian government is allowing them to leave for Israel at the rate of about five thousand a month. There are no other likely immediate sources of Western immigration. There are, however, a hundred thousand Jews able and ready, and in some cases frantic, to enter Israel from the Arab League countries, and half a million from elsewhere in North Africa and the Middle East. Thus there is, right on Israel's doorstep, an immigration of the kind that Israelis loosely call Oriental that is just about equal to the original population of the state and to the immigration of the last three and a half years, and this, together with the Iraqis, Yemenites, Iranians, Indians, Kurds, Turks, Cyrenaicans, Tripolitanians, Tunisians, and Moroccans who have already moved to Israel, will be enough to make the Oriental peoples by a big margin predominant in the country. The problem of the Occidentalization of these peoples could be met, mainly by education and example over a period of, say, a century. In the spasm of expansion taking place in Israel, during which the country's population will doubtless have been tripled within a decade of the founding of the state, absolute miracles of integration, absorption, education, and assimilation will have to occur if a stable country, with high cultural standards and a viable economy, is to emerge. One difficulty is that in the twentieth century miracles are frightfully expensive.

Most of what meets the eye in Israel, which I recently visited, suggests that, logic and expense be damned, miracles of integration are about to be passed. Everywhere a visitor goes in that country, he sees symbols of the imminence of these miracles. On the Sabbath, in villages on the outskirts of Tel Aviv, dignified Iraqi Jews can be seen walking arm in arm, proudly clothed all day in striped pajamas; they appear to be quite pleased with the progress they are making, at least as far

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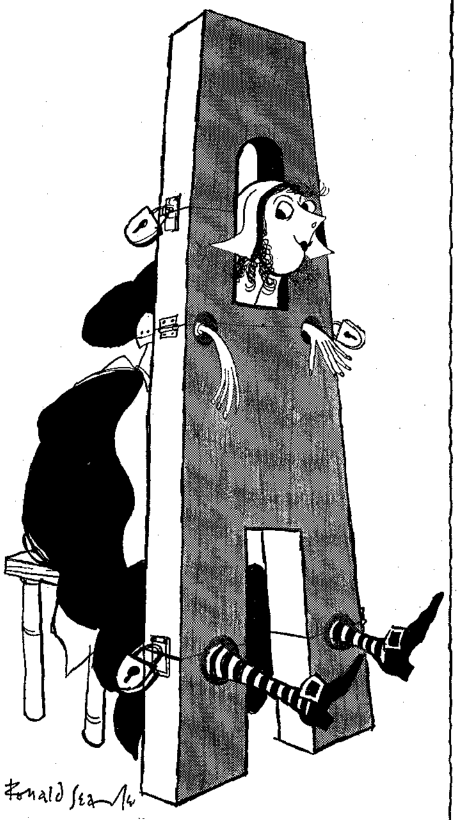

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as raiment is concerned, toward assimilation into a Western culture. Chaim Weizmann, the noble old man who dreamed so long of the Hill of Zion that he seems hardly able to believe he has at last reached its very summit, the Presidency of a realized Jewish state, lives in a kind of palace near Rehovot; on that summit, the handmaiden who serves him at table from silver chafing dishes has a bruise-colored number, 2445, tattooed on her unashamedly bare forearm. Near Gedera, the Village of Light, where the head of each family is a recent immigrant who has lost the use of his eyes, and of which almost the whole population comes from the strictly patriarchal Oriental Jewries, whose women are traditionally abased to the level of more or less beloved domestic animals, a council of the sightless elders (mostly former beggars, who have only lately, in Israel, learned the self-respect that comes from doing manual labor) was held not long ago to discuss how to spend the money the villagers had begun to save from their wages, and their decision was to buy for each family an icebox and a radio to ameliorate the lives of their women. At Dir Amar, a tuberculosis sanatorium for children near Jerusalem, to which equipment was donated by the Jewish community in Denmark, a Bulgarian Jewish girl doctor who can as yet speak only rudimentary Hebrew nevertheless manages, sometimes by using sign language, to communicate with her young Rumanian, Yemenite, French, and native-born Israeli patients. All these, of course, are only hints of a potential, or at best a partial, integration. The real thing is still far away. Language is the most difficult of the primary barriers. The communication of the Israeli is confounded by something like fifty languages, dialects, and hybrids. In the cities, one occasionally hears Ladino, the Hebrew-flavored Spanish that was developed by the Sephardic Jews before the Inquisition. On a trip I took, not long ago, down the Jordan Valley, I heard Chinese spoken in a plywood factory in the settlement at Afikim. Partly, perhaps, because of Palestinian habit, English still seems to be the second language of the country, and even some of the new immigrants make an effort to learn it, or to use scraps of it, as well as Hebrew. An Eastern European *shohet*, or ritual butcher, who is clearly proud of his technique with the knife, recently displayed in front of his premises in Tel Aviv a sign that announced, in English, "I Slaughter Myself Twice a Week." Hebrew, the official national

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language, is advancing at full gallop from its Biblical forms, in an attempt to catch up with the atomic age. Israeli nationalists and scholars of Hebrew look down on speakers of Yiddish; Yiddishists feel that the Jews are in danger of losing a whole culture. A story has been going the rounds in Tel Aviv that a woman, overhearing a child address his mother several times in Hebrew, only to be answered each time in Yiddish, asked the mother why she did not reply in Hebrew, since she obviously understood it. The mother gave her son a slap on the head to put him in his place and said, "I don't want my boy to forget he's a Jew."

The language problem is a more or less mechanical one and requires mechanical solutions. Barriers to integration that have cultural or tribal origins are deeper seated and have to be discovered and understood before they can be removed. Certain whole national Jewish communities are intensely religious; others are mostly agnostic. The government found out by harsh experience, while assigning immigrants to transitional settlements, that long-hardened cultural antipathies exist between Iraqi and Yemenite Jews, and that there are familial and castelike groupings among the Yemenites themselves, so a mixed settlement of European and Oriental Jews—Bulgarians and Yemenites, for instance—stands a better chance of harmonious life than one composed of nothing but Orientals, such as Iraqi and Yemenites, or even solely of Yemenites of various types. A further difficulty is the sense of superiority of certain European Jewish groups, who are sometimes referred to by Israeli social workers, weary of the constant demands of those Europeans, as "God's chosen people." A particularly bitter social worker in Jerusalem remarked to me that he was afraid the time would come when there would be golf clubs in Israel to which Yemenites would not be admitted.

As a matter of fact, the Yemenites, whose mass immigration to Israel was completed a year ago September, have made a prodigiously rapid adjustment to life in Israel. They are short, dark-skinned, and fine-boned, with narrow, delicate faces. The men universally wear beards and religious earlocks. The Yemen, from which they emigrated, is a Moslem country in the southwestern corner of the Arabian peninsula, adjoining the British protectorate of Aden. The fifty thousand Jews living in the Yemen at the end of the

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Second World War constituted one of the most ancient Jewish communities in the world, and one of the most oppressed, most guilt-ridden, and most ecstatically religious. The Yemenites believe that they are descendants of the tribe of Judah and that all other Jews are of the tribe of Benjamin; that they settled in the Yemen as refugees at the time of the destruction of the First Temple, in 586 B.C.; that the sufferings they underwent in the Yemen at the hands of Islam were brought on by their forefathers' sin in failing to return to Jerusalem when Ezra, the revivalist of Judaism, commanded. Jews were despised and browbeaten in the Yemen. They were enclosed in ghettos; some were cave dwellers. They paid taxes for "protection." They were not allowed to own land, or to enter public service, or to emigrate. They had to dress in drab colors. They were not allowed to ride horses, and if they rode donkeys, they had to ride sidesaddle, as if they were all women. If a Jew touched a Moslem's clothes, he had to foot the laundry bill. A Jew overtaking a Moslem was obliged to go by him on his left side, since in those parts Satan, like a hurrying driver on American highways, is supposed always to pass to the left. The sounding of the *shophar*, the ceremonial ram's horn, was forbidden, and Jewish services had to be conducted in a murmur. Jews in the Yemen were beggars, petty venders, menial workers, or, at best, followers of painstaking crafts—artificers of precious metals, hewers of stone, cobblers, tailors, minters, potters, and so on. They worked hard but were horribly poor. Even rabbis practiced crafts.

Their conditions of life drove many of the Jews of the Yemen to emigrate illegally to Aden; some four thousand of them were helplessly gathered there by the end of the war. After the State of Israel was formed, the British government announced that it would permit the Yemenite Jews to leave Aden for Israel. Thereupon, the Yemen opened its gates and a mass exodus to Aden took place. Since Egypt, which controlled the Suez Canal, was then at war with Israel, the Joint Distribution Committee chartered six Douglas Skymasters from Alaska Airlines, and these transports, built to seat forty-eight but carrying a hundred and thirty Yemenites in each load, evacuated from Aden nearly fifty thousand Jews, all told. The hyper-religious Yemenites were convinced that they were living through a Biblical miracle, and that theirs was a literal repetition, a wondrous *déjà vu*, of the exodus from Egypt. ("Ye have seen," the Lord said to Moses on Mount Sinai, "how I bore you on eagles' wings, and brought you unto myself.") By the time the Yemenites reached Israel, they were exhausted and sick. Two out of every five of them had active malaria; eighty per cent had trachoma; every second one had a skin disease or ulcerous sores. Their malnutrition was alarming. Three-year-old children weighed less than fifteen pounds; adolescents looked half their age. But the Yemenites were experiencing a rapture of religious fulfillment, and the life in the reception camps of Israel, severe as it was, seemed to them a marked alleviation of their lot.

Israeli social workers had to start from scratch in the process of introducing the Yemenites to the mechanics of Western civilization. When they gave the Yemenites beds, the Yemenites crawled under the beds to sleep. The Yemenites ate with their fingers, disdained toilets, and were strangers to all hygiene. They had no sense of time, whether of hours or years. The men would not eat with the women, yet in the sleeping quarters men and women of three or four families would crowd together, with agoraphobic insistence, into cramped and airless corners. The Yemenites learned, however, with a marvellous, childish eagerness. The men cast aside their black gowns and put on Israeli shorts, though they kept their beards and earlocks. They displayed a cheerfulness of temperament and a tolerance for hard work much like those of the Italian immigrants to America early in this century. One minor difficulty was that many of the Yemenites were polygamists; in courtship, money talked. An old-age resort for Yemenites that was established at Ein

Shemer found itself obliged to seek government assistance in removing from septuagenarian husbands their "extra" wives of sixteen and seventeen, who could not very becomingly settle down in an old folks' home. The elderly husbands gracefully accommodated themselves to their loss as soon as the dower they had paid for the "extras" was refunded to them, and if their original, older wives died later, they began courting the sexagenarian widows in their midst. When I visited Ein Shemer recently, a wedding between a seventy-odd-year-old widower and a sixty-odd-year-old widow (the Yemenite oldsters are all vague about their ages) was about to take place. When I asked the doctor in charge of the home whether the couple were marrying in order to get a better room or an additional quarter acre of garden plot or for some other reason of convenience, he shook his head and answered with one word: "Libido." Younger Yemenites, in evident haste to mint true coin of the land of their forefathers, are multiplying (as, indeed, all the new immigrants to Israel are doing) at a quite spectacular rate.

Israel-born children are, of course, the best hope for a quick and lasting synthesis of all Israel's immigrants. The gap between an immigrant Bulgarian doctor of philosophy and an immigrant Yemenite beggar is as wide as a millennium and as deep as a sea of myths, yet between their two sons, born side by side in the Samarian hills or in the dusty Negev, there appears to be no difference whatsoever in capability and adaptability. But for pigmentation, the two children grow up almost identical. The Israelis have a beautiful word for the native-born child—*sabra*, which means "fruit of the cactus." The *sabra*, they say, is prickly outside and sweet within. Israeli children are regular Californians—sturdy, open-faced, sun-coppered kids, potentially bigger, it seems, than their parents, and perhaps bolder, too. It is natural that the immigrants, who have seen so much misery and death in the last decade, should have hurried to compensate by producing abundant new life, and that they should now be turning over to that new life, at great sacrifice to themselves, a disproportionate share of the meagre food, clothing, shelter, and cultural wealth of the infant country. This oversolicitousness is producing a paradox: a generation that represents the most wonderfully resolved internationalism on earth today but is also a generation into which a burning and bitter nationalism is being bred—a kind of wild Irishness, a con-

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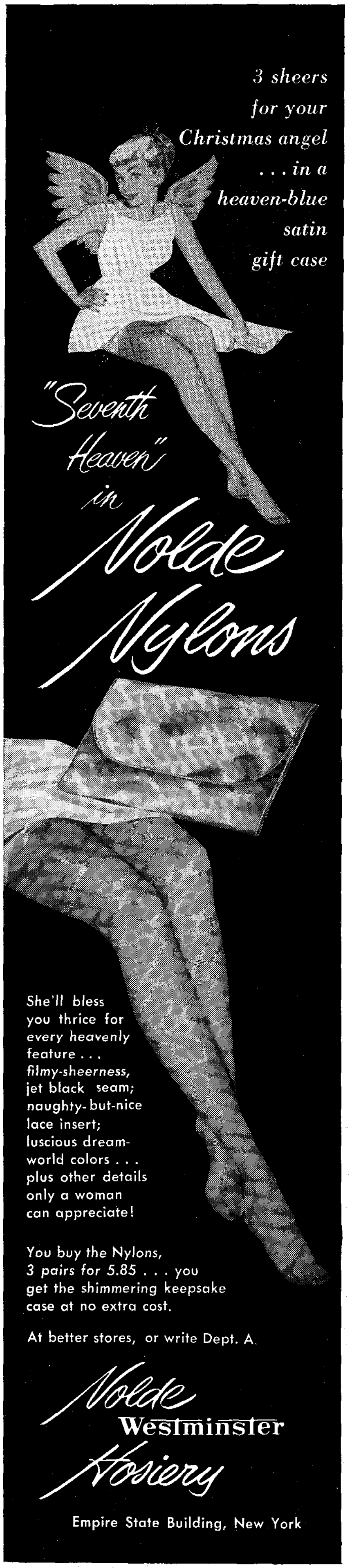
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tinuing sense of separateness, the vengefulness of Mordecai, the pride of a kingdom of priests.

THE physical problem of absorbing mass immigration is an appalling one, and the job done so far by the government of Israel and by the Jewish Agency, a non-governmental organization that uses funds from abroad for the development of the country, is remarkable and admirable, particularly in the light of the fact that the government and the agency are composed of men and women who had had no experience of political responsibility before 1948, who had been careerists in Zionism and in social service. The process of absorption starts, of course, with the arrival of the immigrants. Not long ago, I watched the arrival in Haifa (nowadays a weekly occurrence) of the Transylvania, bringing a shipload of eight hundred and fifty Rumanian Jews from Constantsa. Almost the entire Rumanian population of Haifa and its environs—at least a thousand people—had excused itself from work that morning and was pressing around the immigration sheds at the harbor to see whether relatives or friends had come or to hear news of those who had not come. Among the passengers on the ship, there were nearly three hundred who were more than fifty years old and at least a hundred who were hard-core cases—incurably sick people, bedridden old people, inevitable charges of the state. Each wage earner had been permitted by the Rumanian government to take out a maximum of a hundred and thirty pounds of baggage—his entire worldly estate for the new life. Each non-working passenger had been allowed only ninety pounds. The passengers, who were voyagers from the region of fear into the region of the unknown, showed very little emotion as they disembarked, unless, after being dusted for lice and sorted out for destination, they found family or friends waiting outside the immigration sheds, in which case they acted out scenes of the utmost passion.

The hard-core cases were taken from the port to hospitals and other institutions maintained by Malben, a superbly efficient welfare organization run by the Joint Distribution Committee, which gets its funds from America, through the United Jewish Appeal. A few of the other passengers went off to join their previously immigrated families. All the rest were taken to Athlit, one of two huge clearance camps near Haifa. It was in Athlit, an enormous enclosure of tents and wooden barracks by the sea,

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that the British, under the waning Mandate, used to intern illegally immigrated Jews before deporting them to Cyprus. The camp, which has a theoretical capacity of six thousand, has occasionally sheltered as many as eleven thousand immigrants. The country's other clearance camp, Sha'ar Ha'aliya, has a theoretical capacity of eight thousand. In these camps, the newcomers register with immigration authorities, go through customs, submit to a thorough medical examination, and are interviewed by a screening committee, which advises them what kind of work they can do and where they should live. Every able-bodied man between the ages of eighteen and twenty-nine is inducted into the Israeli Army. If the processing at Athlit went according to schedule, each immigrant would move through the camp within eight days; in practice, the average stay is twice that long. In the first year and a half of the state, immigrants were kept indefinitely in reception camps, for there was nowhere to send them. Physical conditions in those camps, which were former British military cantonments far from centers of employment and enjoyment, and where the new citizens of Israel remained idle and hopeless, sometimes seemed little better than those in the concentration camps of the anti-Semitic despotisms. Early in 1950, a hundred thousand people were inmates of fifty-three of these centers.

At the end of 1949, the government, disturbed about these camps, invented a new type of settlement, known as a *ma'abara*, meaning "transition." The idea was to send new immigrants directly from the clearance camps to temporary homes situated near towns, farming settlements, or public-works projects—that is, near centers of employment. This has been done ever since. The immigrants are housed either in tents or in sheds of corrugated metal that the government had intended to use for chicken coops and cowsheds but fabricated into tiny homes when proper housing ran short. These sheds, which are aluminum-coated, give the contemporary landscape of Israel its unique feature; from a distance, under the pure sky of early autumn, the pale shoulders of the hills of Judaea and Galilee are jewelled with fantastically beautiful arrays of sparkling cubes. Closer at hand, the settlements lose their loveliness and turn out to be big, dusty shantytowns. At present, two hundred and forty thousand souls live in these tent-and-chicken-coop settlements; nearly ninety thousand are under canvas. The government has been trying to distribute immigrants in

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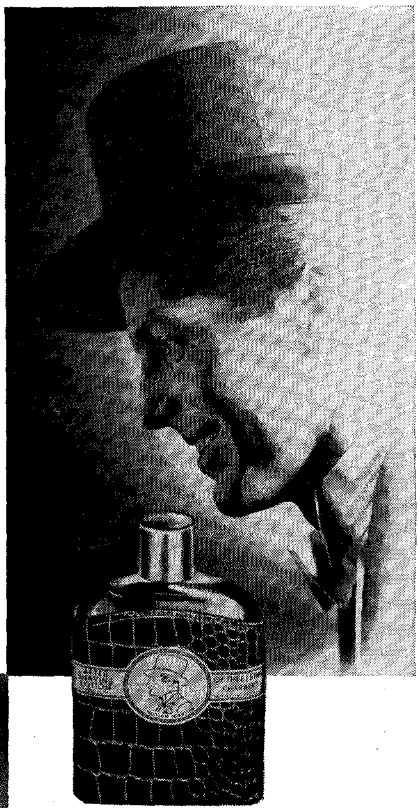

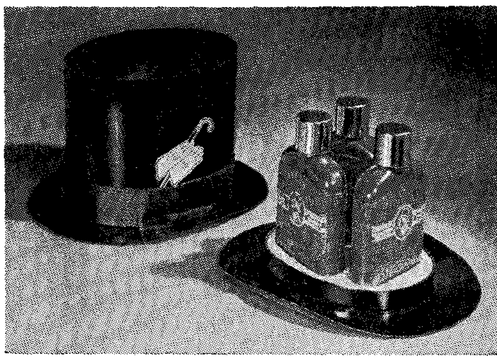

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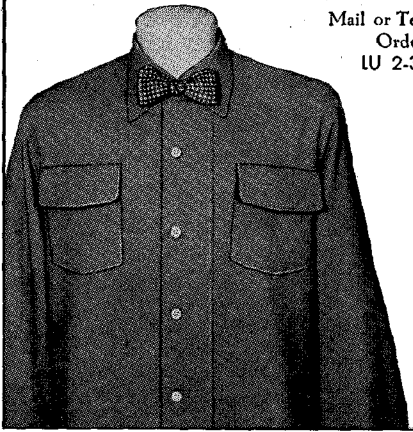


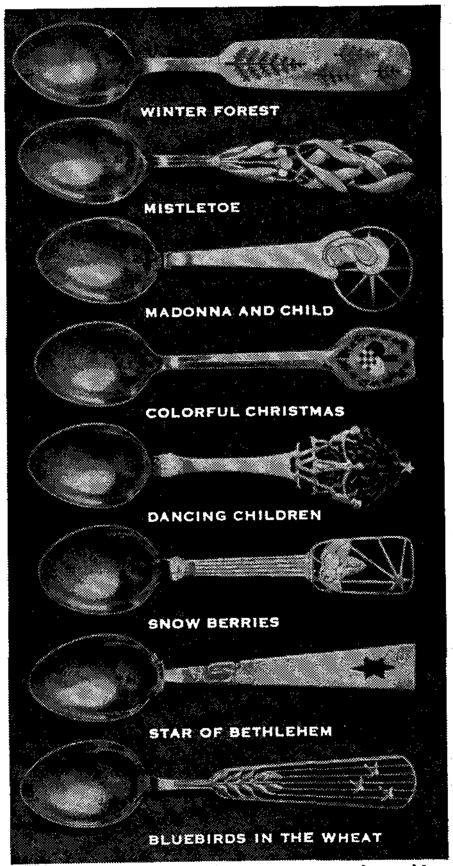
Finchley

New York, Fifth Ave. at 46th St. (19)

the various *ma'abarot* according to a plan. When the British left Palestine, nearly three-quarters of the country's Jewish population was in the three big cities, Tel Aviv, Haifa, and Jerusalem, though after the hard fighting in Jerusalem that city was relatively depleted. The coastal plain was crowded; the backland wastes needed developers. Today the screening committees at the clearance camps are doing their best to send at least ten per cent of the immigrants to Jerusalem; at least twenty-five per cent to the reclaimed areas of the north, the Emek and the valleys of Galilee; and at least twenty per cent to the inhospitable southern desert, the Negev. During the first year, in its haste to achieve integration of the polyglot influx, the government tried to settle eight, nine, or ten nationalities in the same *ma'abara;* this only made a Babel of each place. Now the government puts not less than a hundred families of a given nationality in one *ma'abara,* and usually not more than two or three nationalities together.

By and large, the population of the temporary settlements has a fair amount of employment. The immigrants work at building their own permanent housing, and at constructing roads, laying irrigation pipes, quarrying, afforestation, setting out windbreaks, clearing fields of stones, and farm labor. They are assigned to jobs by coöperative labor exchanges in the *ma'abarot,* and their wages are subsidized by the government, to the tune of a million and a half Israeli pounds a month. The government pays the newest immigrant worker the same wage as an established Israeli worker, on the theory that otherwise a depressed class of immigrant labor would be created and perpetuated. The standard for agricultural workers is I£1.900 a day; for public-works and construction laborers, I£2.300. It is almost impossible to give a meaningful equivalent of these wages in dollar purchasing power. Officially, the Israeli pound is equal to the British pound, or $2.80, but actually the Israeli pound can buy only about a dollar's worth of goods abroad. And then goods and food are scarce in Israel; some prices are fixed, others are not; a serious inflation is under way; a black market flourishes; American dollars are tragically persuasive; and the value of the local currency depends to some extent upon the degree of eloquence and cunning that can be brought to bear on a transaction. Recently in Tel Aviv, a man getting out of a taxi after a short ride asked the driver what the fare was. "A pound," the driver said. The passenger said, "A pound! Why, go to any bank, that's two dollars and eighty cents!" The driver replied, "Who's talking about dollars? If you really want to talk about dollars, I'll be glad to take a dollar for the trip." But then the passenger exclaimed, "A dollar! Why, a dollar is worth a whole pound on any street corner. A pound for *that* short ride?"

The type of labor in which a chicken-coop dweller can be said to invest the greatest enthusiasm is the construction of his own permanent housing. Beside each *ma'abara* its inhabitants are building a more durable town, and when they are done, they will simply move across the way into it; their tents will then be given to the Army, their metal huts will shelter fowl. There is probably more housing being built per capita in Israel than anywhere else in the world. The haste with which it is being put up is both thrilling and distressing. An architecture of urgency has but one rule: A house must have walls and a roof. Most of the houses are made of concrete blocks and look like concrete blocks. It is a pity that nothing like a native style—or even like a style—can develop as Israel builds homes for its immigrants. Much of the construction is so hurried that it is bound to deteriorate with a corresponding haste. I saw doors and window frames being manufactured, for government housing, in the settlements at Urim, in the Negev, and at Gesher-Haziv, in western Galilee. The millwork, for which faulty Rumanian pine had been supplied, was crude, inexact, and makeshift; still, it met government standards. The shells of many nearly completed houses stand waiting for finishing details—pipes or wires or fixtures. Certain critical materials that have to be imported from the United States—especially plumbing and copper wire—are, as a result of the Korean war and America's industrial mobilization, in insufficient supply. Copper fittings for plumbing are practically impossible to procure through official channels, but they are easy to find on the black market, at twenty times the reasonable official price. A door costs eight pounds at the government-fixed price; anyone who is in a hurry can buy the same door for twenty pounds on the black market. It would be very hard, however, to justify delays in housing in the name of aesthetic taste, of soundness in workmanship, or of better policed marketing. The houses simply have to be put up as fast as they can be. As it is, a quarter of a million Israelis



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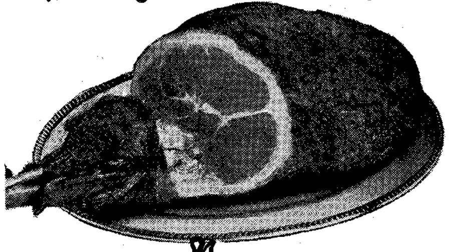

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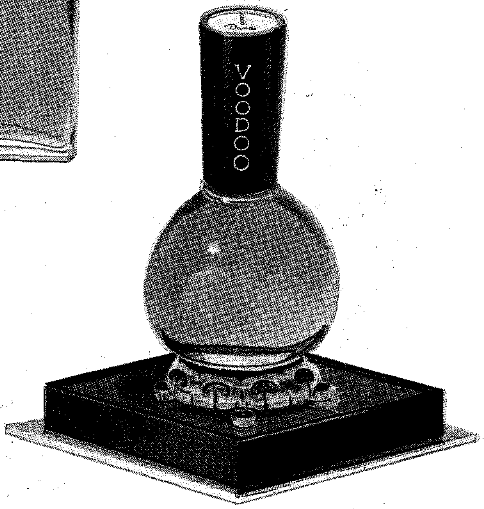

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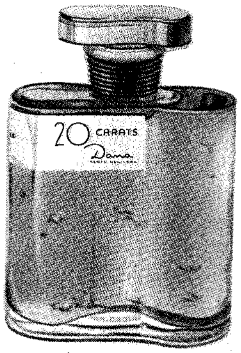

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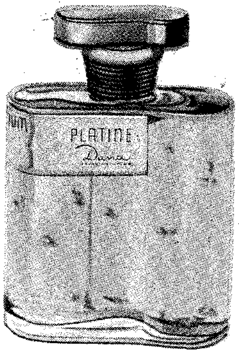

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will have lived under temporary shelter for between two and three years before they get proper houses. The government has promised, and has tried to provide, permanent dwellings within a year for immigrants settled in agricultural areas, to curb desertion to the cities, but it has not always been possible to keep the most earnestly tendered promises. Indeed, in the face of growing unrest over temporary housing, government officials have become more and more careful about making pledges. Not long ago, Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion, inspecting the *ma'abara* Sakia, on the road between Tel Aviv and Lydda Airport, where six thousand people live in tents, gave a clear, if perhaps extreme, example of this sorrowfully learned caution. "When I see the tents in which you are now living," he said to the inhabitants of the *ma'abara*, "I think of the tents in which our ancestors lived for forty years, and which called forth the blessing 'How goodly are thy tents.' I can assure you that in far less than forty years you will be living in your own permanent houses."

IMMIGRANTS are mouths to feed. The most serious worry of the Israeli government at the moment is the way the immigration has cancelled, and more than cancelled, the steps taken to develop agriculture so that the country might be self-sufficient in respect to food. No one is starving in Israel, but there is a food shortage serious enough to have affected the morale of the people—especially of the postwar immigrants, who had evidently long dreamed, however inaccurately, of the land of their forefathers, where, the ancient stories said, honey flowed from rocks, and doorsteps were washed with butter. Israel has to import staples, particularly meat and wheat; the country has no reserves of food, and, consequently, if a shipload of food arrives late, a ration that has been promised to

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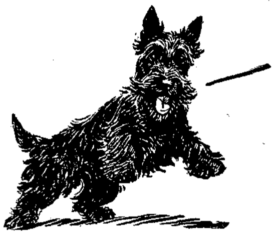

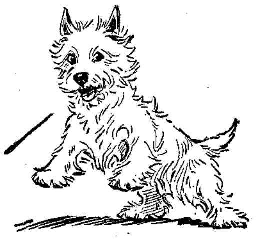

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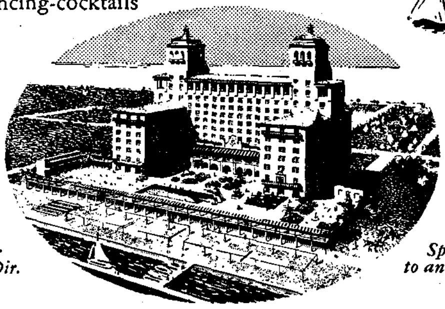

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the people simply does not materialize. The Israelis say they are living from ship to mouth. Delays have become so commonplace that when, last June, after an unusual drought, a stray water-heavy cloud, a wandering sport, dropped showers on Jerusalem in the midst of the usual parched summer, the remark went the rounds that the February ration of rain had finally been doled out. According to the theoretical ration, each adult is entitled to, roughly, a quarter of a pound of meat a week—the equivalent of a couple of hamburgers—but as of the middle of September, the meat ration had not been issued for five consecutive weeks. Adults are entitled to four eggs a week, but at least two of these are imported cold-storage eggs, which, if they arrive at all, often turn out to be rotten. Bread is not rationed, but last winter's drought and a fire this summer in one of the country's largest flour mills, in Haifa, have caused an irregular supply of the most important food of all. In September, there had not been a flour ration for half a year. The drought destroyed most of this year's potato crop. Fish, fowl, and vegetables are in fair supply from local sources, but the populations of the *ma'abarot* frequently suffer want of even these things, because of failures in distribution. The ration books are terribly complex, practically impossible for beginners in Hebrew to comprehend—and most of the dwellers in the *ma'abarot* are beginners.

Teaching the Oriental populations of the *ma'abarot* to feed themselves involves helping them understand not just the ration books but also such fundamentals as the manipulation of knives, forks, and spoons, and—even more primary—giving them a comprehension that eating and working are interdependent pastimes. The immigrants have to be taught both to want to do the particular kinds of work Israel needs and how to do it. It has taken endless coaxing to induce the Eastern immigrants to attend labor courses. In their ghetto past, when they were mostly artisans and petty merchants, they considered physical labor a hardship, to be endured only when necessary; now it is suddenly put before them as a philosophic and patriotic ideal. Elementary education is by law universal and compulsory in Israel, but *ma'abara* officials have very often had to resort to court action to force religious parents to send their children to non-religious schools. Israel is desperately short of teachers. Less than half the country's teachers have completed satisfactory normal-school courses; the rest are graduates of emergency courses that last only a few months. It was inevitable that teaching standards should tumble alarmingly. The glories of Hebrew scholarship—the grand, distant views and delicate, finicky argumentation of Talmudic pedants, the marvels of rote and reason in the dim-lit Yeshiva—have given way to the intensive, wholesale pumping of practical tidbits into uncluttered heads. The government has tried to make each *ma'abara* self-administering, and that, too, has raised educational problems. Whereas those new settlements that are predominantly European get a democratic self-government going within six or eight months, Oriental groups are still not ready to run their own affairs after two and three years.

The finest school in Israel, it has turned out, is the Army. The basic training of young immigrants in the Israel Army is truly that. The Army spends several preliminary weeks assiduously engraving upon the *tabula rasa* of its Oriental recruit's mind some first facts and some elementary skills—how to eat, wash, use a toilet, speak fundamental Hebrew, and walk proudly among men. Later, much later, the Army tries its hand at military training. This, when it comes, is queer work. Most of the Oriental Jews regard the rifle not as the soldier's bride but as his only true enemy. "Army life!" exclaimed a Yemenite recruit not long ago. "That's for the Ashkenazim [North and Central European Jews]!" The Army has also done an excellent job of supervising public-works projects, of supplying emergency agricultural labor, and of taking care of whatever work is the dirtiest in the country, and the most urgent. All this has, perhaps surprisingly, produced an army with exceptionally good morale, a combat arm that apparently feels quite confident of its ability to handle any recrudescence of aggression from neighboring states, but it has also produced an odd, gentle-seeming army, in which noncoms are nursemaids, and officers are as tender as mothers. "Halt!" commanded a colonel of a passing Oriental recruit in the field during some recent maneuvers, the story goes. "Why didn't you salute me?" "I didn't see you," the private said. "Oh, good!" the colonel said. "I was afraid you were angry at me about something."

THE government has estimated that it costs I£2,500 for each immigrant family, for transportation to Israel, the routine of immigration, and temporary housing, but this does not

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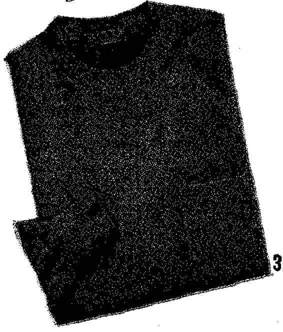

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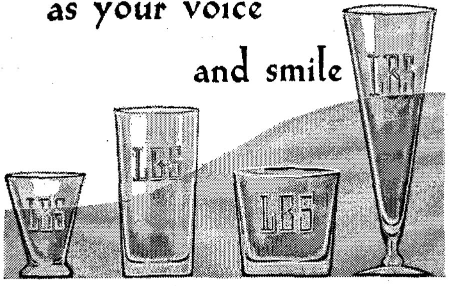
cover food, permanent housing, or labor subsidies. These are additional and continuing expenses. Since the likelihood is that between twelve and fifteen thousand immigrants will be arriving in Israel every month for an indefinite period, and since there may be sudden inpourings on a much greater scale (if there is panic, for instance, in Iran or some North African country), the cost of the immigration will not cease to be hair-raising. The government is currently spending at the rate of twenty million pounds a year for housing, twelve million for subsidizing agriculture, thirty-three million for importing food, twenty-two million for importing petroleum products, and an undisclosed but obviously whopping amount for national defense. Last year, Israel imported goods worth I£102,604,442 and exported goods worth only I£12,552,415. The entire internal revenue of the government amounted to I£59,465,000. An American businessman in Israel said to me, after considering these and other depressing facts about Israel's economy, "If this were my racket, I'd have declared bankruptcy six months ago." The State of Israel is still in business—thanks, to some degree, to a zeal and dedication on the part of the country's civil servants that would prevent them from seeing failure if it leaned against their very eyeballs, or being willing to recognize it if they did see it, and also thanks, to a greater degree, to aid from America. The United States Export-Import Bank has lent Israel a hundred and thirty-five million dollars; the United States government has extended the country a grant-in-aid of sixty-five million dollars; Americans have made outright gifts to Israel, through the United Jewish Appeal, of three hundred million dollars; and Americans have bought eighty million dollars' worth of State of Israel bonds. Israeli officials, who are only too aware of the precariousness of running a country on American generosity, and who are perfectly willing to have Israel incur a dignified national debt but are sensitive about her receiving anything that looks like charity, point out to visiting Americans that during and after the war Britain was being subsidized by the United States much more heavily than Israel is being now. At any rate, the state seems to have no intention of declaring bankruptcy. The possibilities for the development of Israel are so enormous, and progress so far has been so rapid, that optimism about the distant future overpowers pessimism about the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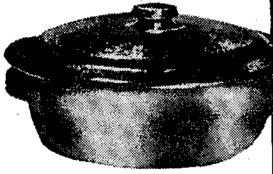
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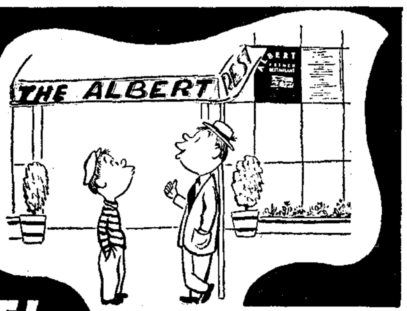
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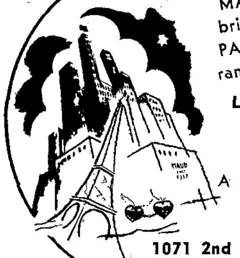
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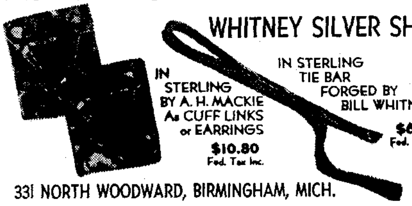
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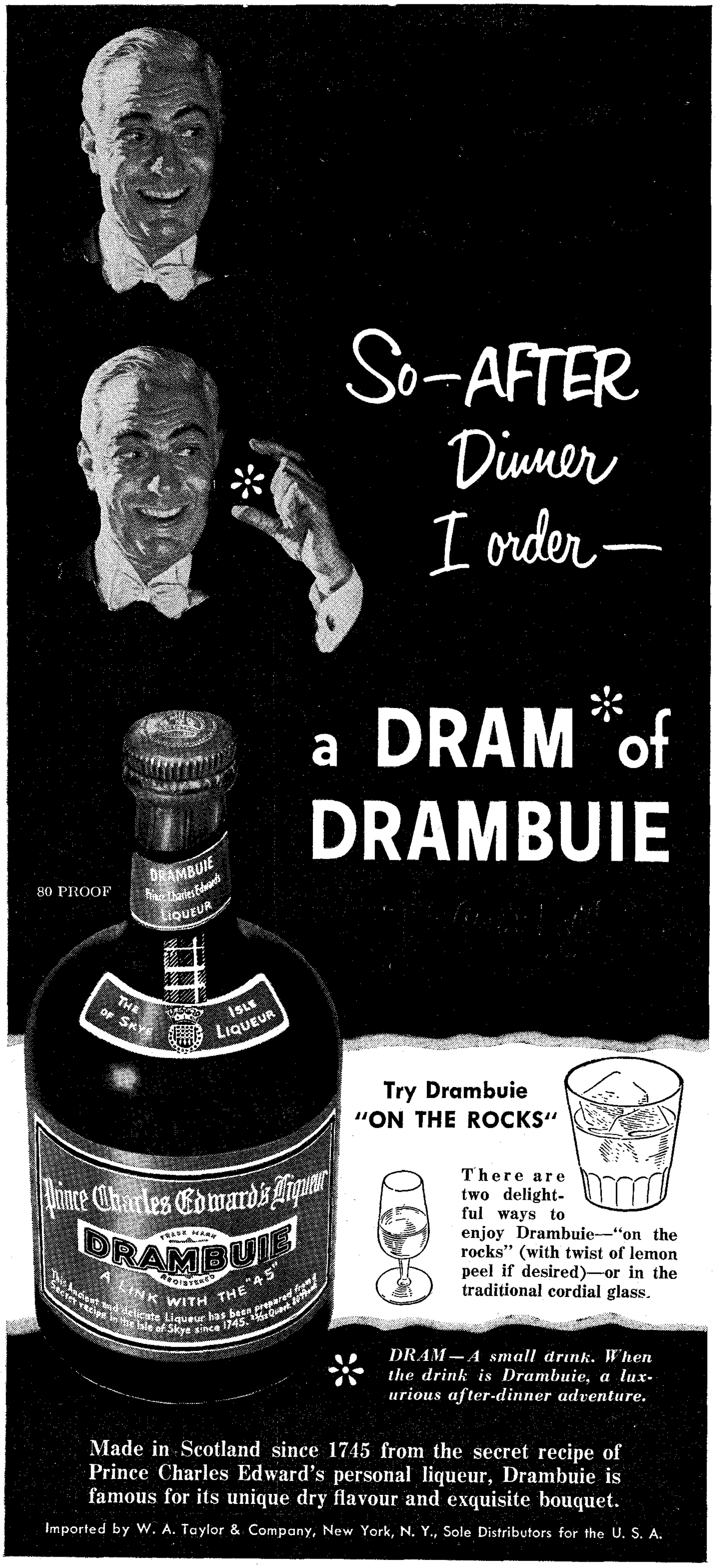
immediate future. For the present, the government is in something of the same position as the Haifa merchant—in the old story now current in Israel—who, when he complained that he was losing two pounds on every transaction and was asked how he managed to keep in business under those circumstances, replied with a shrug, "It's the volume."

If the government had more money to spend on food, housing, clothing, and education for its immigrants, it would doubtless be able to keep them happier than they are. During the past summer, there have been a number of small riots and demonstrations by *ma'abara* inhabitants—two new immigrants seriously injured in Holon, in an argument over the distribution of iceboxes, for instance; the director of Kfar Ono stabbed while supervising the distribution of rice; a demonstration before the Jewish Agency building in Jerusalem by the inhabitants of the Castel *ma'abara*, protesting the erratic food-supply system, the lack of a general store, slowness of payment for work, shortage of ration books, and the lack of a synagogue. There have been runaways from the *ma'abarot* to the cities, and a handful of immigrants have made their way back to the countries of their origin. A sensation of enclosure, of captivity, in the *ma'abarot* experienced by some of the immigrants is reflected among officials concerned with absorption, who speak frankly of measures to prevent "escape." The agricultural *ma'abarot*, and especially those in the desert of the Negev, have had the most trouble with defections.

The wonder is—considering how hard it is to be a new country in such uneasy times as these—that there have not been more serious disturbances and unrest in Israel. A number of factors have helped prevent them. For one thing, there is an unusual sense of com-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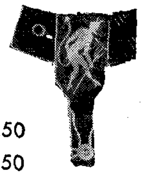

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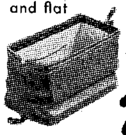
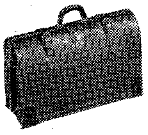
munity in the country—a feeling, as someone has put it, that the people are all in a lifeboat together. Somehow, the police of a place are a good index to the degree of its health and freedom, and this feeling of common interest is exemplified by the final act of the policemen in a recent riot before the Jewish Agency office in Tel Aviv, as reported in the Jerusalem *Post:*

> A woman who appeared to be one of the chief agitators then began arguing with the police, and cursing them in Arabic. A corporal seized her by the wrist and began twisting her arm, whereupon the crowd again tried to rush the police to rescue her, and again threw stones. One of them struck a demonstrator on the back of the head. The woman was finally removed by the police and taken away in a police car, still struggling violently, after she had bitten a policeman. A passerby who attacked a policeman was hit by five or six policemen using sticks, but was allowed to proceed on his way afterward. In general, the police behaved well in the face of great provocation and later spent some time talking individually to the demonstrators, describing to them their own difficulties when they first came to Palestine twenty or thirty years ago.

Another thing that has helped prevent real distress is the Israeli's talent for improvisation. Everybody has his own idea about how to do everything. "The trouble with this country," President Weizmann complained not long ago, "is that it consists of a million and a quarter Presidents." When housing became a bottleneck in the absorption of immigrants, someone thought of ordering Swedish and German prefabs, someone else thought of importing Cypriot artisans of adobe huts, and both were done. When a man named Kestenbaum, who had had a good business in furs in temperate New York, moved to hot Israel, he at once went into the refrigerator business. Ingenuity is matched by hard work, and hard work in Israel produces the most extraordinarily palpable results. The Forest of the Martyrs, a host of six million seedlings, memorializing the Jewish victims of Hitler, is being planted now by the Jewish National Fund. Near it one sees forests planted a quarter of a century ago by the same organization, and one has no trouble imagining the barren Judaean hills turned into sumptuous, pine-dark slopes. Along all the country's roads, immigrants are setting out future windbreaks—three or four ranks of seedlings of eucalyptus trees, which grow with super-tropical speed. At Kfar Blum, in Upper Galilee, seven-year-old eucalyptus trees are fifty and sixty feet high and have trunks a foot through. The eucalyptus is a kind of symbol of progress in Israel. It grows





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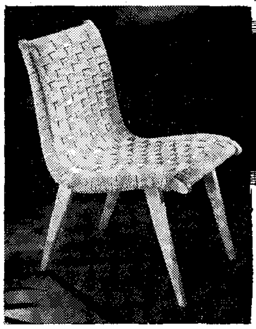

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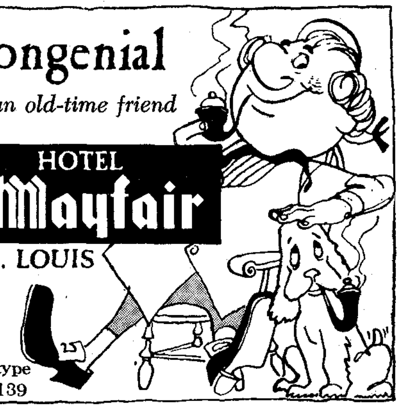

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with no more unearthly speed, though, than the understanding of the Yemenite immigrants, who flew to Israel a year ago in Skymasters, soon began buying in the coöperative stores of the *ma'abarot* goods that had been unimaginable to them, and participated, on July 30th, with a high degree of enthusiasm and perception, in a free, secret, and universal election. The gentle Army has helped. The weather has helped, for Israel's summer sun is superb, and during the rainy season, from October to April, the rain is delivered in showers, so that things dry out in between; owing to the rains, farmers can reap two and sometimes three harvests a year. Mainly, however, the hope for Israel lies in the state of mind of its people. Israel is a land where a Jew does not have to be aware that he is a Jew. An Israeli official in Jerusalem warned me not to examine Israel's trade deficits and her dreadful expenses "with an orthodox actuarial eye." No matter how costly and severe their labors, the Israelis seem convinced that their country must, can, and will survive. All good things will come to them, they say. "Temporary" is a threadbare word among them, and they overburden the future tense. The Israelis seem feverish yet unhysterical. They meet their plentiful hardships stubbornly; they seem to be, like suffering Job, in league with the stones of the field.

—JOHN HERSEY

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[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Key West Citizen*]

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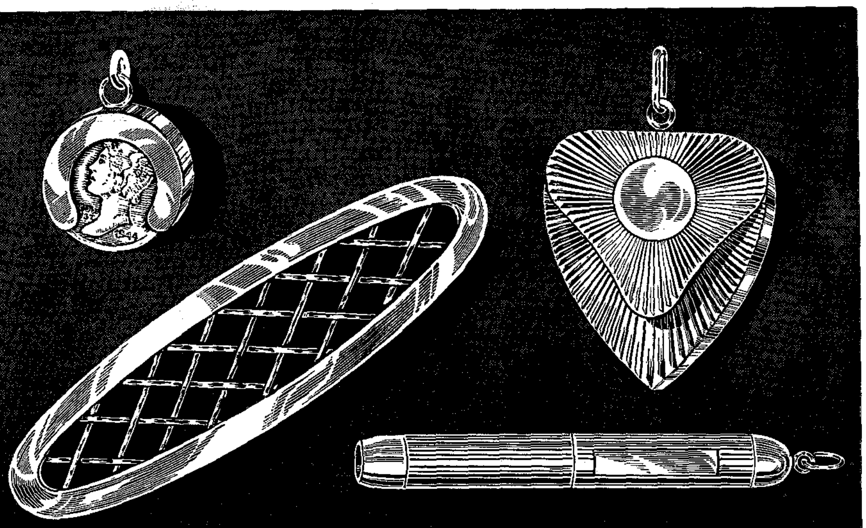

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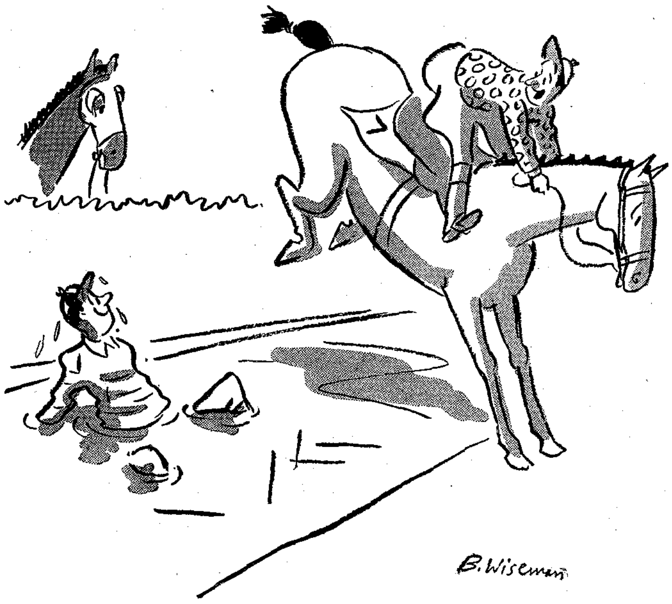

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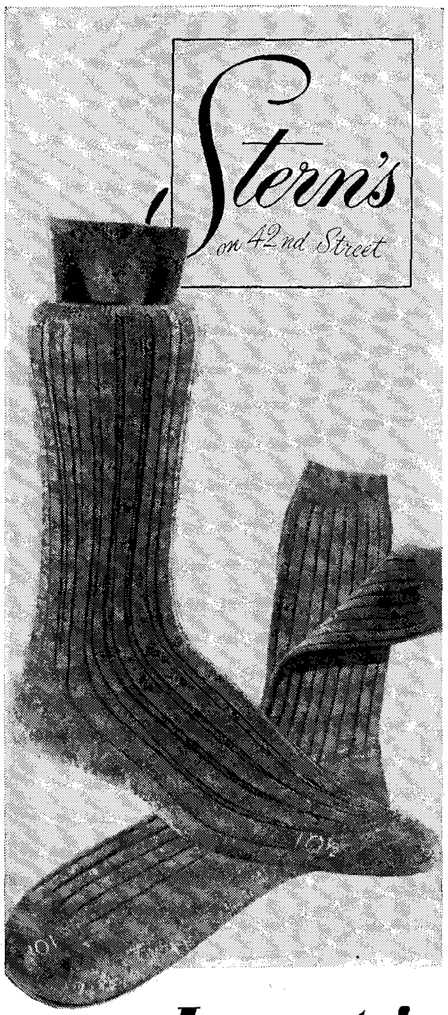

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THE ART GALLERIES

Analyzing the Americans

THE Brooklyn Museum, long noted for its excellent collection of Early American art, has now turned its attention to more modern manifestations, as indicated by its current survey, "Revolution and Tradition"—an attempt to classify and explore the chief trends in American painting from 1900 to the present. Despite its size (a hundred and fifty pieces are included), it's a compact affair and, apart from a few aberrations, a highly thoughtful and distinguished one. A main flaw, I think, is the arrangement, for though six major movements are isolated, the three most purely "modern" of these (Expressionism, abstraction, and Surrealism) are, for some not easily surmisable reason, placed in the opening half of the show, so one is led, anachronistically, through these to the more traditionally based, and for the most part older, schools that follow.

But though this is confusing, it is only temporarily so, and, as the show reveals, even these modern movements have more respectably ancient antecedents than is universally realized. The Expressionist group, for instance, leads off with a "Landscape," very *fauve*, dated 1912, by Alfred H. Maurer, followed by an extremely handsome—and also primarily *fauve*—study of two nudes in an outdoor setting called "Decoration with Cloud," by Max Weber, of the year after, while the larger abstract section goes back equally far, to a small Marin water color, "Downtown New York," and Joseph Stella's large "Battle of Lights, Coney Island," also 1912 and 1913, respectively.

The latter section I thought an especially good one, with such excellent pieces as the almost forgotten John R. Covert's "Brass Band," Stuart Davis's vigorous "Report from Rockport," and the intense "Five in the Afternoon," by Robert Motherwell, and it's notable, too, for the attention it pays—in Charles Sheeler's "Church Street El" and Niles Spencer's "Near Avenue A," for example—to that sharp-contoured, simplified style, primarily architectural in pattern, that has been our most valuable and most definitely "American" contribution to the development of abstract theory. Both this and the Expressionist group, however, as well as later ones in the show, suffer from a slightly bewildering laxness of definition. If one sets up strict categories, they should be adhered to, or their basic validity is likely to be questioned, and though there is little doubt that the ones set up here are in the main sound and applicable, their accuracy is frequently obscured by what seem to be ill-advised inclusions. Thus, while the Sheeler painting just mentioned is clearly abstract in style, his arrangement of industrial constructions called "Incantation" is, if anything, Surrealist in motivation, and it's hard to see how the obviously Post-Impressionist "Still Life," by Henry Lee McFee, or the quite realistic "The Factory," by Preston Dickinson, can be labelled "abstract" at all, however elastic the definition. Similarly, among the Expressionists, Philip Evergood's "Lily and the Sparrows" and Bernard Karfiol's "Boy Bathers," though attractive in themselves, belong to a more realistic tradition, as does Yasuo Kuniyoshi's whimsically titled "Somebody Tore My Poster." All this, though, may be quibbling, and I don't want to go on with it, for the show is well contrived and the majority of the pictures are admirable.

The Surrealist section is, by contrast with its predecessors, impeccably selected, with such pieces as Federico Castellon's "The Dark Figure," Peter Blume's "Key West Beach," and the study of a dream-figure girl called "Birthday," by Dorothea Tanning, as its highlights. From this, we move on to the section devoted to "Impressionism and Romantic Realism," followed by two others—"Realists and Primitives" and "Romantic Visionaries"—which are, in effect, subdivisions of the first. Here again there are some questionable inclusions, but only a few, and in general the progress is orderly and explicit, from a Frank Duveneck "The Music Master," a Winslow Homer "Early Morning After a Storm at Sea," and a Thomas Eakins portrait, "Letitia Wilson Jordan Bacon" (which provide, so to speak, a background for future developments), through Sloan, Luks, and others of The Eight to, among the works by contemporary artists, Raphael Soyer's moving "Office Girls," Alexander Brook's "Summer Wind," Edward Hopper's magically still, white "Seven A.M." and—in the two final groups—John F. Peto's "Still Life with Lanterns," Walter Tandy Murch's

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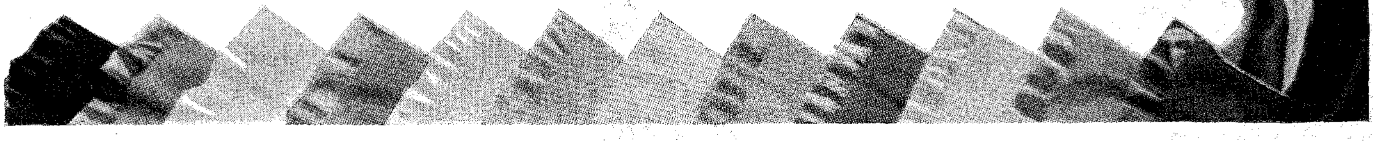

"The Circle," and a particularly beautiful and imaginative dream landscape, called "Afternoon Wind," by Louis Eilshemius. Though one may question some of the exhibition's details, on the whole it's a very intelligent attempt to bring order out of the sometimes confusing panorama of recent American art.

ADOLF DEHN, known, of course, primarily as a lithographer and water-colorist, has switched, for the moment at least, to oils, and his new show, at the Associated American Artists—his first in some years—is devoted entirely to work in his new medium. Haiti is its subject, and as the place apparently delighted him (and as he has always had a gift for conveying his enthusiasms directly to the onlooker) the result is a thoroughly enjoyable collection. To be sure, his impressions are a bit superficial; faced with the unfamiliar exoticism of the island's tropical life, he seems to have depended mainly on modern Mexican influences—like Tamayo, for instance—instead of attempting a more personal interpretation. But then I don't think Dehn intended to do anything profound to begin with. As a sort of brisk, half-ironic running commentary, the pictures are uniformly delightful, and in some—such as "Homage to the Orange," "Caribbean Market," and the really quite handsome "Tropical Night"—he does capture, vividly and accurately, a full feeling of the savage poetry of the place.

THE Tibor de Nagy Gallery is showing abstract-Expressionist paintings by Helen Frankenthaler, a young artist of considerable talent. Like a good many youngsters, she has a tendency to paint too big for her subject, and several of her pieces, among them "The Sightseers," appear sprawly and diffuse for that reason. But even here her feeling for texture keeps the paint surface generally interesting, while the fact that she rarely lets the attractions of accidental embellishment lead her far away from the basic image gives her work a good deal of directness and power. I liked especially her small, fairly factual "Provincetown Bay;" "The Intimates," with its brisk, chattery atmosphere; and the study of a man reclining in the woods, called "August Weather." —ROBERT M. COATES

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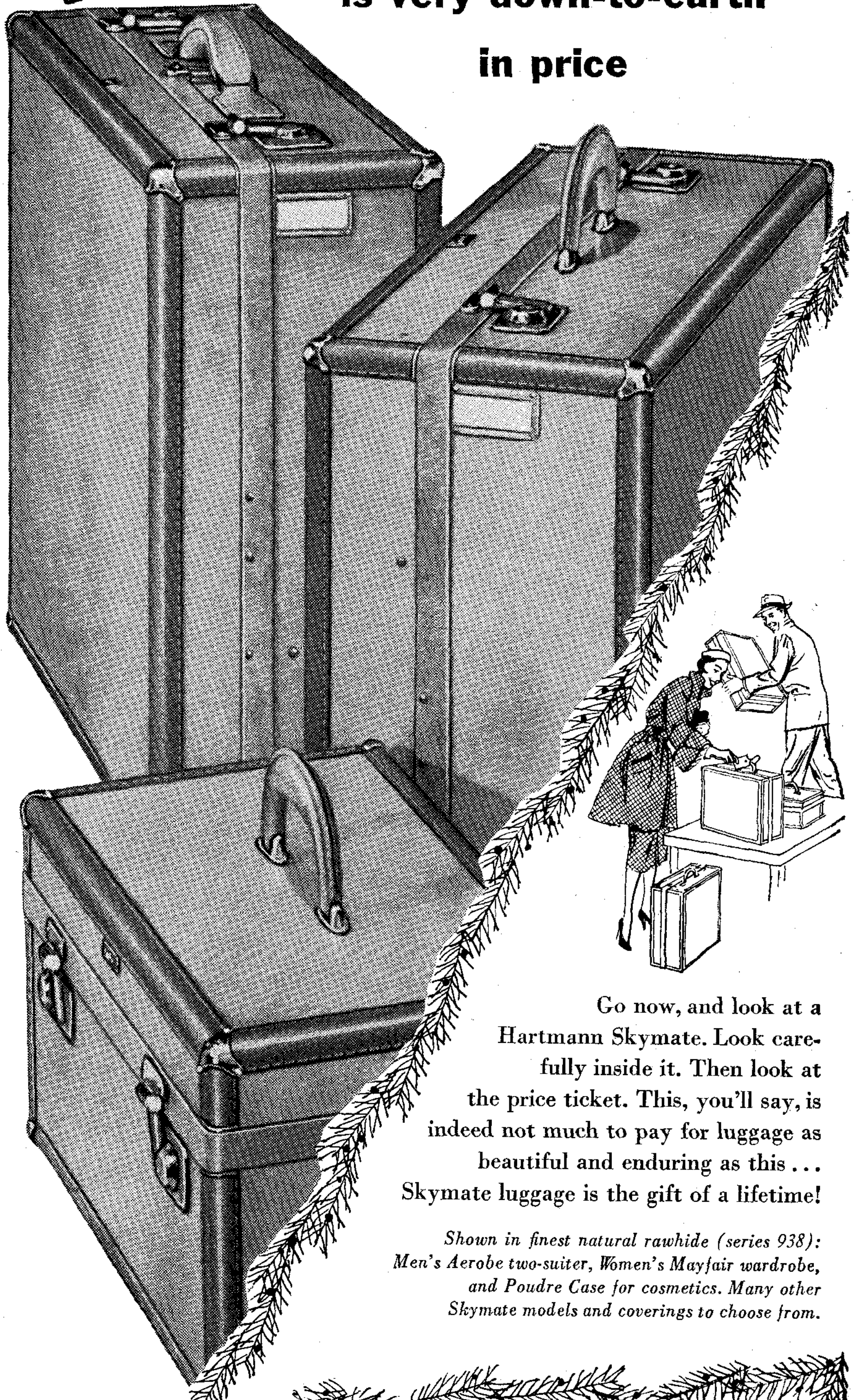

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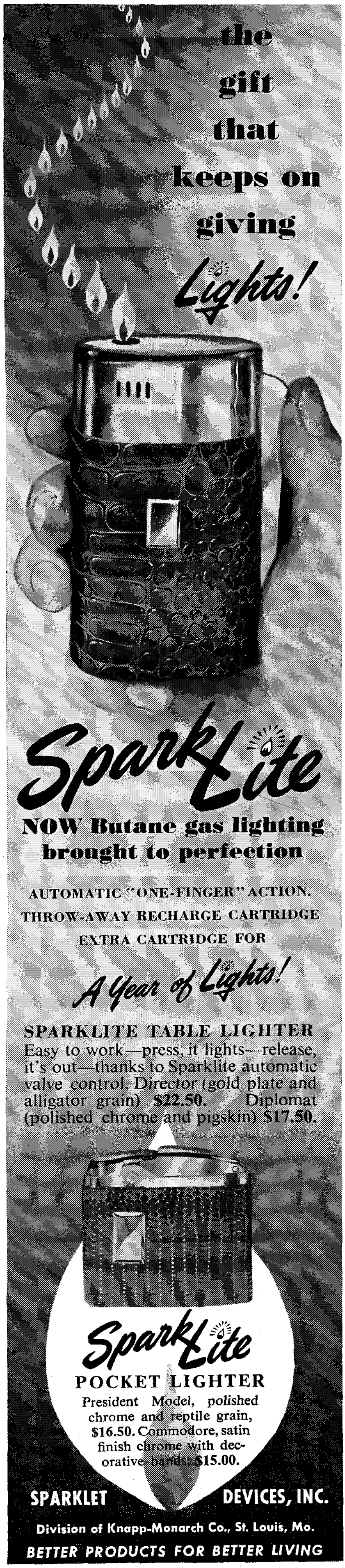

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UP to this year, when I moved from a rented house into a house of my own and became overwhelmed with domestic responsibilities, I succumbed regularly to the siren lure of *Time's* quizzes on current events. The traditional pattern of these tests, which appear two or three times annually, is familiar to long-*Time* readers like me. There are nearly always a hundred and five questions, each accompanied by a list of optional answers—usually five. All you have to do is pick the right one. It is nice to have a hundred and five questions, rather than the even hundred that a magazine less considerate of its readers' sensibilities than *Time* might have decided on. When I was in high school, the quizzes we got generally consisted of an even hundred questions or some multiple thereof. If a student wanted to get his allowance hiked by achieving an honor grade, which was ninety or higher, he had to answer at least ninety per cent of the questions correctly. It was as simple as that. By including a hundred and five questions in *its* quiz, *Time* adroitly makes it possible for many of its readers who are still schoolboys at heart to kid themselves into thinking they are honor students when they are not. You can score a ninety on a *Time* test and go around bragging about it to your children or anybody else unacquainted with the mechanics of the quiz and they may never get wise to the fact that your percentage mark is really only a shade better than eighty-five. (While declining to have any truck with conventional percentages, *Time* has always had firm notions of what constitutes an honor grade in its exams. You have to get ninety-six of the hundred and five questions right to be, in its words, "very well-informed." The best you can do otherwise is to be simply "well-informed," and no faithful follower of *Time* would wish to be judged merely that.)

When the latest *Time* quiz came out, in the issue dated October 29th, I was lucky enough to be laid up in bed with a cold, and it was with almost feverish excitement that I turned to the back of the magazine, where the tests are traditionally printed, to resume my old addiction. To be sure, I doubted somewhat whether I was informed enough to attempt the test. *Time* said that the chronological period into which its questions fell ran from July to mid-October, and the shameful truth was that, owing to one household chore or another, I had hardly more than glanced at the magazine during the critical stretch, having instead confined myself largely to newspapers as a source of contemporary enlightenment. But I was reassured upon being advised, in an introductory note to the quiz, that "this test is to help *Time* readers and their friends check their knowledge of current affairs." This invitation to non-readers was all I needed to dispel my fears. I noticed further, on turning to the last page of the quiz section, where the correct answers are given, that *Time* had changed its manner of presenting them. In my day, it had printed them upside down, to discourage peeking. As I was preparing to examine closely this new, agreeable alignment, my wife pulled a chair up alongside my bed and, gently placing her hand over the part of the page containing the answers, said she'd be glad to keep me company while I was testing myself. I protested that she might catch my cold, but she couldn't be moved.

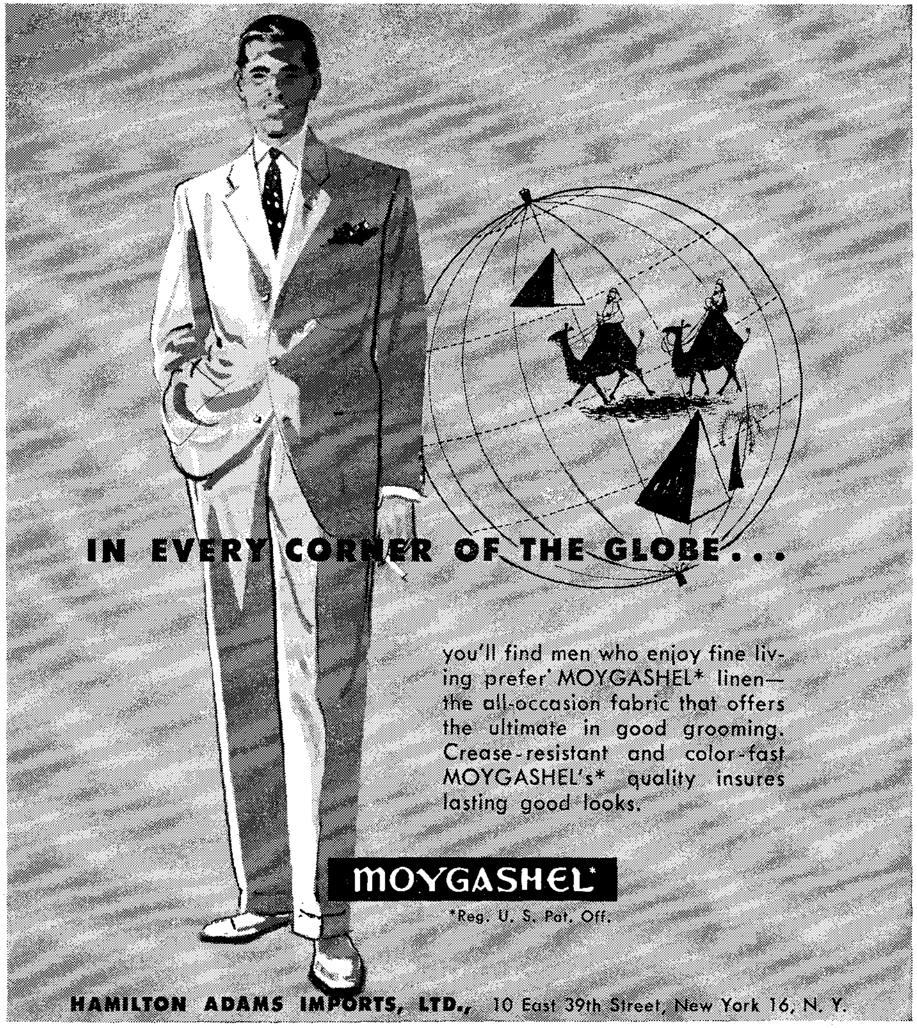
IN still another introductory note to the quiz, *Time* said, "Let us know how you did and what part was the toughest." Well, now, gentlemen, I'll tell you. I did pretty good for the first hundred questions. In fact, as I turned in to the homestretch, I was informed by my wife, who had been checking my answers against the correct ones as I went along, that, to her amazement, I stood an outside chance of landing in the "very well-informed" bracket. I'd committed only nine mistakes up to then, she said, and if I negotiated the last five questions without faltering, I'd have made it.

Questions 101 through 105 had an introduction of their own. "*Time* Cover Quiz," it said. "15 men, and 1 woman have appeared on the covers of *Time* since June. How many can you identify by these excerpts from cover stories about them?" I'd never previously met up with anything like that in a *Time* quiz (I have since learned that similar categories were included in two quizzes published earlier this year, probably at a time when I was putting up screens, or taking down poison ivy, or something), and I read the first excerpt with mounting apprehension. "He has personally made a groping effort to set matters right," it said. "Once he gave $10,000 to buy shoes for the barefooted." That was all, and for an instant I thought I was back in the era when radio audiences were trying to figure out, from clues of just about equal substance, who Mr. Hush might be. The five names that followed were William Boyle, King Farouk I of Egypt, John Foster Dulles, Mario Lanza, and Lieutenant General Vasily Stalin. Now, I am as aware as the next person of the recent major activities of this celebrated quinquevirate, but I'd never heard of any of them indulging in such beneficence, and, not having read *Time's* cover stories on a single one of them, I was nonplussed.

Looking hastily at the other four questions in this group, I found them all similarly baffling. Question No. 103, for instance, put it up to me to decide whether it was Bert Lahr, General Jean de Lattre de Tassigny, Joe McCarthy, James Thurber, or Mr. Dulles about whom *Time* had written, "Although he believes he is essentially optimistic about the human species, he tends to nurse doubt when he rolls the subject around in his mind." Rolling that nugget of prose around in *my* mind, I concluded that it could be applied to any of that gang, or, indeed, to practically anybody in the world; I sometimes feel that way about mankind myself.

What was going on here, anyway? Unless by implausibly accurate guesswork I should stumble across the solution to these obscure riddles, I'd forfeit my chance of being very well-informed. So, presumably, would many other hapless quizzees who had failed to snake through every twisting labyrinth of every *Time* cover story. Yet *Time* had taken pains to declare that the test wasn't designed exclusively for its readers. Could it be that *Time* espouses a double standard of very-well-informedness—ninety-six out of a hundred and five being par for the cover-story crowd and ninety-six out of a hundred for skimmers and skippers? Did the imposition of such a handicap on the cover-story abstainers mean that *Time* regards them as basically better informed than people who devour every morsel of its cover stories? Or did *Time* expect those of us stopped cold by the final five questions to peek at the answers, and was that perhaps why the answers hadn't been inverted? If this was so, it was a terrible way for a magazine to behave that has been unrelentingly chiding the American people for tolerating shady five-percenters and other citizens of dubious moral tone.

I DIDN'T know the answers to any of my own questions, either, so I began stabbing wildly at *Time's*. After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veering briefly toward Mario Lanza as the man most likely to have given away ten thousand dollars' worth of shoes in a groping effort to set some matter right—the whole thing sounded to me suspiciously like the kind of stunt a movie actor's press agent would concoct to soothe the ruffled feelings of a large orphans' home after his client had disappointed the kids by promising to do a benefit performance for them and then standing them up—I ultimately settled on Vasily Stalin. After all, it was pure speculation on my part that Lanza had done anything out of line, whereas I could think of endless people, barefooted and otherwise, to whom young Stalin might, by some impulse of filial disloyalty, have been moved to make amends. As for the "essentially optimistic" chap in Question 103 who nursed doubt about his fellow-man, one of the five gentlemen on that list of selections was indisputably the greatest doubt nurser of his age. So I cast a resounding vote for Senator McCarthy.

I shall not bother here to go into a detailed analysis of the deductive processes that prompted me to answer the remaining three questions as I did, save to acknowledge that I proved to be wrong, as, indeed, I proved to be wrong in the two instances I have cited. It turned out to be Farouk, of all people, who had bought the shoes, and Thurber whom *Time* had assayed as the manic-depressive. I ended up, accordingly, with fourteen mistakes, and in an agitated state of—though, in *Time's* unbending view, having a rather far from very well-informed—mind. That's the part of the quiz that was the toughest, *Time*. If you carry this sort of ugly trend much further, your quizzes will become so esoteric that the only people qualified to make a self-satisfying score on them will be your own researchers, and I'll be damned if I can see why they would want to spend their leisure hours answering questions about their own labors. As for me, even if I should find the time again, I'll probably nevermore seek to know how well-informed, or ill-informed, I am, and I expect my ignorance of this to be: 1) Incalculable, 2) Culpable, 3) Palpable, 4) General Jean de Lattre de Tassigny, or 5) Bliss. You guessed it. —E. J. KAHN, JR.

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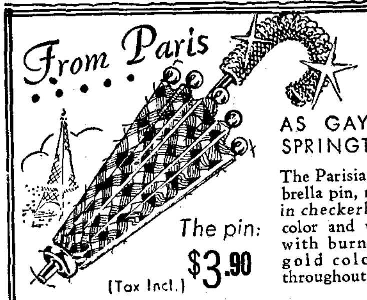
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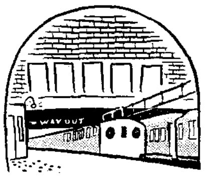
NOVEMBER 12



England has now had its first look at its new Government, and, on the whole, the change of climate seems bracing. Some critical Conservatives wish it were even more so. They think, paradoxically, that if this Government has not made itself universally unpopular within a year, it will deserve to be thrown out, and probably will be. By the same token, there are Labourites who declare that if the Conservatives must be in at all, it would be better if they were in with a firmer majority, which would make the rowdier elements of the Opposition less bouncingly inclined to harass the Government's Ministers at every turn—not just on the points the Socialists naturally feel bound to attack—and thereby waste everybody's time and patience at a moment that the sensible men in every party recognize as a crisis for all.

Some apparently durable aspects of the political setup have been plainly indicated since Parliament opened last week. (By an unusual coincidence—and an apt one, considering the extreme danger of the situation it met to sit upon—it opened on November 6th, the same date as the Parliament of 1605, which Guy Fawkes had planned to blow sky-high.) In the first place, it was illuminatingly proved that nothing rejuvenates like being on the offensive. Though there were marked signs of the dilapidation of office among some of the inhabitants of the Opposition front bench, Mr. Attlee (whose award of the Order of Merit by the King has been a general, non-Party satisfaction) darted to the attack with a new jaunty waspishness, which maybe was the result of relief from recent strain or maybe was meant to signify to his own side of the House that there is plenty of life in the old leader yet. Now that Parliament is again almost equally divided—a division that most people feel gloomily is likely to last a long time—its members appear to be imitating the liveliness of their less equally divided French neighbors. In spite of Mr. Attlee's assurance that the Opposition intends to be "vigilant but not factious," there was little evidence in last week's rumpuses that Mr. Churchill will get the "period of tolerant and constructive debating" he hopefully mentioned.

If these early skirmishes made it clear that the Opposition, at least in the first flush of defeat, is going to set about its classic job of opposing with a raucous acerbity (which is certainly sharpened by the memory of the recent months when the present Government had the Socialists mercilessly on the hop), it is also clear that Mr. Churchill and his new team are out to tread as tactfully as possible among their many difficulties. On November 7th, Richard Butler, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his speech giving the House an account of what he had found in the Treasury and setting forth his first ideas on what was to be done, conspicuously refrained from throwing the blame for the yawning emptiness of the cupboard upon the late housekeepers. The Labour backbenchers, however, refrained from none of the simpler emotions. When Mr. Churchill spoke, they could not restrain their roars of delight—though the occasion, goodness knows, was no roaring matter—at the spectacle of a Conservative Prime Minister's having to tell the House and the waiting country, for all the world like a Socialist Food Minister, that the meat ration must go down to a shilling-and-five-pence worth a week, and may even have to go lower. This considerably dashed some ludicrously optimistic Conservative voters, who had had the notion that immediately following a Churchill victory steaks would automatically start showering down like pesos from a Perón heaven.

There was also a derisive hubbub over Churchill's calling the Ministerial salary cuts that he and his colleagues have taken a top-level signal to the nation that retrenchment time is here, for Labour wrathfully assumes that most of the Conservative Ministers are affluent enough to render the gesture pretty painless to them. In the economic debate, Hugh Gaitskell, the former Chancellor of the Exchequer, amusingly demonstrated that these reductions, because of the consequent loss of taxes to the Treasury, stood to gain the nation as little as twenty-five pounds a year per Minister. The Opposition was also loud in its disapproval of the Prime Minister's announcement that a secret session of Parliament on defense, for which he has long been agitating, would be held. On this question, there are those outside the Labour Party who consider that a secret session is a measure for wartime—and even then not always an entirely successful one—that, taken now, could give the public the uneasy feeling that the Government is trying

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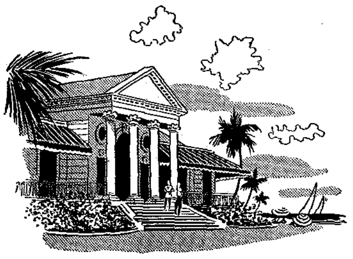

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to sidestep criticism and might well produce an atmosphere of alarm and rumors, in which the Bevanites' propaganda against the Americans, and against Churchill as a dangerous man of war, would do just fine.

Mr. Churchill created the biggest to-do, though, by blandly stating that Parliament would go off on its Christmas recess early in December and not come back until early February (the date has now been advanced to the last days of January), to allow the Government to sort things out a bit after six years' absence from office. This break being nearly twice as long as the usual one, some Labour members chose to view his action as a dictatorial slamming of their own front door in their faces, angrily howled "Cromwell!," and accused the Conservatives of needing the extra breather for scratching together a policy they obviously don't have. This was, of course, before the announcement that Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden would go to Washington in January, which has caused relief here, since people are increasingly coming to feel that there must be a new job of explaining to the American people England's special defense problems (including, for one thing, the special and uncomfortable consciousness that here, on their small, crowded island, the English are sitting bang on America's atomic front line). There is also a cautious amount of hope that Mr. Churchill will be able to work out with the President some possible initiative concerning the Soviet leaders. It was noticeable that the last part of the Prime Minister's speech before the House of Commons the other day, in which he vigorously threw overboard the idea that cold warfare must be the never-ending burden of our times, was heard by a suddenly intent Opposition, which broke silence only to cheer.

NATURALLY, the principal topic of everybody's conversation at the moment is the new Chancellor's statement on the frightening deterioration of England's finances, and his first proposals for stopping the drift, which have caused both shock and relief here. As a matter of fact, although some Conservatives talk as though they had just inherited a business and taken their first, horrified squint at the books, which revealed chaos beyond their wildest apprehensions, Mr. Gaitskell, when he was Chancellor, gave out repeated economic warnings up to the time of the election, and it is only the speed of the recent appalling drop that need have surprised anyone. In the unreal election atmosphere, however, both sides were equally

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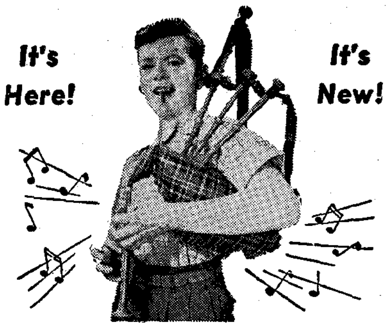
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eager to hush up the nasty facts and to promise voters that their standard of living would be tenderly maintained and the awful cost of living sternly attacked. Now, in the cold light of day, the switch in roles has been startling, especially to the Conservatives, who find themselves still awkwardly dangling a few slogans left over from the election, which they wish people would forget but which the Labour side, it may safely be affirmed, won't give them a chance to. On the other hand, the realization that the country is at last squaring up to its unhappy economic position seems to have brought a sort of wry comfort to all kinds of English, to judge by the frequency with which they keep repeating (in contradiction to the satisfied opinion of many Labour politicians that the food cuts and the rest of the disappointments will lose the Conservatives a packet of support in the "next time" they are already talking about) that it was high time something was done. The something that has been done so far will reduce their food and travel, and keep thousands of Whitehall workers wondering jumpily between now and January 1st where the Government economies that Butler promised are going to fall.

For the average housewife, who mostly couldn't afford to buy the imported luxury foodstuffs that are going to disappear from the shops and that, ironically, it has taken a Conservative Chancellor to say a firm Socialist "no" to, the principal worry is the coming cut in some of the rationed foodstuffs. The Chancellor, in speaking of housing plans, was heckled with shouts of "Three hundred thousand," this being the toothsome round number of new houses that the Conservatives set as a goal in their election platform and that they now must wish they had left a bit more vague. As a final anxiety, the coal situation is so serious that the average household's supply will be down to about two buckets of the precious stuff a day this winter. It's good, important news to send out of England right now that the weather is daily unrolling yards of something resembling gray, sopping-wet, but warm cotton wool. To Londoners, "Long May It Rain" is a hopeful economic cry in the day-to-day waging of their own private, very cold war.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

●

"E PLURIBUS UNION"!
If you don't know what that means—ask some Boy Scout. THEY KNOW!
—*Nueces County (Texas) Legionnaire.*

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men like the lovats . . .
hail the heathers!

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Selected fine men's stores are now able to show you GLEN CRAIGIE jackets in various new combined groupings of broken herringbones, checks, diagonals and barleycorns in lovats, heathers, moorits and other blended colourings. Tailored with easy natural lines, the gentleman's choice undated.

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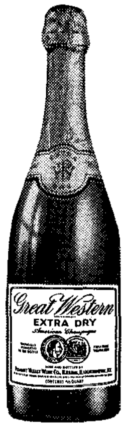

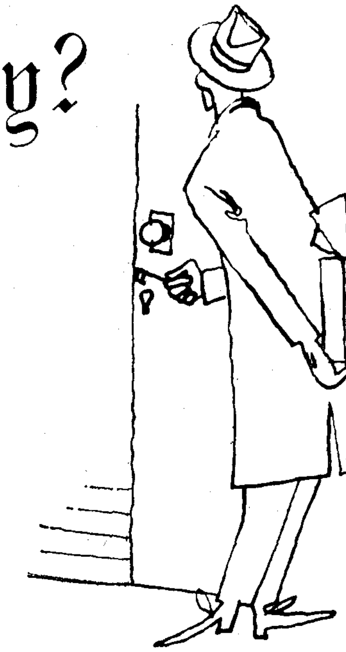

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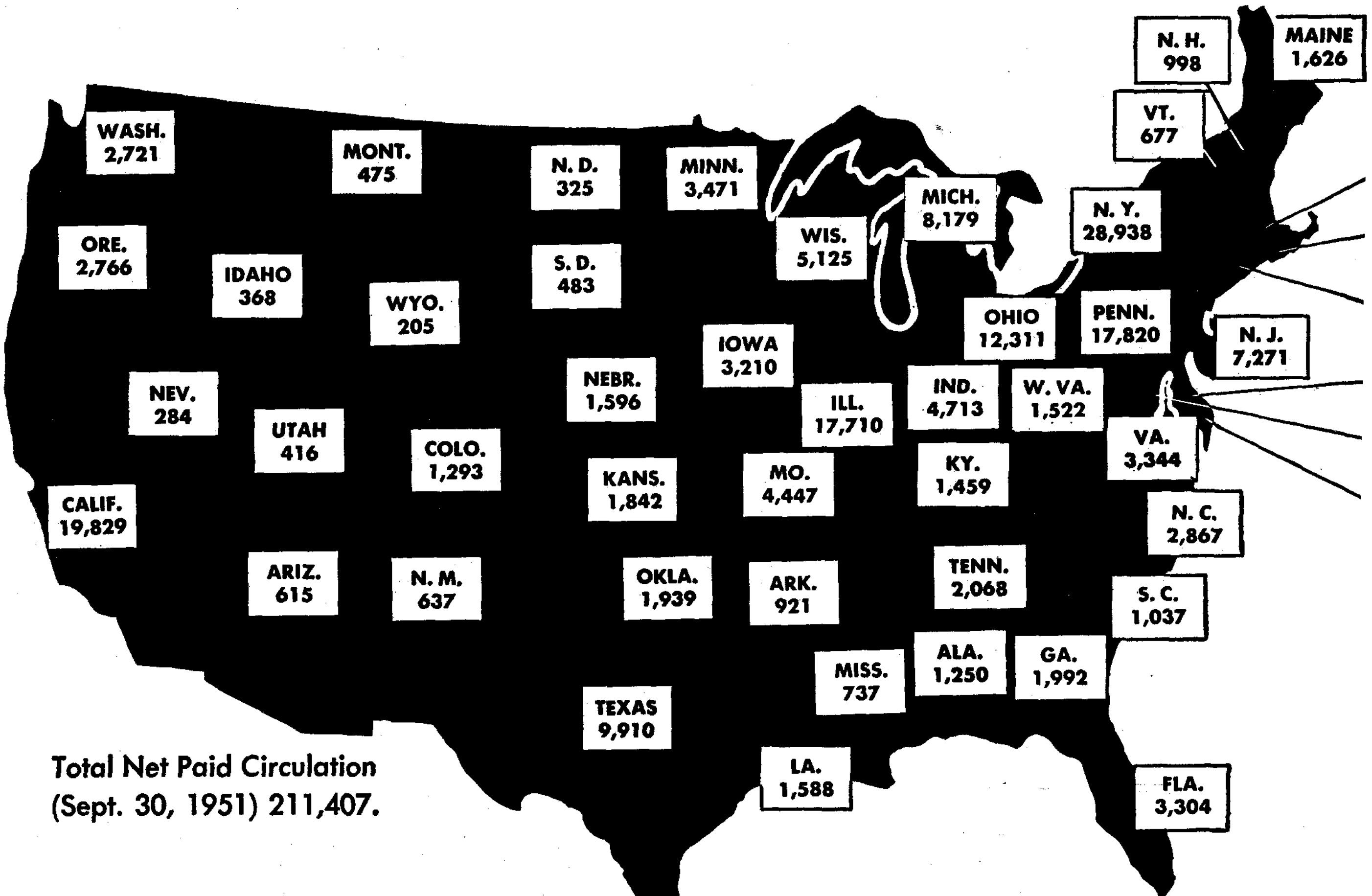
WHERE? State by state . . . wherever you find business you find The Wall Street Journal


N. H.
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MAINE
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N. D.
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MINN.
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MICH.
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N. Y.
28,938
ORE.
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IDAHO
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WYO.
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S. D.
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WIS.
5,125
OHIO
12,311
PENN.
17,820
N. J.
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IOWA
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NEBR.
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NEV.
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COLO.
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FLA.
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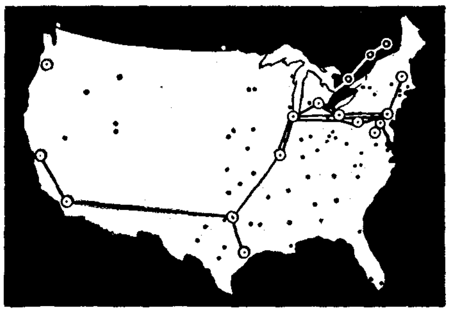
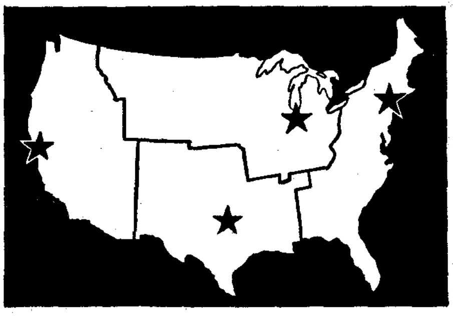
Total Net Paid Circulation (Sept. 30, 1951) 211,407.



Here is The Wall Street Journal's business-news gathering network . . . the world's largest. Shown above are The Journal's 17 U.S. and Canadian news bureaus (staffed by nearly 200 business-news specialists), its 96 correspondents in other important news areas . . . the private wire system providing constant contact between points of news origin and The Wall Street Journal's four printing plants.

⦿ NEWS BUREAUS ● CORRESPONDENTS
▬ DIRECT NEWS WIRE SYSTEM



Wall Street Journal publishing plants in four of the country's major regions produce and distribute the complete news-fresh product . . . the National Business Daily . . . achieving date-of-issue delivery to more than 84% of its 211,407 subscribers.

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86,337	are Chairmen, Presidents, Owne and Partners of businesses!
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With nearly 200 staff reporters and editors... working out of Journal news bureaus in 17 key cities . . . with special correspondents in 96 other cities . . . with the largest private wire system of any publication . . . with the output of every major press association... with a technique that sifts, sorts and summarizes . . . with an insistence on easy-to-read writing and typography . . . with printing plants in New York, Chicago, Dallas and San Francisco making delivery to more than 84% of its coast-to-coast readership on date of issue.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR THE HOUSE

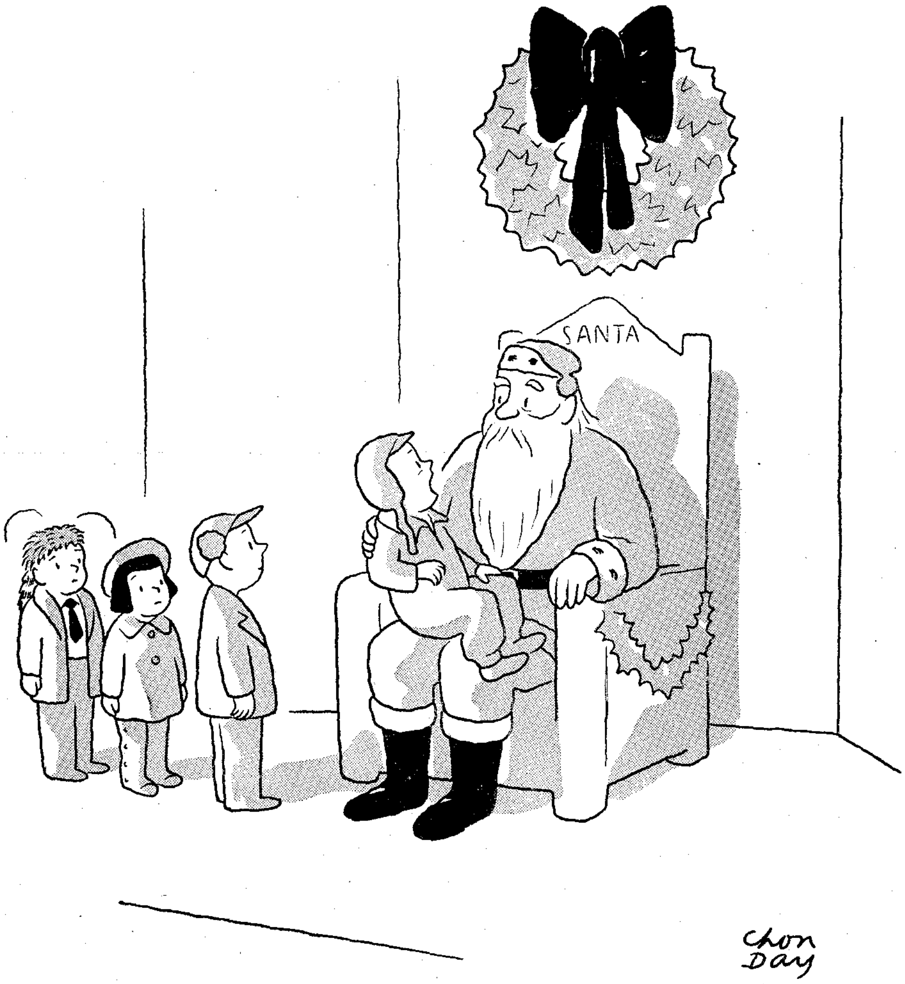
HAVING already issued a couple of warnings on the imminence of Christmas and the virtue of preparedness, we now resolutely tackle one of the major problems of our annual shopping list—gifts for the house. In our last two issues, we have dealt with custom-made presents, wrappings and trimmings, and jewelry, and next week we'll take care of the young fry, with a survey of toys and children's books.

Even at this comparatively early date, when the counters still haven't really been picked over, the stores strike us as not overflowing with good things for lady and gentleman householders. What they'll be when the Christmas crowds turn out in force we strongly advise you not to wait and see. Instead, we invite you to ease yourselves gently into the fracas by considering the relatively simple matter of presents for the youngest householders of all—babies, who, not having any Christmas experience to go on, will take what they get. To begin at the beginning, which is, obviously, the cradle, Mary Muller, 18 Greenwich Avenue (10th), can provide any infant who has a taste for Early American decoration with authentic and quite endearing cradles of that period. In the Muller collection there are to be found, for $48 each, a pre-Revolutionary cradle from Maine, with its original red paint (red paint decorated most children's furniture of the period); a post-Revolutionary Pennsylvania Dutch cradle of walnut, with an arm at the head for hanging a mosquito net on; and a New England pine cradle made around 1810. More cradles—extremely rare and beautiful ones—are to be had at Helena Penrose, 931 Third Avenue (56th). One of these, made in the Cherry Valley just after 1800, and priced at $65, is constructed of maple slats curved like the ribs of a boat and swung in a light maple frame, which has two big wheels in front so it can be rolled about. Another, this one $75 and dating from the end of the eighteenth century, is made of widely spaced strips of walnut running lengthwise. Still another, of the early, hooded type, with solid sides, is made of pine; it's $65. For a household containing children of slightly more advanced years, the Penrose shop, a fascinating treasure-trove of Early Americana, has a few enchanting red-painted high chairs, with the rounded arms and back of a ship captain's chair, for around $45 each.

Since good-looking high chairs are not easy to come by, the modern variety being almost invariably so commonplace in design that it may explain many an infant's mealtime fretfulness, we had better go back to the Mary Muller shop, where there is a considerably larger collection of them. The prices here run from $24, for a Windsor in its original green paint (for $11 more, you can get it with the old paint removed and a new finish put on), to $35, for a sturdy little maple-and-hickory number.

For children three to six years old, there is a comfortable rattan armchair ($8.50) at Piazza, 217 East 49th Street. It has the same graceful lines that characterize much of the modern Italian furniture for adults. Bonniers, 605 Madison Avenue (58th), has a child's chair in birch, with red or green webbing on the seat and back ($18), and at Mary Muller again, there are several nice old rocking chairs, notably one with a high cane back and a cane seat ($22)—the kind that must have been in every nursery in the land shortly after the Civil War.

It's an odd way of introducing the Parnassus old-print shop, a distinguished concern that recently moved to new quarters at 509 Madison Avenue (53rd), to call attention to some of its less important merchandise—inexpensive bird prints suitable for decorating the walls of a child's room—but the Audubon lithographs and the Catesby engravings to be found here seem to us such a happy thought for young ornithologists that we can't resist leading you into the new showrooms, more or less by the back door, to have a look at them. The Audubon plates, which are hand-colored and matted and framed (they measure twelve inches by fifteen over-all), are from the 1841 edition and include the Connecticut warbler, the



"How come you don't *know* *whether I've been good?"*

The right curves can do you a good turn, darling!

And what a lovely lift to the soft rounded curves of Fashion, your Warner-wonderful bra! Beautiful bras, artfully designed to uphold the loveliness of little girls, just starting their ABC's. Discreet bras, tastefully tailored . . . with all the finesse of the little French dressmaker . . . to the charms of big sister. Warner-wonderful bras! *First* to give you 3-Way-Sizes . . . cup, band and uplift . . . all with adjustable closings. From $1.50 to $10 at the nicest stores, here and in Canada.

Your ardent admirer! All A'Lure bras are made of satin or nylon elastic that follows your every move like a flattering escort. Above: French decor of Alençon. Other combinations with elastic . . . from $3.50.

Flowery compliment! Our famous petal-cup pattern is designed to enhance *all types and sizes!* In *every* size and cup. Above: nylon tissue taffeta and marquisette. Others in petal-soft broadcloth or satin . . . from $1.50.

Latest million dollar hold-up! Our strapless bras are dreamlined to *form*—not frame—with light, flexible bones and wiring. Long and short line styles. Below: satin elastic and whisper-soft nylon. Others in broadcloth or taffetas and marquisettes . . . from $2.25.

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WORLD FAMOUS FOR LE GANT* • WARNERETTE* • STA-UP-TOP*
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mockingbird, the western bluebird, and so on, and cost $12 each. The copper engravings by Mark Catesby, the English naturalist who drew American birds from life a hundred years before Audubon's time, show the lark, the purple grosbeak, the robin, and other birds familiar to American children. These are $16 each, unframed; matted and framed (nineteen inches by twenty-four), they're $30.

LEAVING the children at this point for their elders, if not betters, we shall now take up the next most important group on our list—the ladies in the kitchen. Almost certain to wring cries of delight from them is a brand-new line of Danish earthenware baking dishes at Georg Jensen, than which no more decorative baking dishes have been brought forward in years. The outside of this ovenware is a pale beige, and the inside is a brilliant black glaze with a scattering of stars made by slashes in the glaze to show the beige pottery beneath. The prices are surprisingly reasonable, running from $1.25, for a small bowl, to $3.50, for a generous-size one; large gratin dishes are around $3.

Soupçon, 203 East 61st Street, has imported from France a quantity of long-handled omelet pans of the sort that became de rigueur in that country long ago, after the original Mme. Poulard brought them to the attention of a reverent omelet-eating public, but have never found their way into the stores over here before. In case you haven't met up with these admirable, simple pans, they are made of iron, are not too heavy, and have a long iron handle set at an angle. Soupçon has them in two sizes, an eight-inch pan, at $5, and a ten-inch one, at $5.75. . . . Hammacher Schlemmer have a new collection of covered china baking dishes—remarkably fragile-looking, considering their durability—that come in white, brown, raspberry, or pale green. (The white was our choice.) The covers have knob handles in the shape of a pea pod. A family-size dish is $7.50, and a handy little pot just big enough for warming up leftovers for two is $2.95

Surely *every*body doesn't own one of those magnificent electric refrigerators equipped with a mysterious inner defrosting action that we read about in the ads, and it's darned sporting of Lewis & Conger to recognize the sorry plight of the underprivileged who don't. In their compassion, Mr. L. and Mr. C. offer a perfectly triumphant automatic defrosting contrivance that works in any old electric refrigerator. This may not sound like much of a Christmas present, but we should think that anyone who has to go through all the mess and inconvenience of doing the job by hand would be transported at receiving such a gift. It not only defrosts but actually seems to improve the effectiveness of the refrigerator. Furthermore, it ought to simplify life not only for the cook but for the drink-maker, since it prevents the accumulation of frost that leads to all that wrestling with ice trays. All these advantages for $9.95, and it's easy to install.

Just in time to let your best-loved cook rest her feet after a holiday bout in the kitchen, there has come from Sweden an ingeniously contrived work stool that can be adjusted to any height from sixteen inches to twenty-four. It has a round birchwood seat mounted on an extension shaft supported by an aluminum-finished steel tripod, and it costs $21 at Euster Associates, 104 East 28th Street. By pressing on a lever just below the seat, one can raise it, with practically no effort, to the desired height, and lock it there. At sixteen inches, the stool is convenient for bathing the baby; upped to twenty-four inches, it's O.K. for kitchen-table work.

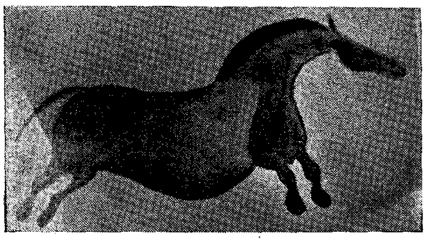
At Bazar Français, 666 Sixth Avenue (21st), you will find a new kind of stainless mesh-steel *panier à salade* that collapses and takes up no room to speak of in a cupboard drawer; it costs ninety cents and is, incidentally, very good-looking. . . . At Finland House, 41 East 50th Street, there is a superior breadboard ($1.50), constructed in Finland (where else?) of three-ply birch, and you can take it from us that it won't warp or crack or succumb to any of the ills ordinary breadboards are heir to. . . . The very nicest kind of kitchen memorandum board we know of, an old-fashioned school slate with a maple frame bound in red felt—just like the one your grandmother used in the third grade—can be ordered from the Vermont Country Store, Weston, Vermont. The price, which includes a slate pencil, a sponge eraser, and the postage east of the Mississippi, is $1. Orders are filled within five days.

BOWING to the familiar legend, whose origins go back to the remotest antiquity, that no woman ever has enough table mats, we shall now bring to your attention some mats so new and fresh and bright that there is

. . . if you number among your friends one who prizes the unique, the daring and the stimulating . . . then Gentry *is the Christmas gift for him.*

If, perchance, you have seen a copy of the first issue of GENTRY in the home of a discerning friend, then you know why we say that only those of an unusual turn of mind can fully appreciate this quarterly magazine. GENTRY is edited for the rather rare individual whose mind is ever open to new ideas, new forms; for the individual who respects the best of the thinking and art which has endured over the years; who feels that there is much, much more to living than merely making a living; and therefore seeks constantly to gain more from his hourly association with people, objects and ideas.

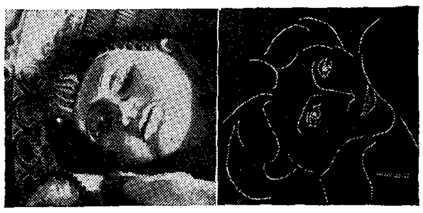
AMONG YOUR FRIENDS there may be one, possibly three or four such people; and since you wish to present them with a Christmas gift of an especial nature, which is attuned to their high level of thinking, we suggest a year's subscription to GENTRY (4 issues) as a suitable gift. Here, for example, is a brief description of just a few out of the long list of editorial features which will appear in the next issue of GENTRY; you can judge from them how intrigued and enthralled your discerning friends will be when they receive this fine magazine.



THE PORTFOLIO OF LOCOMOTIVES is a natural and equally beautiful sequel to the Portfolio of Old Automobiles which appeared in the first issue of GENTRY. In the Portfolio you will find handsomely drawn and expensively colored reproductions of the most famous types of railway locomotives, luxuriously printed on fine mat paper and suitable for detaching and mounting.

HOW MODERN IS MODERN? Those who create, and many who admire modern art and invention will either disagree or be enthralled with this article. Side by side the editors show examples from the works of artists and inventors of today as well as centuries ago; the parallel of both thinking and technique is striking, to say the least. Even an atomic explosion was foreseen in the 15th Century!

IT COSTS NO MORE TO OWN THE PROPER FASHIONS, and GENTRY's fashion editors give you a preview of the most acceptable of coming fashions for men, created both abroad and in this country. It is intended not at all as a stereotyped guide for all men's dress but rather to suggest the lines along which you should seek when ordering your apparel and haberdashery for Spring 1952. Please note that to add authenticity to Gentry fashions many actual examples of fabrics are used along with illustrations.



THE IMPORTANCE OF THE HAND IN UNDERSTANDING is one of the most effective features of GENTRY. That is why, in each issue, you will encounter many tip-ons and many tri-dimensional forms of presentation.

The 'Wet' Fly in Troutfishing

In the third issue of GENTRY there will be a presentation of the Gentry Fly, a story on trout fishing, replete with full-color pictures and step-by-step illustrations on tying the Gentry Fly. The reason this story cannot appear until Issue No. 3 is that an actual hand-tied *wet* fly will be attached to a page of the story and since it takes extremely skilled hands to tie a fine fly, we will not have the thousands of Gentry Flies ready until sometime in March.

WUXTRY! WUXTRY! BIG FIGHT! In a rather surprising form, the details of the prize fight between John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain held on the outskirts of New Orleans is reported by GENTRY'S sports editors. We promise you not only some hitherto unrevealed facts but a few chuckles as well.

* * *

In the list of those who have already oversubscribed the first edition of GENTRY are cabinet members, generals, industry leaders, prominent educators and journalists. Frankly, not all of the charter subscribers reflected the general enthusiasm over GENTRY; among our subscribers a handful (31 to be precise) wrote, some in strong language, to tell us why they objected to certain articles and treatments in GENTRY. On the other hand, here are some quotes from letters we received by the hundreds:

". . . And in the 51 years I have been reading every available form of publication, I can sincerely write that GENTRY is among the half dozen I shall always prize for their real contribution to a fuller life . . ."

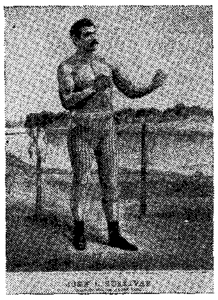
". . . That's why I bought GENTRY, and sent it to my son overseas. I want him, at this age, to understand and appreciate the true sense of what it means to be a Man . . ."

". . . My wife and I agree on one point: more people of substance should read GENTRY; it would enrich and provide them with a more understanding point of view in their dealings with other people."

GENTRY, despite its high price, is not a magazine for the wealthy alone; it is, rather, for those rich in *mind,* and such of your friends as can make full use of GENTRY'S stimulating and inspirational content will consider it a superb Christmas gift.

* * *

AN IMPORTANT POINT. When you order a Gift Subscription, we will instantly check each recipient's name against our master list of subscribers; should we find your friend is already on the rolls, you will be notified at once so that you may either cancel your order or substitute the name of another friend.



CHRISTMAS BONUS. A very fine reproduction of a rare Currier and Ives lithograph of world champion John L. Sullivan will be sent free with Volume 2 of GENTRY. It is printed on a heavy mat paper in the true lithograph color process with hot-plate embossing. The original, which is slightly larger, today is unobtainable at practically any price. Suitable for framing, it will be a bonus gift to all GENTRY subscribers.

GENTRY Empire State Bldg.
New York 1, N. Y.

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(Signed)..

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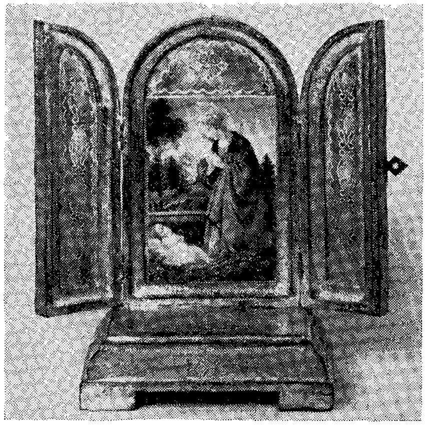
some danger they aren't the sort the legend refers to, after all. These exquisite conceits, along with some equally captivating tablecloths, show the work of the celebrated French designer Paule Marrot. They are sold, through decorators, at the showrooms of Margaret Owen, 515 Madison Avenue (53rd), where Mme. Marrot's gaily fanciful wallpapers have achieved great success. Indeed, the mats have much of the unhackneyed quality of the wallpapers—the same airiness and grace and the same daring use of pale, yet striking, colors. Most of the mats and cloths are of a heavy French cotton material that is quite different from any cotton material of our own, and, although the patterns on the mats probably won't appeal greatly to the rigidly formal who want their mats as well as their menus to conform to an established pattern, they should be welcome on tables where imagination has freer rein. Nearly all the designs involve flowers—usually small ones. Some particularly pleasing ones show a fat wreath of pink-tipped English daisies and green foliage on white; napkins to go with these have a cluster of daisies and foliage in the middle and a daisy in each corner. Other mats have two stiff bunches of narcissi on a morning-glory-blue background; the napkins for these bear a small pink rose and a few scattered narcissi. Still other mats, with white backgrounds, have a design of yellow buttercups with blue butterflies hovering above them. The mats are all twelve and a half inches by eighteen, and the napkins, which come unhemmed, are fifteen by eighteen; a set of one mat and one napkin costs $4.50. Luncheon cloths fifty-one inches square, of this French cotton with six matching napkins, cost around $25, or, in a sheer voile that looks like the finest organdie, $30. On some of the cotton cloths, heads of oversize daisies (white and gray petals and yellow centers) make a deep, irregular border on a pink ground; on others, brown butterflies cavort on a white background over a border of bluebells. On a cobweb-thin white voile, an allover irregular pattern of clear yellow dots is broken by an occasional small flower—a pink carnation, a bluebell, or a poppy. A very different cloth, made of a heavier white French cotton, is sixty-five inches square, has a big sea shell, outlined in red, in the middle, with a sparse scattering of medium-size shells, outlined in red or navy blue, around it. The border is a wide band of navy edged on the inner side with small, closely spaced shells, and there is a good-size shell in each corner. This



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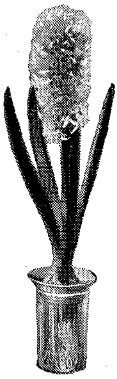

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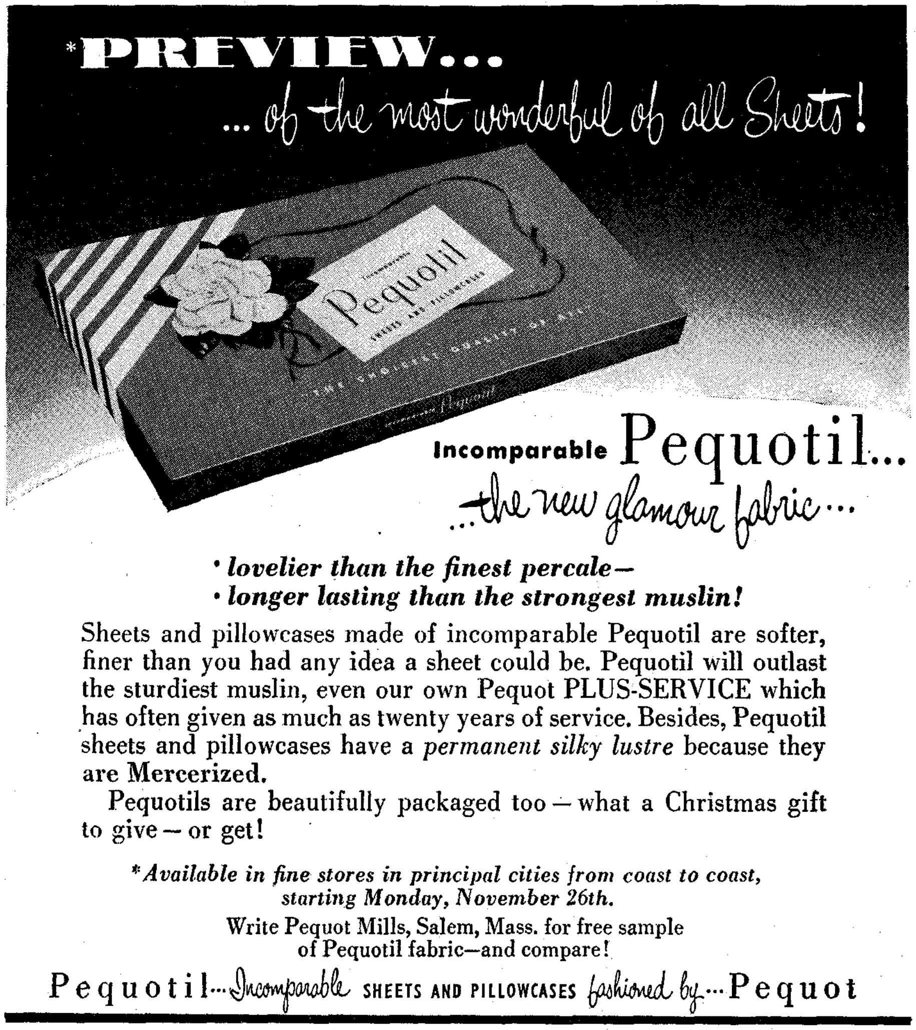
cloth, together with six napkins, costs $35.

As dissimilar as cloths and mats could well be from the Marrot ones, whose charm lies in the springlike quality of their design rather than in their materials, are some household linens handwoven at Blue Hill, Maine, and exhibited at Clara Brock Lownes, 25 East 64th Street. They owe their distinction to perfection of workmanship and to an imaginative combination of intricate weaves. There are a score or so of items—not only mats and cloths but bedspreads and aprons—on display at the Lownes shop; however, everything is woven to order, in colors of the client's choice (mats and cloths to harmonize with table china, for instance, and counterpanes to bring out the best in a bedroom's color scheme), so there isn't much point in doing more than direct you to these linens, which require two weeks to make up. To give you an idea of prices, we'll mention that all mats, even those in the most astonishingly elaborate weaves, and some with intricate borders done of metallic thread, cost $4.75 apiece; most of them measure thirteen by nineteen inches, and a few are fourteen by twenty. Perhaps the most arresting of the samples at the shop are vivid bedspreads woven of linen in a large plaid pattern of stone green, orange, hot pink, and chartreuse, guaranteed to make the most humdrum bedroom dance for joy; these cost $75 and can, of course, be ordered in more sedate colors. There are also some simply dazzling aprons, made of a washable combination of linen and wool that looks like the heaviest silk. These creations, which are woven in various colors—say, black on cinnamon, or a deep band of metallic silver thread (also washable) on black, or broad metallic stripes of pink and yellow on green linen—are made in any length and are full enough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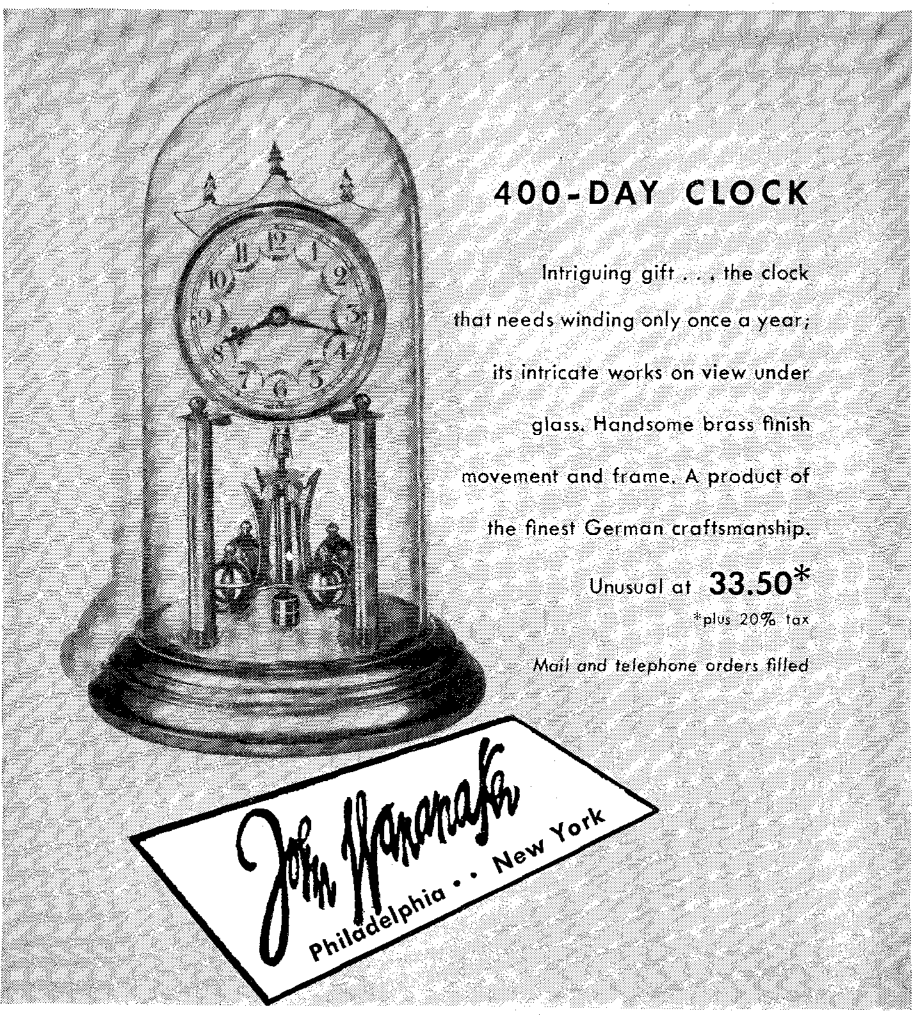
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to cover almost any skirt; they cost from $30 to $32.50.

For the benefit of those who have no idea of getting involved with hand weaves and their coincident expense, we shall now report on some placemats to be seen at Lord & Taylor. Unlike most inexpensive mats, which look so gay and personable in the shops yet never quite achieve that effect at home, these items cheer up a lunch table very prettily. The most notable elements of the collection are lacy mats of woven horsehair; they come in beguiling shades of violet, pink, pale green, and light blue. Some made of horsehair and straw come in violet, brown, celadon, aqua, and pale green, and there are others made of gold or silver metallic threads. All are round (fifteen inches in diameter). The horsehair and horsehair-straw types are $1.95 each and the metallics $2.50. With these mats, L. & T. advise using contrasting napkins—brown with gold, violet with green, and so on—and provide for that purpose, at from eighty cents to a dollar each, high-quality Belgian-linen ones in practically any shade you have a fancy for.

AT this point, we trust we are being followed by a large crowd of eager bargain hunters, because anybody who doesn't put a saving of cash above time and convenience will not be interested in traipsing with us to the Pottery Barn, 150 Tenth Avenue (20th), where various kinds of earthenware, china, ceramics, and glass, made by well-known manufacturers in this country and Europe, are sold at prices substantially lower than they bring in the purlieus of Madison Avenue. The Barn started business as an outlet for factory close-outs, seconds, and selected rejects in earthenware, and it still sells a good deal of imperfect merchandise, at greatly reduced prices. (For example, an eighty-two piece set of china in the Blue Ribbon pattern of the Arabia factory at Helsinki, a fair number of the pieces with negligible irregularities in glaze, costs $25.) Recently, though, it has begun handling items in first-class condition, and offering them at remarkably painless prices. Stunning Swedish vases of flawless cream-colored stoneware decorated with field flowers go for as low as $8.50. An almost unlimited quantity of ovenproof dishes, plates, and the like, all of celebrated makes, begin at fifty cents; trim jardinieres and *cache-pots* cost from $3 (for an exceptionally well-designed little pot with a hole in the bottom to insure the proper comfort for a geranium or other flower of modest dimensions, and an accompanying saucer) to $13.50 (for a handsome container big enough to hold a potted palm). Among some hundred-odd pottery lamp bases, the persevering shopper will be rewarded by finding a few that are extremely worth while. There is also a great quantity of glassware—Swedish dessert plates, at seventy-five cents each; some bubble-thin Bohemian Burgundy glasses, at $1; and bud vases with heavy, star-flecked ball stems, at from $1.50 up.

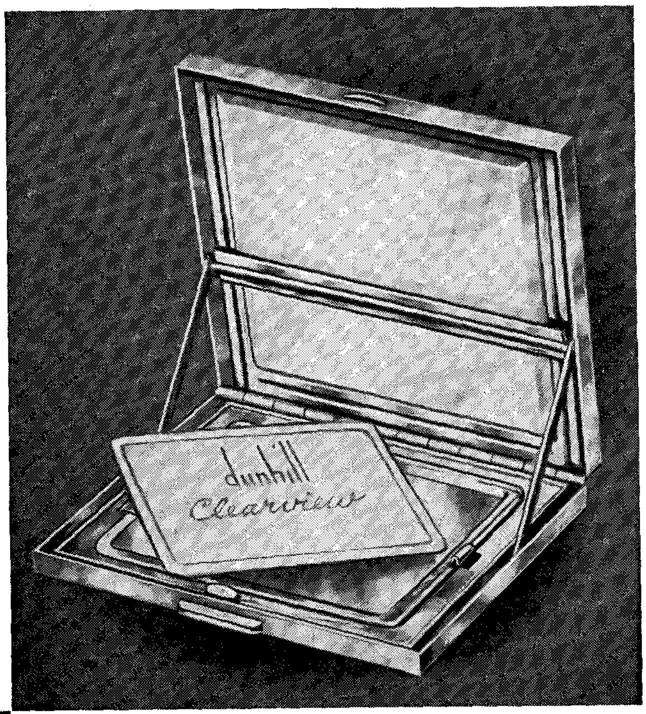
Perhaps we had better warn you that the Pottery Barn has the unpromising appearance of one of the less flourishing Salvation Army second-hand stores, and that the management would probably drop dead if asked to deliver a purchase.

TO shop for glassware at more conventional trading centers, let us now enter the impressive portals of Steuben Glass, at 718 Fifth Avenue (56th). It had always seemed to us that a Steuben work of art is a timeless piece, in no way related to the calendar, but apparently there are many Steuben admirers who count on the Corning Glass works to turn out a particular seasonal masterpiece just as anxiously as the devotees of fashion count on the annual output of MM. Fath and Dior. For the benefit of these up-to-the-minute connoisseurs, we should say right off that Steuben has recently come forth with a dozen or so pieces that are incredibly beautiful in both form and workmanship. To many designers, a vase is something pretty to look at and only incidentally a receptacle for flowers—any old flowers. Well, to anyone who cares about the arrangement of flowers, it will seem almost too good to be true to find at Steuben a variety of containers that evidently have been designed with specific flowers in mind. A flared vase with a deeply indented waist, decorated with two globular signets, for example, must have been created especially for a bouquet of that lovely but uncoöperative flower, the freesia; the height of this is six

and a half inches and the price is $25. Another new vase, seven and three-quarters inches high and also $25, is for long-stemmed flowers; its sides slope gently outward from a three-lobed, vaguely tulip-shaped base. For longer-stemmed plants, there is a taller vase, eleven and a half inches high, at $45, which stands on a base made up of vertical laid-on fingers of glass. And there is a magnificent bowl, which could be used for punch as well as for an important flower arrangement, that is supported by a base decorated with signetlike applied crystal ornaments. The bowl is nine and a quarter inches in diameter, and the price is $60. The brilliance of any crystal container obviously is dimmed when there is water in it, so the value of this laid-on work is to provide something that will glisten radiantly, water or no water.

If you can tear yourself away from the vases, there are a number of other rewarding new Steuben pieces, among them some ten-inch air-twist candlesticks ($80); an appealing abstract study, four inches high, of a fish on top of a wave, in scintillant crystal ($35); and a highly decorative, exaggeratedly heavy cigarette urn ($15) and matching individual ashtrays ($7.50 each), which will give the right touch to a dinner table.

Fortunately for the distracted Christmas giver, the life expectancy of a glass cocktail mixer is so brief that friends and relatives who received such things last year may very well be again standing in need of something in which to stir up a drink. One of the most unusual things of this kind is a gold-flecked Venetian-glass pitcher with the top edge curved in to hold back the ice as well as to create a lovely form; $21.50, at the Italian Book & Craft Shop, 25 East 54th Street, and at Piazza. . . . Bergdorf Goodman have, for $6 apiece, excellent reproductions of elaborately cut green Stoddard glass pitchers that would do fine for Martinis. . . . At Georg Jensen, there is a classically simple and very beautiful Orrefors shaker with a leakproof ground-glass stopper for $10. . . . And Piazza has a number of serviceable green glass pitchers, starting at $2.50, for the pint size. While at Piazza, anyone exploring the field of glasses as well as pitchers should be sure to look at some double-size Old-Fashioneds (*very* double), made of clear Venetian glass and decorated with line drawings in colored enamel of the façades of the palaces of Venice. Little squiggles in the foreground represent the water of the canals, and an



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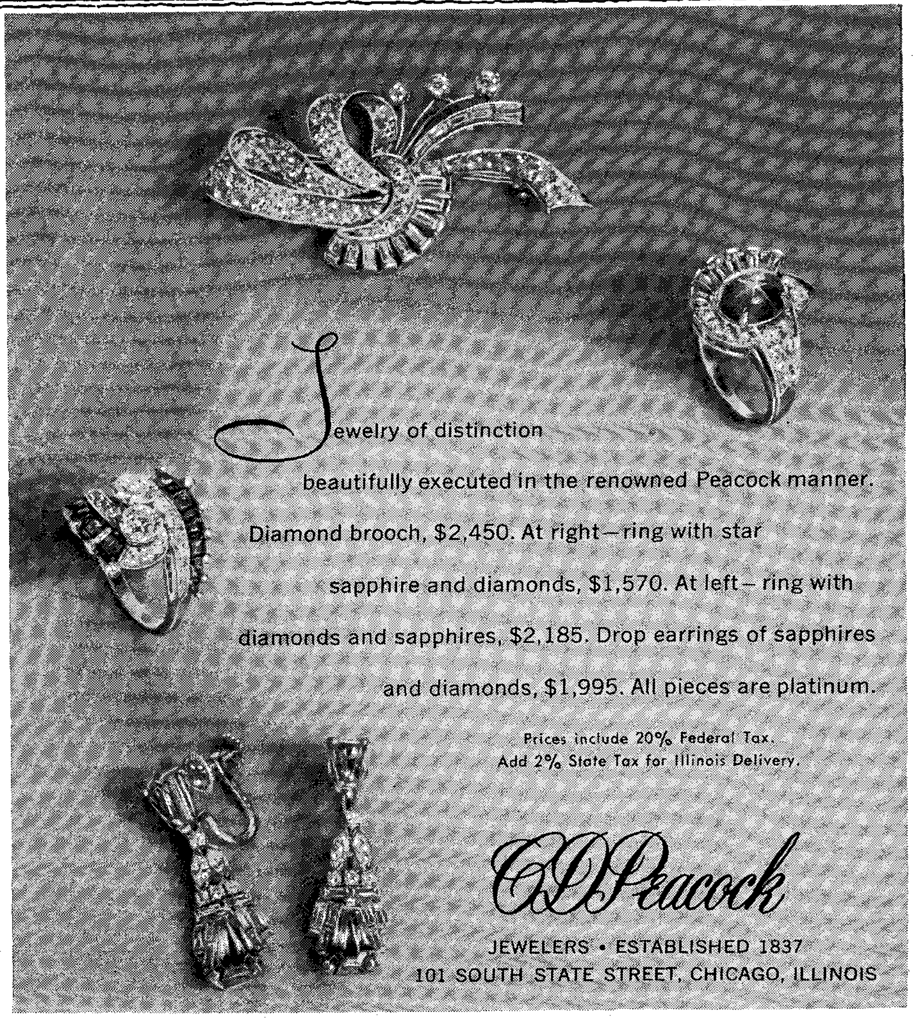

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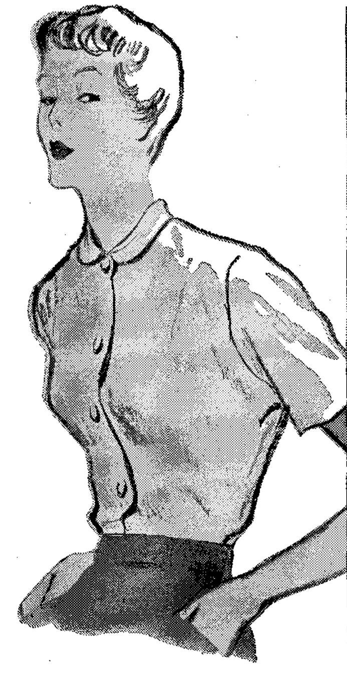
occasional gondola is sketchily outlined; $6 apiece for these. . . . Val St. Lambert, 9 East 55th Street, now offers the official Burgundy glasses of the Confrérie des Chevaliers du Tastevin, with the *écusson* of the society and the motto "Tastevin en Main" etched in the glass; they are $24 a dozen.

THERE probably hasn't been such an altogether satisfactory piece of table equipment brought out in years as those candle-heated *réchauds* that first turned up a year or two ago to keep food warm on tables. Although they have almost been done to death by this time, and produced in all kinds of unpleasant media, they are still, when good, very, very good, and well worth consideration as Christmas gifts. One of real distinction, a replica of an old brass-and-copper footwarmer, can be had at Saks' Guest & Gift Shop for $25; it will hold a large platter or a coffeepot and a hot-milk jug, and is pierced with cutout stars big enough to let the heat from two candles do its work very efficiently. A more modest but very pretty and useful *réchaud* is available at Bazar Français for $5.95; this one is of good-quality copper and has a black wooden handle. The Bazar offers also, of course, a practically unlimited choice of good copper utensils to set over the flame.

FOR a cheese lover, Soupçon has a cheese server the like of which has never been seen before in these parts—a gray-and-white marble Lazy Susan, fourteen inches in diameter, that turns on a brass rod set in a brass disc. It costs $45 (a twelve-inch one is $40), and there couldn't be a more appetizing or neater way of bringing cheese to the table. . . . At W. & J. Sloane, some flat trays ($13) in which two tiles decorated with line drawings of fish are set flush with narrow rims of blond wood, would make admirable cheeseboards. . . . Alice Marks, 9 West 57th Street, has a pretty and very utilitarian cheeseboard with a glass cloche at one end for varieties that need a certain restraint; there's plenty of room on the uncovered part of the board for an assortment of mild cheeses. It costs $10.

Soupçon has imported from France an engaging little butter dish, the practical advantages of which will be more apparent come warm weather: a sort of covered pottery tub, blue outside and white inside, which will hold more than enough butter for two, is set in another tub of the same pottery, which is to be filled with ice. This ornamental trifle—



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it costs $3.50, and would enhance the comfort as well as the looks of anybody's summer breakfast table—is not to be confused with an American butter dish of similar design but made of far less pleasing pottery. Still with butter on its mind, Soupçon offers those small brown stoneware crocks that are used for individual servings of butter in certain rural parts of France. They haven't been seen here since before the war; six for $3.

GEORGE NELSON, the designer, has been casting a critical eye on the average householder's hearth equipment, it seems, and has come up with a new group of informal and inexpensive fixtures, so straightforward in their simplicity that they are quite an improvement on the usual low-priced modern fireplace things. Morton & Smillow, 856 Lexington Avenue (64th), McCreery, and the Penthouse Gallery, 15 West 55th Street, carry most of his new tools, which include a log grate in an ingenious ribbed design that keeps the logs rolled together ($19.50); a sailcloth log carrier (also $19.50) that hangs in a semicircular iron rack when not toting logs; some clean-cut, functional-looking andirons (from $10 to $19.50); and a shovel-poker-tongs set with polished birch handles ($19.50 for a set to hang on a wall, and $25 with an iron stand). The metal parts are made of black-finished steel and iron.

Altman has recently imported an interesting collection of brass and copper fireside things—huge copper pots that would be splendid as coal scuttles, and a number of brass fenders of various sizes and designs. Most of these pieces, which were gathered from English country houses (in some instances, however, the

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our Mother and Daughter robes of warm, quilted, tiny-flowered rayon sheer with contrast rayon taffeta lining and piping. White or pale blue. Daughter's 2-4-6-6X, **14.98** Sizes 8-14 **16.98** Mother's (also in maize or pink backgrounds), 10-18 **19.95**

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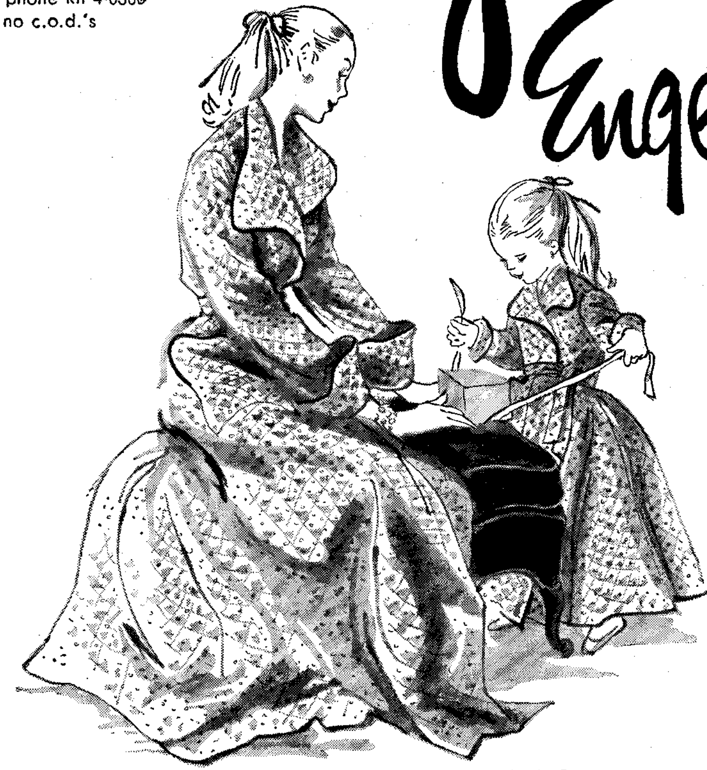
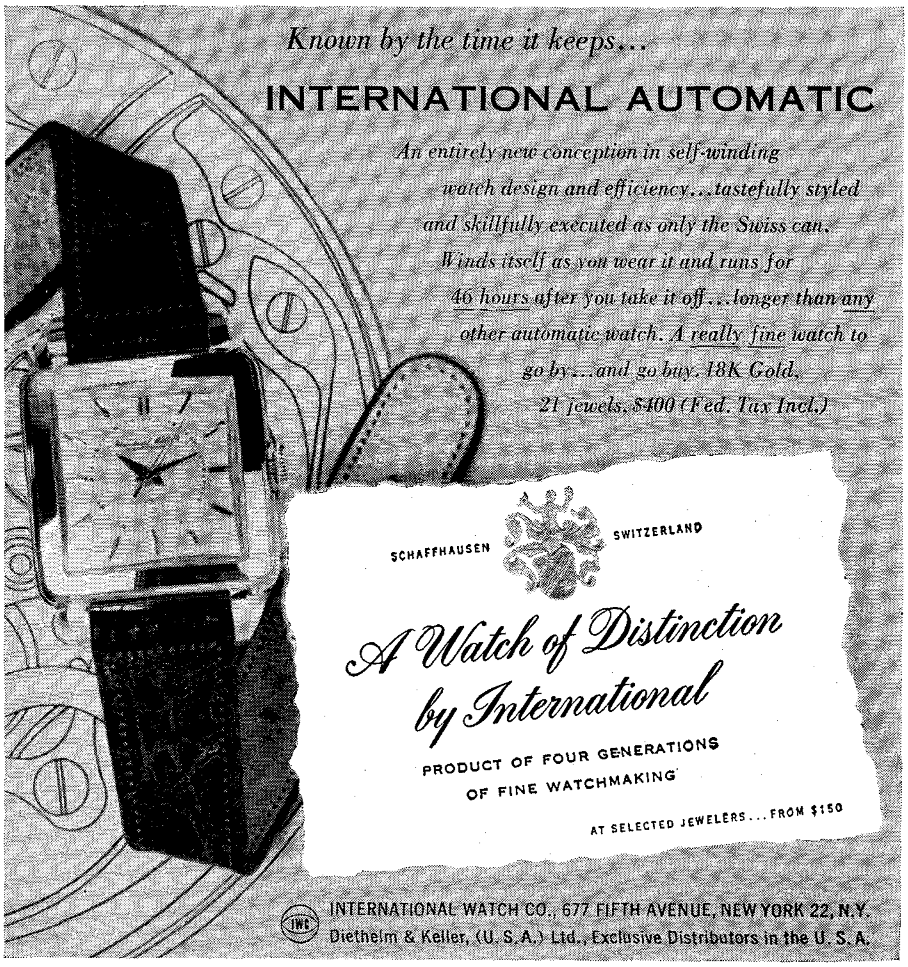


Madison at 79th, New York 21



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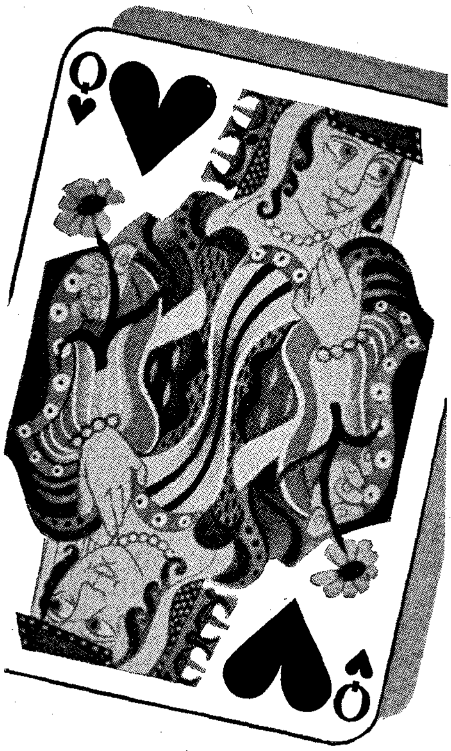

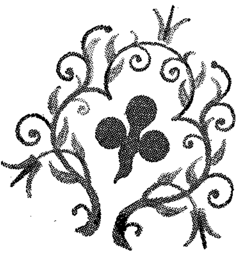

A blend of Medieval Imagerie

Grace your card table with these beautiful and unusual playing cards from the house of Hermès in Paris, exclusive with Salon Lenthéric in New York. The facial expressions of the court, the abundance of color are eloquent testimony to the genius of Cassandre, internationally celebrated designer-artist.
For bridge and canasta.

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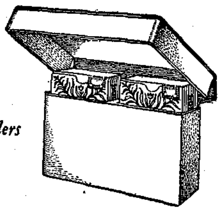

Salon Lenthéric
FIFTH AVE. at 53rd • PLAZA 3-6300

workmanship is Dutch), are of the period between the end of Queen Anne's reign and the early part of the nineteenth century, but there are a few fenders that go back to the Restoration. These are all one-of-a-kind items, so there is no telling just what Altman will have on hand by the time you get there. Prices run from $29.95, for a large copper cooking pot, to $69.95, for a Regency fender complete with tongs, poker, and stand.

Macy has a new kind of adjustable brass-mesh fire screen (it's called the Meyer-Screen), which, although it's low-priced ($28.14), looks and performs like a made-to-order, built-in job. It comes in two sections, which pull back like draw curtains to leave the fire entirely exposed when that's the way you want it; it's adaptable to almost any size fireplace, and a bright child could install it.

At Macy's Corner Shop, where it is often possible to pick up a satisfactory bargain in antiques, there is a sizable collection of nineteenth-century trays of tôle and papier-mâché. A very pleasing Victorian tray of brown papier-mâché with a pie-crust edge and a gold-and-floral design in the center costs $79.95; one of black tôle with a gold-leaf-and-acorn border is $39.95. . . . America House, 32 East 52nd Street, has some handsome and, as far as we know, unique trays made of such rare woods as African zebrawood, camphor (both the Formosa and the California varieties), and koa and monkeypod from Hawaii. All these trays are round (most are about nineteen inches in diameter) and have been hand-rubbed to bring out the depth and richness of the grain; for anyone who appreciates the beauty of exotic woods—or, for that matter, for anyone who needs a tray—one of these would be an inspired gift. Prices run from $30 to $45. Before we leave the subject of rare woods and the premises of America House, we had better mention an out-of-the-ordinary hand-carved salad bowl. It's made of monkeypod, has a deep, almost bucketlike shape, and costs $35, complete with salad servers of the same wood. . . . If you want to settle a serious tray-shortage problem in a friend's life once for all, you should consider a nest of three trays, ranging in length from fifteen inches to eighteen and a half, and in width from ten to twelve and a half, at Alice Marks. They are made of blond oak with a marked grain, they are quite light, they have inconspicuous chrome handles, and the whole set costs $15.50. They were made in Japan,

Pleasing Presence

Pretty, practical, and pleasing presents. Shell butter dish and spreader of English silverplate, glass liner, $12.50. Sterling clam shell ashtray, 6¼" $12.50*; 3½" $4.00*. Silver and wood peppermill, 4½" high, $10.50*. Silverplate Guernsey jug with wicker handle, $14.50.

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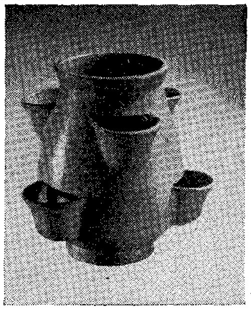
Antique English Silver and China Reproductions

For Window Gardeners . . .

This planter from Italy has seven separate pockets, and it's ideal for cacti, ferns, or ivy. In natural terra cotta, 8" in height. $5.50 ppd. Add .50 west of Mississippi.



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FOR CHILDREN, too, in natural or brown only.
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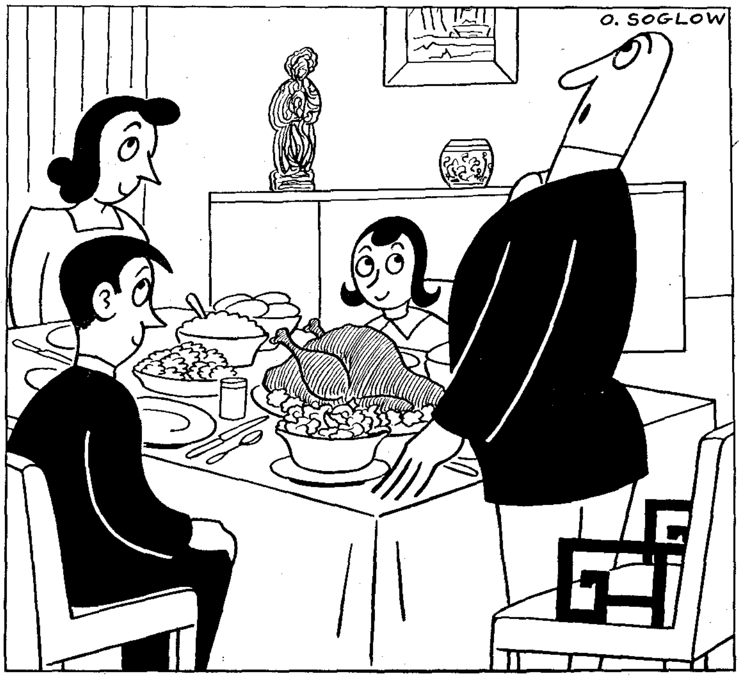
where tray makers seem to know all about alcoholproofing, waterproofing, and so on.

You might think there were enough trays to choose from in this town without our having to report on some that can be ordered from Virginia. However, we have seen some very special ones, decorated by Lucy Crockett, of the Wilderness Road Trading Post, Seven Mile Ford, Virginia, which are uncommon enough to be investigated. Miss Crockett, who is an artist in *découpage*, does trays, boxes, screens—every sort of thing—adorned with cut-outs chosen from her large collection of American, Chinese, Persian, and English prints. The particular work we would bring to your attention, though, is done to order—trays showing, say, a country home, a favorite horse, or a historic site the client has associations with. A photograph of the building and grounds, or the horse and rider, or whatever, is sent to Miss Crockett, who makes a sketch of it. After this has been approved by the client, the sketch is elaborated and colored, applied to the tray, and topped with three coats of a transparent lacquer that is waterproof and alcoholproof. Prices begin at $15, for a tray with one of Miss Crockett's *découpage* foxhunting scenes. Made-to-order trays are $43 and up. All orders are sent Railway Express collect. Delivery of custom items takes from three to eight days.

EVER since the Museum of Natural History put on an exhibit of Charles Chase's wooden sculpture of birds a couple of years ago, we have been wondering when this admirable work, which in its own field may be compared to that of Audubon, would be seen here again. Now, it's a pleasure to report, Mr. Chase's birds have come to roost at Hansen, 978 First Avenue (54th), where they can be not only admired as art but bought. In the rather small group at Hansen, there are a strutting ruffed grouse ($290); a cormorant on a pedestal of rocks ($270); a black duck picking her feathers ($135); and a yellowlegs, who is just standing there on his long, thin legs ($180). Each bird is carved from a single block of wood that more or less corresponds to the color of the bird—the cormorant in walnut, the yellowlegs in maple, and so on. The work maintains a remarkable balance between meticulously recorded detail and the sense of wildness and poetry that the birds evoke.

Birds of the air having been disposed of, we now move along, still in the same



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Actual size All 14K. gold
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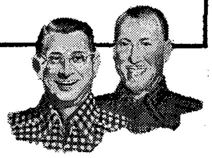

And you can save money, too! Harry and I ship these exclusive Christmas gifts direct from our orchards at one price, including: (1) gift wrapping, (2) greetings with your name enclosed, (3) delivery within U.S.A. express delivery zones. Prices subject to change without notice. No charges, no C.O.D.'s please. Order today...

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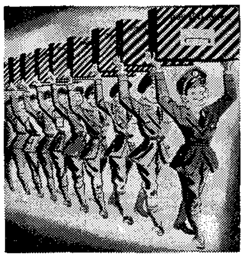

The gift that creates praise and excitement for you the year 'round. You order just once, but the lucky folks you name receive a whole parade of America's finest fruits 'n delicacies, each beautifully packaged with your greeting. Tell us how to sign the handsome engraved Membership Certificate announcing your gift and treats-to-come. 12-BOX CLUB: Royal Riviera Pears at Christmas; Apples, Jan.; Grapefruit, Feb.; Fine Cheese, Mar.; Preserves, April; Fruit Cake, May; Canned Fruit, June; Nectarines, July; Summer Pears, Aug.; Peaches, Sept.; Grapes, Oct.; Royal Riviera Pears, Nov. Gift No. 20, $43.75 delv'd. 8-BOX CLUB: Christmas, Jan., Feb., April, July, Sept., Oct., Nov. treats. Gift No. 15 $28.95 delv'd. 3-BOX CLUB: Christmas, Jan. and Feb. treats. Gift No. 11 $10.25 delv'd. (3-Box Club available Nov. 10–Jan. 15 only; others may start any time.) *®

shop, to carved-wood fishes of the deep, by Clark Voorhees. Mr. Voorhees doesn't go in for naturalistic detail, but he gets a real feeling of movement into his fish, executing them with a simplicity that makes them tremendously fetching decorations. One fish—just what kind we couldn't make out, but it has a baleful ivory eye—is carved from streaked brown-and-black ebony and measures seventeen inches long. It costs $50, on its small pedestal of zebrawood, and it would serve as an arresting centerpiece for a mantel. A group of nine slim fish (it comes in two sections, and each fish is carved separately and attached to a neighbor by screws and hidden pegs) gives the appearance of a school in full swim, an effect that is heightened by the wavy-grained zebrawood from which they were cut. The whole group, which is meant to hang on a wall, is $135. You can, though, buy one section (six fish) for $105, or the other (three) for $35.

NOT since late Victorian days have the bibelot, the objet d'art, and the ornament been so militantly entrenched in decoration as they are now. You will inevitably be offered a bewildering number of such things in the shops this season, so it would seem to be a humane act on our part to call your attention to some that we think are interesting or beautiful, or both. To begin with, we can speak most favorably of the stoneware animals done for the Rabun Studios, 810 Madison Avenue (68th), by John Caruthers, a first-rate California ceramist. Among this sleek fauna is a crocodile of black, heavy-as-lead stoneware with greenish-blue Mayan-looking designs on his broad back; like nearly all Mr. Caruthers' animals, he wears a cheerfully fatuous expression that is just short of a grin. Another crocodile has broad red and brown bands around his beige body. These are eighteen inches long and cost $30 apiece, and either would dominate a mantel with distinction and humor. A

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the bracelet $35.*
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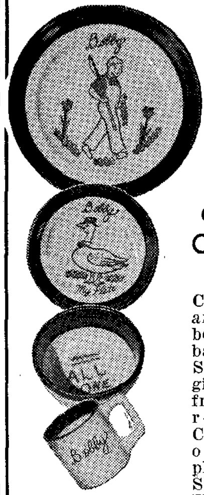

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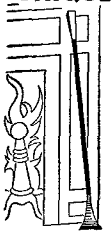

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in addition, a series of thirty-five hand-colored aquatints called "Symptoms," by Henry Alken, a popular illustrator of the eighteen-twenties, celebrating the trials and triumphs of the huntsman. Although they are done with the rather heavy-handed humor of the nineteenth-century British sporting world, any of these might be just the thing for a hunting friend; prices are from $8 to $10. Some large copperplate engravings by Rossini of architectural Rome are $8 to $12, unmatted and unframed.

OLD lustre being as enormously popular as it is, anybody with a friend who collects it may be interested to know that Plummer has a number of pieces that are priced, as such things go, rather moderately. Besides jugs of copper lustre, which run from $10, for one five inches high, to $35, for one that holds about a pint, the shop has a good eighteenth-century silver lustre loving cup, at $30, and a silver lustre goblet of the same period, at $25. Some jugs in silver resist made in the early part of the last century are between $85 and $135, and a single female figurine of the same stuff is $75. . . . At Toby House, 867 Third Avenue (53rd), there are numerous rare pieces of lustre in a higher price range; they should, of course, be earmarked for serious collectors. Among them is a particularly comely jug commemorating the marriage of Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold, with a medallion of the contracting parties in relief on either side ($225); a rose resist jug of 1790 (also $225); and a two-quart jug of silver resist ($175). Besides these valuable pieces, Toby House has more usual but quite imposing jugs in copper and silver lustre, starting at $15.

AT the shop of Therese Margaret Clayton, 833 Madison Avenue (69th), there are some odd little can-

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after coffee...enjoy
Bénédictine
either of these two ways

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GET FOUR OF THESE BEAUTIFUL BENEDICTINE LIQUEUR GLASSES. Graceful and smart, they add the authentic touch when you serve Bénédictine or B and B. Send $1.00 for 4 to Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., Dept. N, 2 Park Ave., N. Y. Sole U.S. Agents—86 proof.

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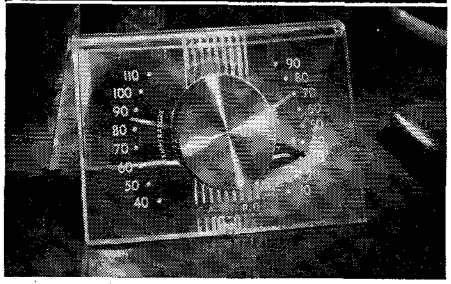
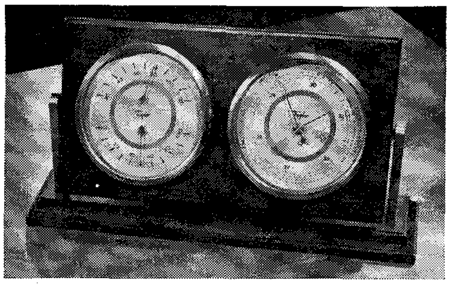
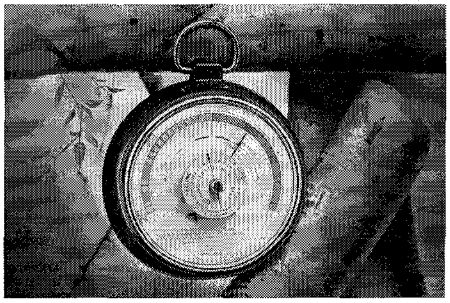


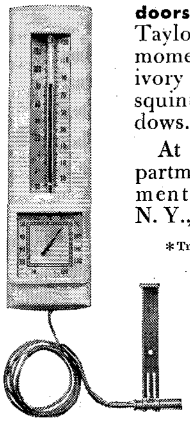
It's not the heat, it's the . . . and this Canton Desk HUMIDIGUIDE* Combination tells both. A gem of sparkling plastic with white figures, chrome plated easel that reflects surrounding colors on tables, desks, and mantels. Measures 4½" x 2⅞". **$3.75.**



Makes any man a weather prophet. Larchmont BAROGUIDE* Combination has barometer with altitude adjustment on right, Humidiguide and Thermometer units on left. Solid walnut, with ivory colored dials and satin brass trim. **$21.**



Tells when fish are biting! Veteran fishermen swear by this Taylor Fisherman's Barometer. Theory is that rising air pressure puts more oxygen into water, makes fish frisky and hungry. 3¼" pocket size, with special easy-to-read dial. Handy altitude adjustment. In handy snap cover box, **$9.**



Tells outdoor temperature indoors, room temperature too! Taylor's Indoor-Outdoor Thermometer comes in walnut or ivory plastic, 9½" high. Ends squinting through frosty windows. Easy installation, **$7.50.**

At optical, jewelry and department stores. Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester, N. Y., and Toronto, Canada.

*Trade Mark

Taylor
Instruments
MEAN ACCURACY FIRST

dles that, though we realize they may not appeal to everybody, appeal to us strongly. They were shaped in hand-carved pearwood molds made in America at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and represent female figures, about six inches high. The waxen ladies wear authentic Queen Anne costumes (all a part of the candle, of course) colored by hand with tempera. They burn, we are told, exceptionally brightly and, because they are made of pure beeswax, give out the sweet odor of warm honey. The molds have recently been bought by a collector, and there will be no more candles when these are gone, so perhaps it's not surprising that the tiny figures are priced at $10 each.

AMONG a few more items it would be a pity to overlook are some quite unconventional linen wall decorations from Sweden, to be found at Bonniers. The sweetly fresh designs—young girls dancing, rather touching scenes from family life, flower arrangements, and so on—are hand-printed in pale, clear colors. The hangings measure thirty-six inches by thirty-nine, and cost $9 each. . . . At Victoria Spektor, 1 East 54th Street, you will find down sofa pillows covered with silk velvet, Honan silk, or brocade, priced at from $19 to $25 each. . . . Good-looking and serviceable reed flower baskets are sold by the New York Association for the Blind, 111 East 59th Street, at $2.40. . . . Rather more elegant flowerpots, of pierced metal painted white, are at Rena Rosenthal, 71 East 57th Street, for $4. . . . At Alice Marks, there are some especially good reproductions of Longton Hall's leaf-shaped plates; a large one ($8.50), surrounded by smaller leaves ($3 each), would make a capital hors-d'oeuvre service.

And that is absolutely all we know about Christmas shopping for the house.

•

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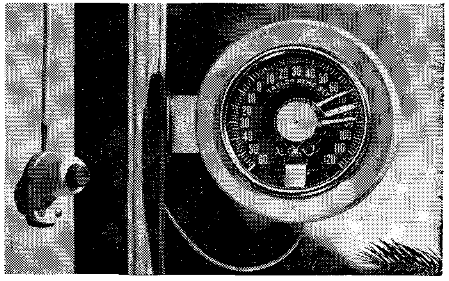
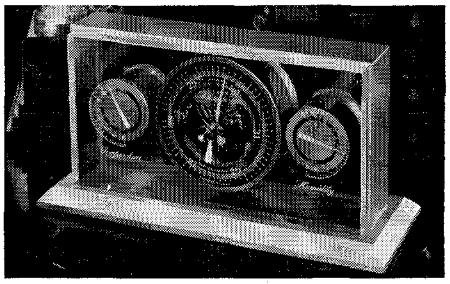
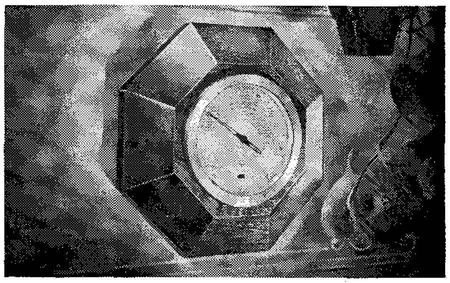


How cold last night, how hot yesterday? This new REMO-SET* high-low Thermometer tells *highest* and *lowest* temperature since last setting, *present* temperature too. Resets from *indoors* by pressing a button. 5⅛" beige plastic weatherproof case, **$15.**



A miniature weather bureau, the Edgemont Combination is set in sparkling clear plastic with gold finished frame and base. Finest temperature-compensated barometer, thermometer and humidity unit. **$80.**



Anybody can forecast the weather with this Clifton Wall Barometer. Exclusive easy-to-read Stormoguide* dial gives detailed predictions. Polished brown mahogany, 7" frame, **$25.**

The whole family will cherish this Sheraton STORMOGUIDE* Barometer, with its fine temperature-compensated movement, and 9" thermometer set in hand polished, inlaid mahogany. Silver scales, brass trim, 28" high. **$100.**

All Taylor barometers have exclusive altitude adjustment. Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester, N. Y., Toronto, Canada.

*Trade Mark

Taylor
Instruments
MEAN ACCURACY FIRST

slightly less good-tempered animal (it's as much giraffe as anything) would make an equally eye-catching focal point on a mantel ($30), and for less commanding positions there are some altogether irresistible smaller animals—a sow, whose mottled black-and-gray body has a smooth, marblelike finish; a frog; a fish; and a seal. Any of these for $15. You'd better have a look, too, at a heavy black fish (fifteen inches long) suspended on a fragile-looking nylon cord to form a new kind of restless mobile; also $15.

Little did we think that we would ever be caught speaking admiringly of driftwood in its new, exalted manifestations as an ornament. (We have always thought well of it when it was fulfilling its old-fashioned function in the fireplace.) Rabun Studios, however, have some specimens of driftwood that we are obliged to admit are very elegant indeed. These come from the banks of streams and rivers in the Adirondacks, and are, in most cases, ancient roots of white pine, cedar, birch, or tamarack, polished to a rich lustre by long hand-rubbing. Although the lines of the pieces are as Nature left them, each specimen has, surprisingly, the form of some living object—a bird, a dachshund, a flower—which emerges, not too crudely, after a moment's contemplation. The woods have been mounted with much originality on the simplest and slightest of pedestals; a bit of light wire gives a certain movement to a birdlike piece, a plaque of thin black metal unobtrusively supports an elongated shape suggestive of—well, a puma, and we are ready to swear that a resilient spiral holding up something that resembles a lily is nothing more than a cleverly twisted old coat hanger. A long piece of driftwood that is reminiscent of a dog is $15, and a graceful thing called Fire Bird, which it is hard to believe wasn't carved into its airy form, is $60.

At Elisabeth Draper, 867 Madison Avenue (72nd), are to be found very different, and much more conventional, decorations. Some pottery doves by Wayland Gregory are among the very best things we have seen from this ceramist, whose output is so unpredictably variable. One pair of these exquisite birds have pale-blue wings, and white heads and breasts speckled with gold ($70); another pair, hardly less ravishing, have gray wings and pink heads and breasts ($50). Some marvellous brown glazed-earthenware pineapples, from France, thirteen and a half inches high

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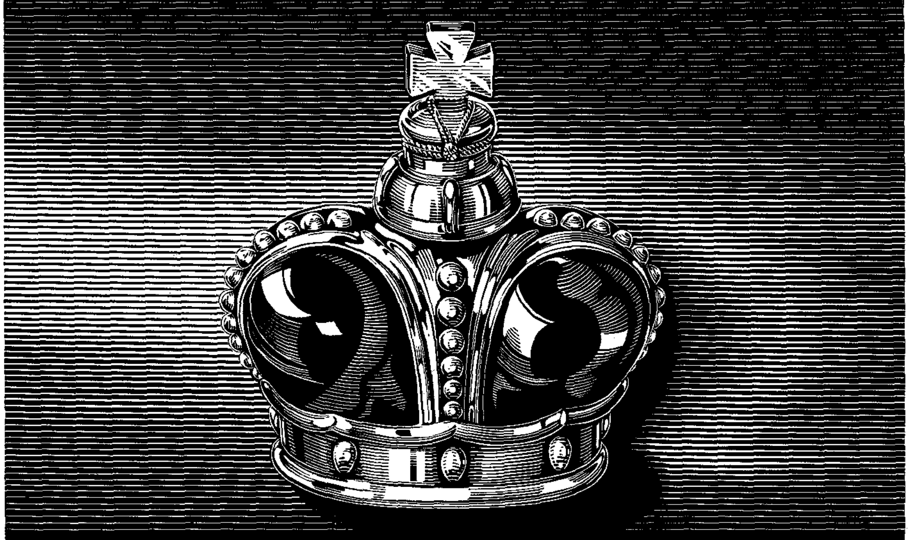
the perfume that puts a love song in your heart

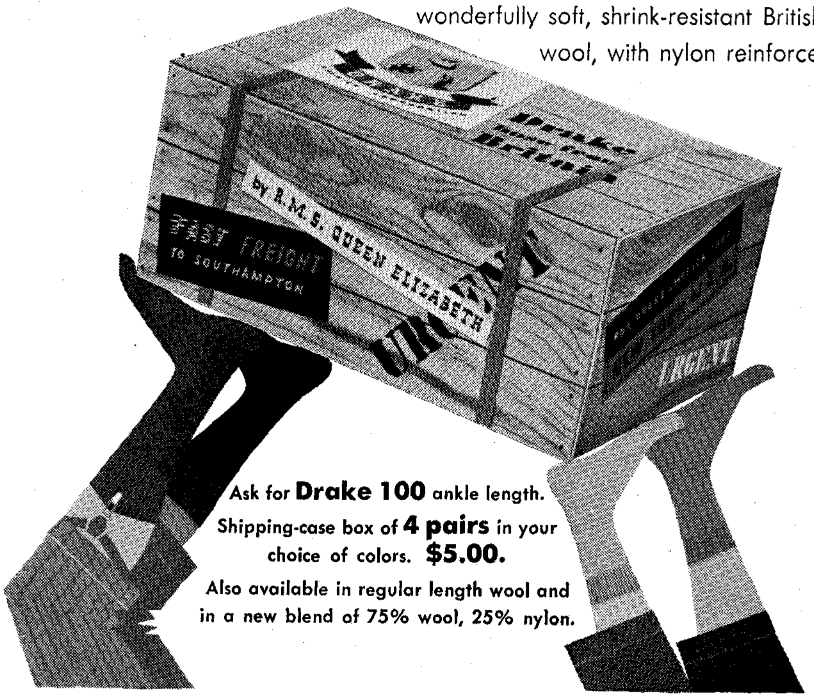


Wear it wherever you go . . . for this enchanting fragrance will give lasting pleasure to you, and to those around you. In gold-encrusted crown bottle, $7.50 to $45. Also in purse dispenser.

Prince Matchabelli

now give a **crate** of British socks

He'll be simply delighted when he opens this miniature trans-Atlantic shipping crate to discover 4 pairs of superb rib socks, imported from Britain, in the colors you chose for him. These Drake socks are knit in wonderfully soft, shrink-resistant British wool, with nylon reinforcement.



Ask for **Drake 100** ankle length.
Shipping-case box of **4 pairs** in your choice of colors. **$5.00.**
Also available in regular length wool and in a new blend of 75% wool, 25% nylon.

At better stores throughout the country. Write, we'll tell you where.
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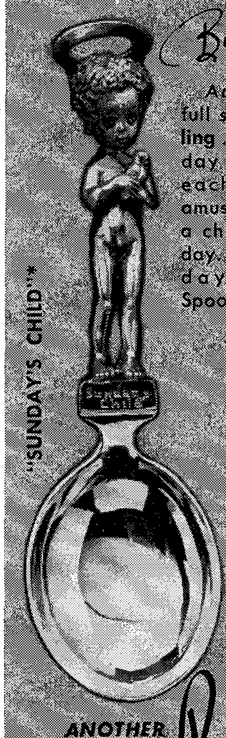

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Adorable figures, full sculptured in Sterling . . . one for every day of the week . . . each depicting the amusing prediction for a child born on that day. Write for "your" day of the week, Spoon. 18.00 POSTPAID FED. TAX INC.

"SUNDAY'S CHILD"*

MONDAY'S CHILD
. . . is fair of face
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. . . is full of grace
WEDNESDAY'S CHILD
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THURSDAY'S CHILD
. . . has far to go
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. . . is loving and giving
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. . . works hard for a living
The child that is born
on the SABBATH DAY
. . . is fair, and wise,
and good, and gay.

Actual Size 3¾"

ANOTHER Ruser ORIGINAL

300 NO. RODEO DRIVE, BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.
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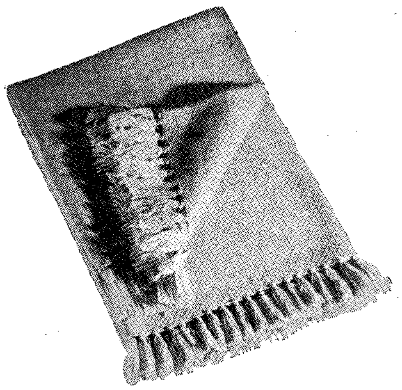

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For lazy afternoons, this luxuriously soft throw of 100% imported virgin wool . . . specially shrink-controlled to keep its shape and fine texture.

Hand-woven basket weave, extra large: 54" x 72". A wonderful gift! In eight lovely solid colors: ashes of roses, delphinium blue, yellow, wine, heather, beige, sea green, and mink brown.

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and eleven inches in diameter, which would make an impressive addition to any large shelf or chest, are $130 a pair. . . . An alpaca is an unlikely animal to lose one's heart to, but the emotion inspired in us by a ceramic beast of this breed at America House is very near to love. The work of Walter Addison, a local artist, it is made of rough gray unglazed pottery, is fifteen inches long and twelve inches high, and costs $110.

Piazza has a few pairs of beautiful Venetian glass candelabra, with the candle sockets so inconspicuously placed that even without the lights the pieces might suitably be used as mantel ornaments. Two pairs of these, both exhibited in the Brooklyn Museum's show of Italian handicrafts last year, represent squatting blackamoors in gold-flecked costumes, holding a two-branched candlestick in each outstretched hand. One pair is $125 and the other $150. A set of three pieces (blackamoors and an elaborate center ornament) is $300. . . . The Italian Book & Craft Shop has a group of notable single figurines (about twelve inches high) made by Venini in Venetian glass; $37.50 to $50. . . . Fetching but considerably less expensive mantel ornaments are numerous pieces of lace coral and finger coral, at from $8 to $10 each, in the McArthur Shell Shop on the mezzanine at Brentano, 586 Fifth Avenue (47th).

We now enter the new showrooms of Parnassus, the printshop we were speaking of earlier in this report, to consider more decorously, in an atmosphere of easy and unpretentious authority that is unfamiliar in the brash, phrenetic environs of Madison Avenue, some of the firm's more important merchandise. Under this head are the superb first-edition aquatints from Dr. Robert Thornton's "Temple of Flora," published in England in the folio size (nineteen by twenty-four inches) in 1799. The series includes, among other subjects, hyacinths, snowdrops and crocuses, and a breathtakingly yellow night-blooming cereus, which is not only scientifically accurate but one of the most dramatic and altogether modern-looking decorations imaginable. The same startling quality of modernity characterizes a print of blue and green passionflowers, and one of two full-blown Egyptian lotuses in pinks and yellows. The passionflower and the lotus are $125 each, and the night-blooming cereus is $175. Parnassus also has a fine collection of Audubons, and,

The famous and most sought after
"GRODELA-DELFT Blue"
pattern by Royal Gouda in Holland.

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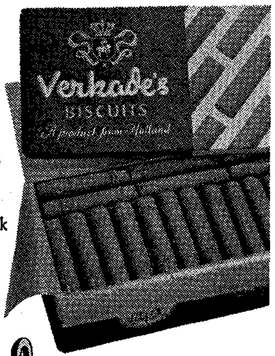

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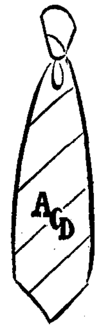

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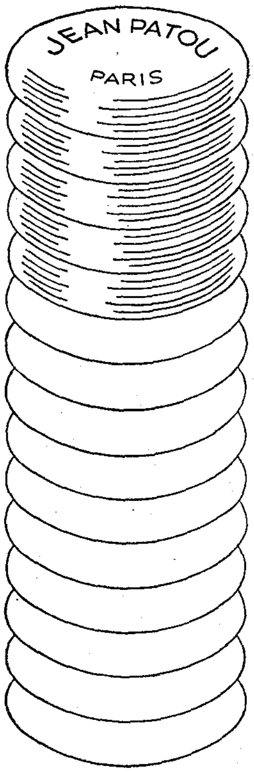
THE RACE TRACK

Finale

THERE couldn't have been a pleasanter close to racing on Long Island than the one at Jamaica last Thursday. You could sit in the warm sun and watch the horses splash around a course that had the consistency of thick soup. Or, if you wanted action, you could bump about in the betting ring, collecting tips and mutuel tickets. Even the losers seemed to have fun doing this. The best show of the afternoon was, as you'd expect, the Daingerfield Handicap, at the unusual distance of two miles and a sixteenth; Woolford Farm's Saxony won, with Mandingo second and Busanda third. Pilaster, fresh from his triumph in the Pimlico Cup, an even longer race, was fourth in a field of twelve.

All too often, these long races turn up some pretty awful exhibitions of jockeyship, but I had no cause to wince while watching the Daingerfield. Busanda, one of our more inconsistent mares, set the pace most of the way, and did it so sturdily that I thought she might be repeating her performance in last August's Saratoga Cup, which she won in a romp. But she weakened a couple of furlongs from home, and for a bit Mandingo looked the winner. In the stretch, however, McCreary, who's good at that sort of thing, brought Saxony up to win handily. Saxony is a rangy, light-bodied brown three-year-old colt by War Jeep. He isn't much to look at, if you don't mind my saying so. He hadn't much of a record, either, for he'd won only two of his twenty-two starts this year. There was a story going around last summer that his stable had bought him with the intention of winning a big race with him. Well, they had to wait a long time to bring it off.

IN a way, the season in New York was a memorable one. Other years have had color and great champions, but this was the one when the gentlemen running the show at Aqueduct and Jamaica took horseplayers into their confidence every afternoon and told them the condition of the track and the kinds of shoes the horses were wearing. (I'm sure, though, that some of us haven't yet figured out the meanings



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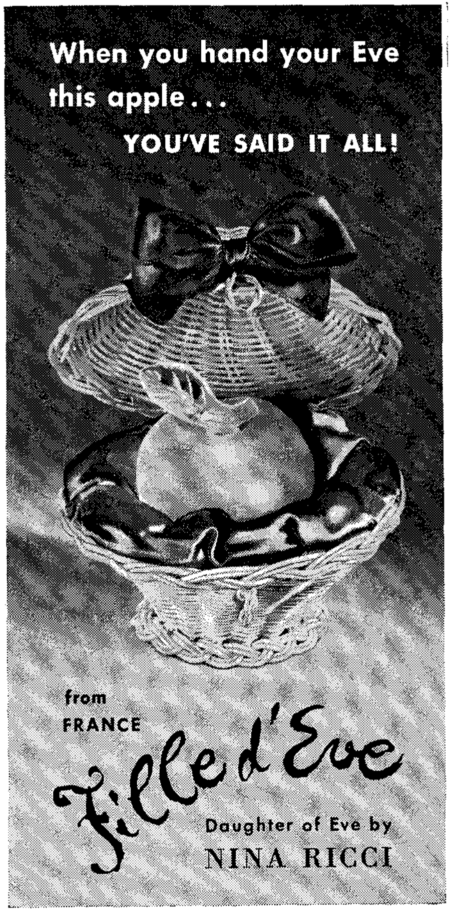
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of those parti-colored squares that resemble Navy code flags and make the horseshoe-indicator board at Jamaica look as if it were trying to communicate with a battleship.) As for other mechanical aids and improvements, it was the year daily-double tickets started popping out of a tote machine instead of being sold from a rack by hand. This speeded things up, so that a lot more people could buy tickets. A lot more people did, too. On the record, 4,383,433 people went racing, and they bet more money ($345,260,989) than in any other year since 1947. By and large, the racing was interesting, but it must be admitted that most of the runners were nothing extra. (Counterpoint, of course, would be a topnotcher in almost any year, but he didn't reach his best form until autumn.) Perhaps horses haven't the quality they once had, but then perhaps nothing is what it used to be.

GOOD jumpers who were once bad racers on the flat are not uncommon. On the other hand, a good sprinter who was once a bad jumper is something of a curiosity. That's what Tea-Maker is in my book. Destined for steeplechasing by the late Mrs. F. Ambrose Clark, Tea-Maker didn't face the starter till he was five, and then made such a sorry showing over hurdles and fences that Mrs. Clark decided, as a last resort, to try him on the flat. To let everybody know how he felt about that, Tea-Maker came home in front gaily at 51-1. That was more than three years ago, and he's been going strong ever since. As a matter of fact, only last Monday, in the Autumn Day Handicap at Jamaica, the old fellow beat Guillotine, who is half his age, in a finish that left everybody a little breathless. Brose Clark, wearing his famous gray bowler, was too delighted for words. Although Tea-Maker is one of our abler performers, he generally manages to pay nice odds. In the Autumn Day, he paid $22.90, and there are plenty of good races in him yet.

HEIGH-HO! Colonel Martingale is off for Bowie, and the crab cakes of Maryland. —AUDAX MINOR

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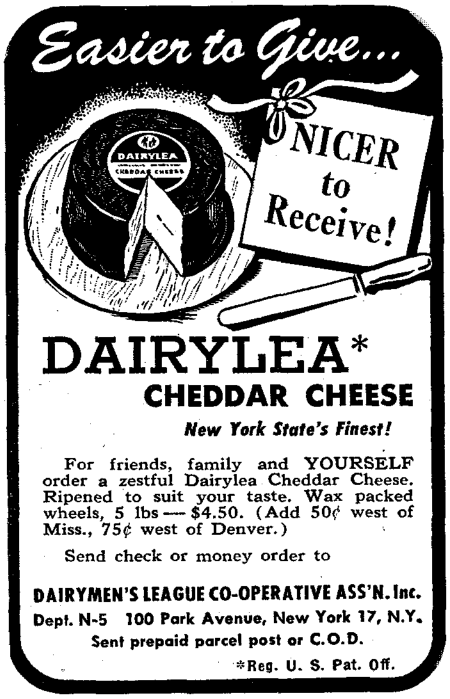
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Egypt Gets a Loan

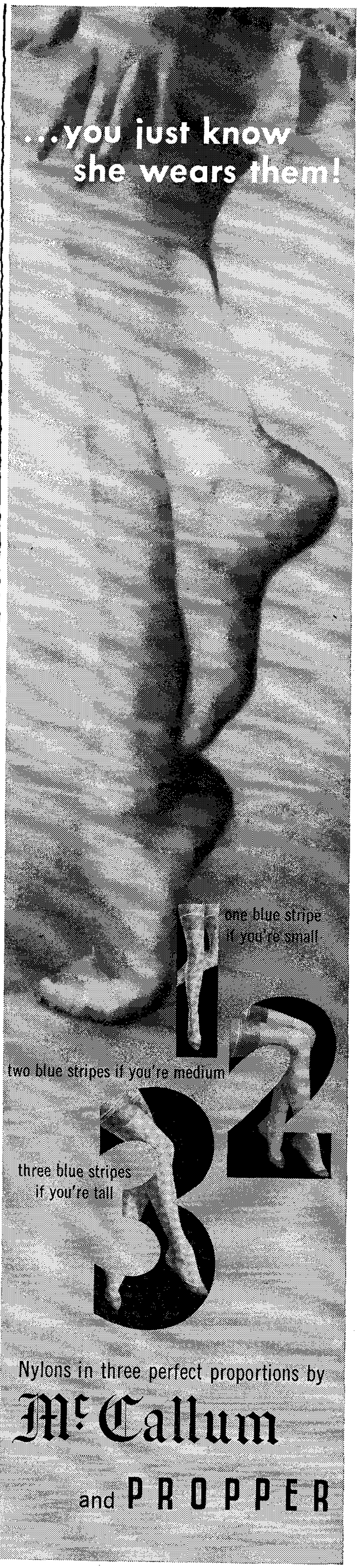
THE Metropolitan Opera's new production of "Aïda," which opened the season last week, is a handsome piece of work. The clear-cut staging, by Margaret Webster, and the stunning Egyptian costumes and sets, both designed by Rolf Gerard, make it a delight to behold. For a long time now, the appearance of a single new gown in an opera produced by the magnificently impoverished Met has been enough to dazzle the spectator, inured to seediness upon its stage. Well, the new "Aïda" is spotless and orderly. I won't go so far as to say that last week's principals always behaved in an orderly fashion; some of the usual strutting and lunging took place, but then Miss Webster, to point up the development of the plot, had given the singers more "business" than is customary. Anyway, as one used to seeing mob scenes on the Met stage when crowd scenes belong there, I am glad to say that in the triumphal procession the extras moved with purpose and precision. Gerard's sets are, for the most part, quite shallow, but they are tall, their vertical lines emphasizing their height, and the colors are harmonious. Both sets and costumes struck me as completely appropriate. The orchestra, directed by Fausto Cleva, played cleanly throughout.

A good first team went in, but it made more fumbles than it should have. Zinka Milanov sang Aïda. She is a large woman with an unusually affecting soprano voice. However, it sometimes goes awry, and Miss Milanov had the curious experience of singing more grandly than anybody else on opening night but of flawing at the darnedest moments. The most satisfactory performance was given by George London, a young baritone who was appearing at the Metropolitan for the first time, as Amonasro. He made a stylish figure of the captured Ethiopian king, and sang the music allotted him accurately and commandingly. It was a striking début.

A little fellow named Mario Del Monaco, who sang the tenor lead in "Manon Lescaut" on one occasion at the Met last season, is now a regular member of the company, and he signified his pleasure on opening night by yelling and mugging his way through an old-style, rabble-rousing performance as Radames. He sailed into "Celeste Aïda" as though it were the final act, sucking in breath like a locomotive on each phrase, and he pushed his hard, youthful voice a lot farther than it seemed to have any right to go, and kept it there all evening, giving the top notes everything he had and stretching his arms out to the audience. Elena Nikolaidi, who sang a part in Verdi's Requiem at the Met last year but had never had an operatic role there, played Amneris, and gave an intense performance. A short woman with a good-sized contralto, she managed to keep up with everybody else in volume, but now and then there was a hollowness about her voice that bothered me. Jerome Hines, as Ramfis, and Lubomir Vichegonov, as the Egyptian king, were both impressive, and the chorus not only knew where to put its feet but sang well.

About the ballet, I don't know. What can anybody do with those silly, pretty musical interludes of Verdi's? Zachary Solov had the task this time and did all he was able to. He kept his dancers jumping and spinning the required length of time, and they looked attractive.

THE New York City Ballet, a good company of dancers that has settled down again at the City Center, treated us last week, on the second evening of its engagement, to a new ballet by George Balanchine, entitled "Tyl Ulenspiegel." This annoying spelling makes it necessary to explain that although Balanchine uses Richard Strauss's celebrated tone poem "Till Eulenspiegel" as the musical basis for his ballet, he has taken his story line—and his spelling—from a nineteenth-century Belgian novel whose author went to a Flemish source for his particular version of the legend. This version differs from the one Strauss had in mind (the one that was the basis for Jean Babilée's ballet "Till Eulenspiegel," which was presented earlier this season by Ballet Theatre) in that it attributes patriotic motives to Till's (or Tyl's) "merry pranks." The pranks are the same—the young hooligan dupes crippled pilgrims and steals from them, paws another fellow's girl, and makes a general nuisance of himself—but now all these capers have a way of harassing the Spaniards who occupied Flanders in the sixteenth century, and, eventually, of driving them out. This is a very fancy thought and it lends What's-His-Name a



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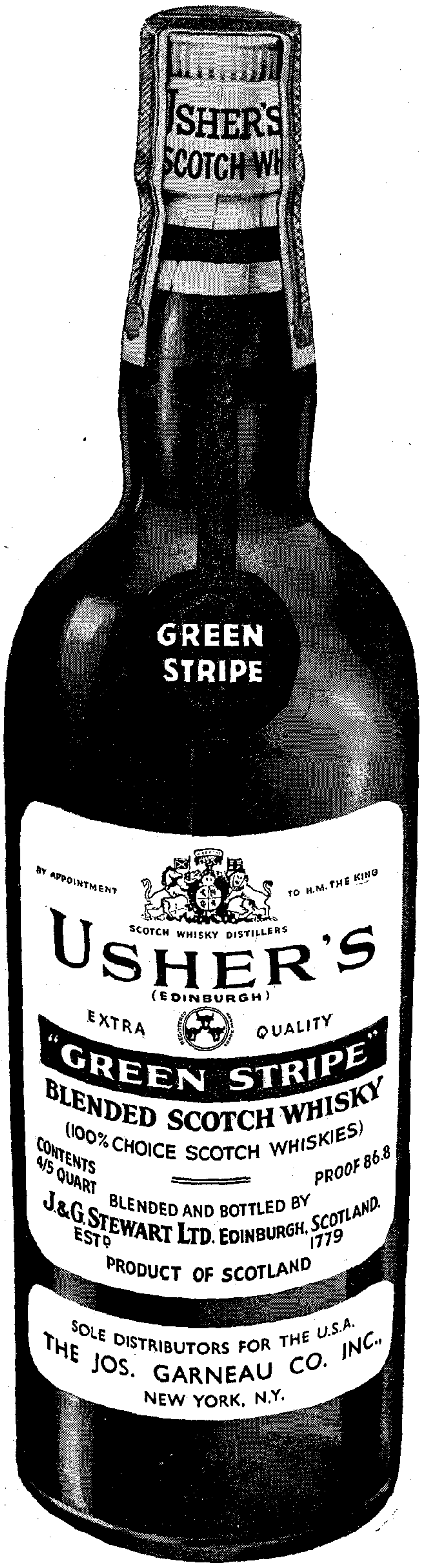
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kind of cockeyed stature. However, while he's routing beggars and successive groups of distinguished-looking Spaniards by rapidly changing disguises and dashing nimbly around the stage, there's little time for dancing, and despite Jerome Robbins' energetic and appealing job in the title role, the whole thing seemed to me like nothing more than a parody of an old Douglas Fairbanks movie. The only thing I really liked about "Tyl Ulenspiegel" was the opening. With a sustained roll on the kettle drums for a musical background, two children wage an imaginary sea battle on a long table, one pushing a loaf of bread, the other a small armada of handsome ship models. This develops into a fist fight that takes them to the floor behind the table. They rise just as the Strauss score gets under way, only now they are adults—the one our hero, the other Philip II, King of Spain. Balanchine couldn't top that. The ballet should have ended there.

THE Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, which hadn't played here since 1928, presented a concert last week at Carnegie Hall that was almost completely absorbing. Thor Johnson conducted. The only sore spot was a clamorous, inarticulate work by Roy Harris called "Cumberland Concerto;" it was, however, performed with the same care and authority that characterized everything else the orchestra did. Two works that are infrequently heard here—Vaughan Williams' "Job," a proudly lyrical "masque for dancing," and Johann Christian Bach's delightful Sinfonia in E Flat Major for Double Orchestra—were the other purely orchestral selections. The best part of the evening, though, came when Eileen Farrell, the soloist, let her immense and lovely dramatic-soprano voice float out over the audience, with thrilling effect. The absolute effortlessness of her singing made jewels of Richard Strauss's "Four Last Songs," and the power and grandeur of her voice were put to even greater use in the other number she did, the Scene and Aria "Ozean! du ungeheuer!" from Weber's "Oberon." It was an incomparable vocal performance.

—DOUGLAS WATT

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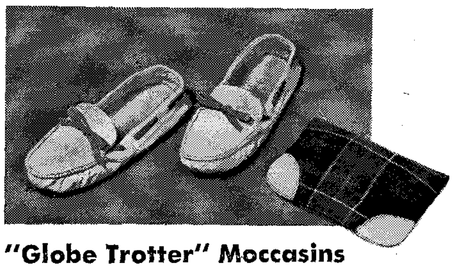

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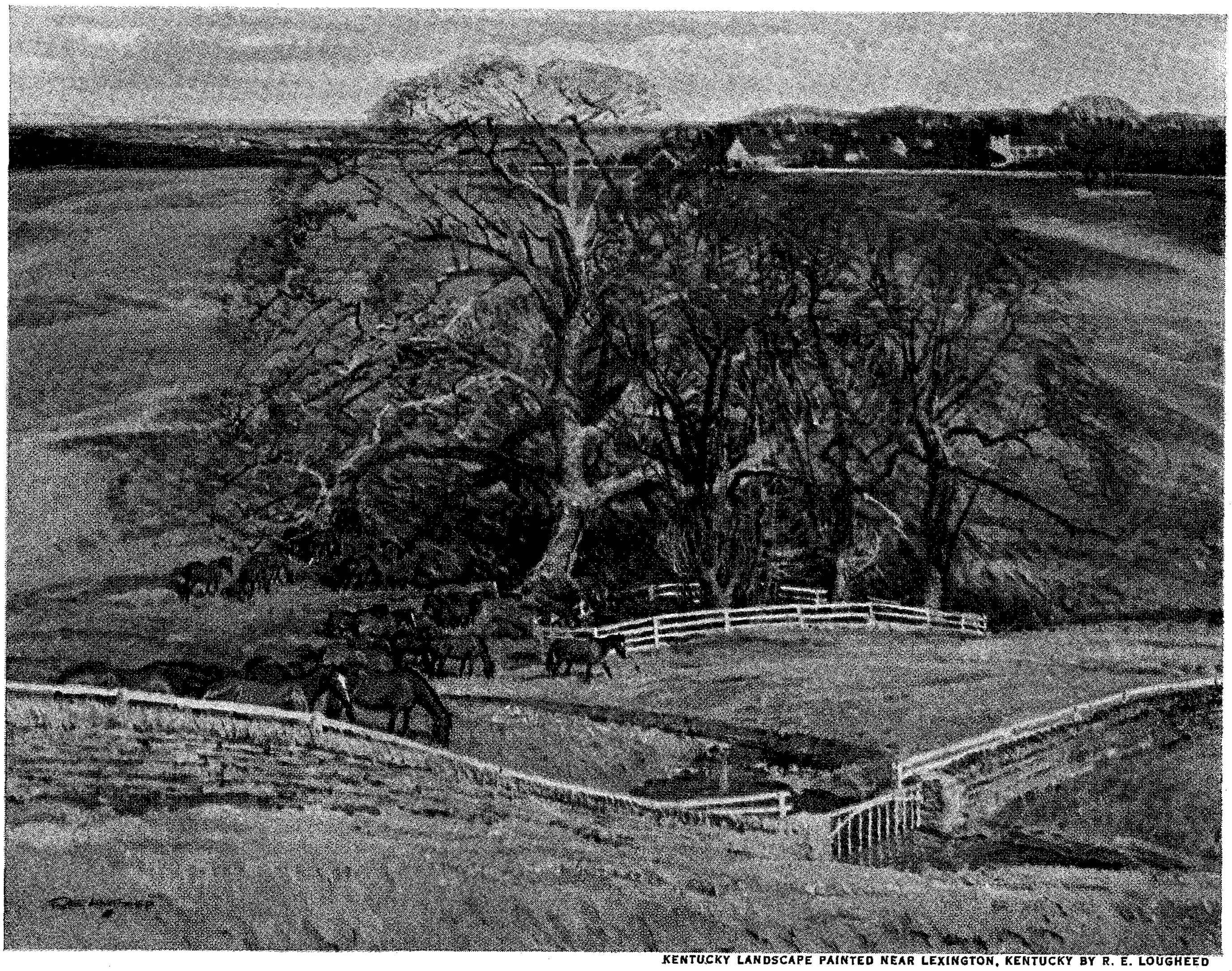

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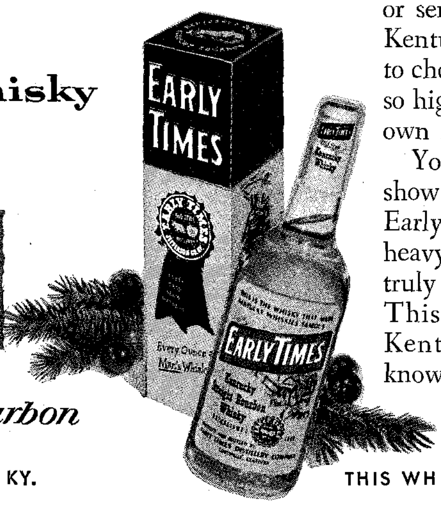

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LETTER FROM PARIS

November 14

As part of the French décor for the afternoon inauguration of the sixth session of the United Nations General Assembly, which is being held here in the Théâtre du Palais de Chaillot, the morning curtain of rain and clouds lifted just before the opening hour, and, in a sudden cyclorama of blue sky, the sun appeared and abundantly lighted the outdoor scene. It was a splendid sight from any part of the temporary, fragile, and tasteful structure the French have whisked into place, right below the Théâtre, on the hill descending to the Seine, to house the United Nations administrative offices and committee rooms, and especially from the fifty-foot-high windows of its enormous main hall. For just as the sunlight was turned on, the Chaillot fountains, rarely seen in action, erupted; a barrage of water shot from their cannon-shaped projectors, aiming down the long basin, which was bordered by the United Nations' sixty bright flags. Beyond the basin, on the Quai, crowds of Parisians were gathered; behind them stretched the Pont d'Iéna, and behind that the Eiffel Tower, with, beneath its arched legs, the greensward of the Champ de Mars and its still verdant trees, leading to the cupola of France's ancient war college, the Ecole Militaire, where, as seen from the new hall of the United Nations, once more assembled to talk peace, the vista ended.

At the brief first-day meeting, the European delegates were practically bystanders on their own Continent. The two rival figures who were the cynosure of all eyes, cameras, and focussed searchlights were the West's and East's major foreigners, chief representatives here of the two giant rivals for power and policy on this worried planet—Secretary of State Dean Acheson vs. Foreign Minister Andrei Vishinsky, or the U.S.A. vs. the U.S.S.R. Yet two days afterward, when Acheson, suave in his blue suit and gray cravat, and with carefully tailored gestures, made his key speech—of which President Truman's radio address the night before had already unlocked much of the significance—the visitors' gallery was only half full. Fortunately, it was jammed later that day to hear Vishinsky, violent in his lighter-blue suit and lighter-gray cravat, as he made his response. It is true that to Acheson's denunciation of the violation of human rights in the old disgrace of the Soviet labor camps Vishinsky was able to give back a timely snarl about the Florida shooting of two manacled Negroes by a white sheriff the day before, and his pot shot at *Collier's* private war, illustrated, was pat, but it was his grotesque flippancies on subjects that make men's and women's hearts stand still with their seriousness and horror which created the greatest effect on the packed house he had attracted. His big comedy line, of course, which will probably go down in diplomatic annals, was his comparison of the new Three Power Disarmament proposal to a trifling, specious, dead mouse. Then came his less comic remark that Truman's disarmament speech the night before had struck him so funny that he could hardly sleep for laughing. There were loyal sniggers from a row of Comrade visitors belonging to the French Communist Party, and an astounded, glacial silence from the rest of the house. And then, to top it, came Vishinsky's really incredible *gaffe*—his barefaced, mendacious reference to "slanderous allegations about the so-called Iron Curtains and similar trash," which, he said, should be tossed into our State Department wastebaskets. In the gallery, there were rustles of indignation. For the Iron Curtain is no trashy fantasy to Western Europeans—any more than it is to Vishinsky—but a boundary to a kind of Southern Siberia on their postwar Continental map, behind which Soviet Russia has put captured Eastern Europe, from behind which relatives and friends and news cannot struggle out, and through which travellers or news or business cannot push in. Vishinsky's United Nations speech, of all the speeches of his entire Western career, is considered the one that has done the Western cause the most good. As evidence, possibly, that somebody on his side also realizes this, he has just asked permission to make another general-discussion speech.

Any good that Vishinsky can have done us this time will come in handy, because, according to State Department sources here, America now recognizes that despite Russia's myriad errors, she has long since succeeded, with her ceaseless slogans and her unrelenting international advertising of peace as her private property, in stealing the peace-propaganda initiative away from America. At

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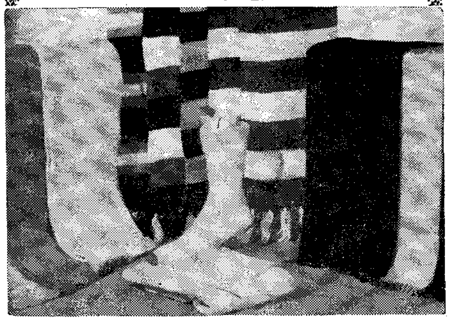

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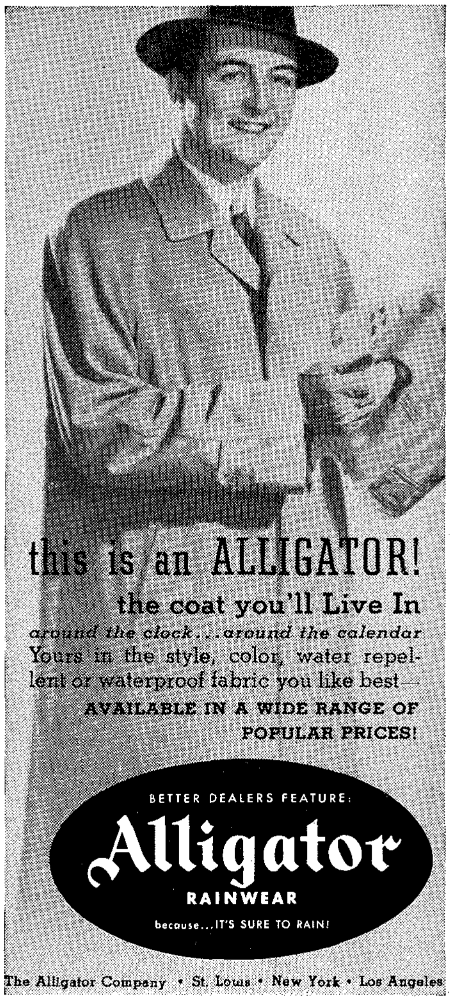
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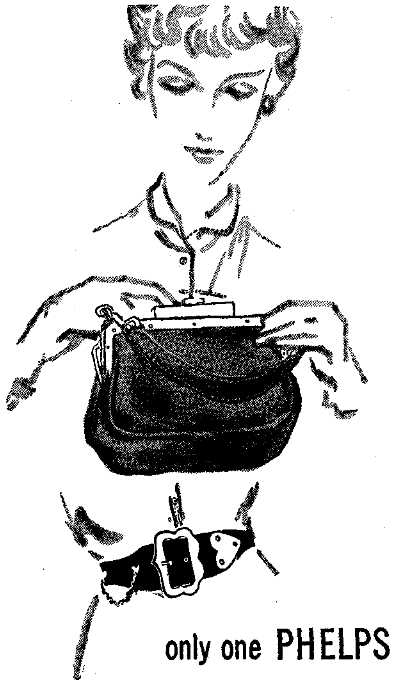

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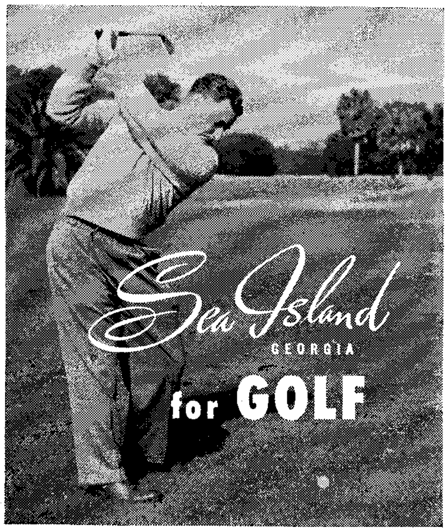
this sixth Assembly session, Washington is reportedly making an all-out effort to get some of it back, the first step being the disarmament proposal. Actually, it is thought that the exaggerated significance given the disarmament offer in advance made it fall pretty flat, until Vishinsky swelled it to importance with his levity, for which the American diplomats here are candidly thankful. America's second step toward its aim, supposedly, would be to take a less high, less belligerent tone than the one that lately has plainly shaken Western Europe's nerves and finances, and its confidence in our diplomatic wisdom and tact. The third step would be merely to build up our propaganda appeal generally, in what, it is admitted, would be one of those day-after-day brilliant campaigns that America, with its special gift for publicity, has so far accorded nothing except its commercial advertising. However, that there is even a rumor of propaganda over here is good news to us American residents in France, who have watched with dismay as American unpopularity has mushroomed, nearly unchecked, during the past year.

According to the same State Department sources, it was as far back as 1948, when, at the last Paris Assembly, we demanded inspection of all arms except atomic ones, as against the Russians' demand (for what it was worth) of prohibition of all arms that were atomic ones, that the Russians had their first success in putting the peace dove in their Communist cage. The first manifestation of our policy to get part of the bird back is considered to have been Truman's suggestion to the Assembly last year, on its fifth anniversary, that there should be a reduction of all types of weapons, including atomic ones. Owing to the thorough slowness of the democratic process, this policy change had to be sold to, and argued about for twelve months by, the Pentagon, the State Department, the National Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, and so on, not forgetting key congressmen. So after one year the result has reached Europe, in Acheson's proposal to the United Nations that plans for disarmament should include the disclosure of the state of atomic affairs—certainly a complete, if belated, reversal of our 1948 plan. And once more last week (for what it is worth), Joseph Vissarionovich Stalin, as Vishinsky called him, made, through Vishinsky himself, his perennial proposal to the United Nations for "practical measures," this time "for the prohibition of atomic



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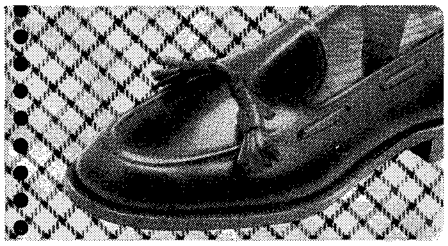

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weapons." We seem to be finding the Russians just where we left them.

SINCE the success of Russian propaganda has now been semiofficially admitted, a few facts seem worth setting down. It is not an annual but a practically diurnal anti-atomic proposal—at least, in the Paris Communist press and posters—that, by repetition, has certainly been the biggest aid to the Russians' peace propaganda in Western Europe (it has even snared anti-Communists) and to the increase in unpopularity of the military "American Occupation of France," which, some of our Assembly delegates realize, has seriously weakened our cause here. In his speech, Vishinsky stated that more than half a billion signatures to the Communist Stockholm Peace Appeal have now been collected all over the world. This startling figure—or, rather, the figure five hundred and twenty million (what's twenty million more or less, especially when the Communists here admit that they sign as repeaters at nearly every Party function they attend)—was headlined for the first time in the Communist newspaper *Humanité* a fortnight ago. Shortly after that came local figures, showing that twenty-five per cent of the population of the Seine-et-Oise, thirty-three per cent in the Gard, and thirty-six per cent in the Vaucluse Departments had signed up for peace. Another headline announced that nearly ninety-seven million Soviet citizens had signed up. Communist cells in factories here are constantly plugging away for the Stockholm Appeal; in the last month, at Ivry-sur-Seine, the Paris industrial suburb, there were, it was claimed, eight thousand new signatures, bringing that district's total up to thirty-eight thousand out of a population of forty-two thousand. In Clichy-sous-Bois, an entire wedding party signed, including the

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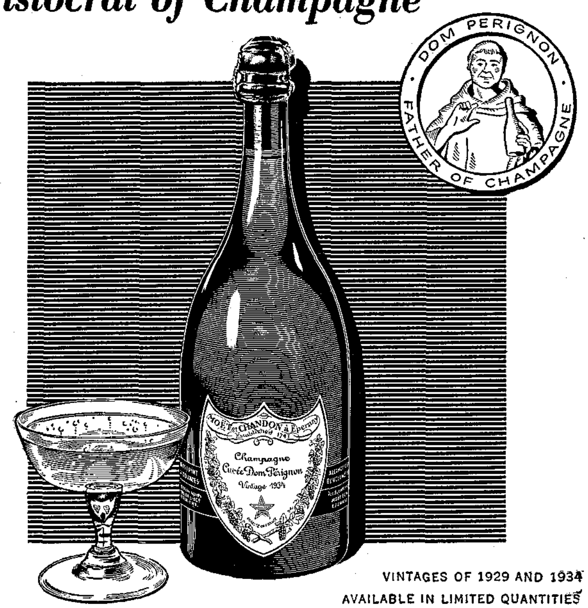

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bride in her veil, and all got their photographs doing it printed in *Huma's* regular propaganda section, on page 2. In the recent local French elections, the Communist Party's official platform had as Plank No. 1 the Five Power Peace Pact, which is the Stockholm line, and as Plank No. 2 the prohibition of atomic arms by international law. Next in importance to the profound appeal of forbidding the use of atomic bombs, which, because of the horrors of war experience and because of distraught imaginations, people here do not see as possibly defending them but only as sure of falling on them, comes the appeal of the ironically chauvinist Communist slogan "U.S., GO HOME!," addressed to the American forces here on duty. For, right or wrong, rich or poor, the French smart under the defense help that they certainly asked for and now illogically resent as *l'occupation américaine*. "U.S., GO HOME!" was recently painted in big white letters on the Champs-Elysées sidewalk at the Hotel Astoria, or American-occupied, end. The Communist *Ce Soir* has just run a cartoon, by the popular Jean Effel, entitled "Complaint Department, Please." It shows, through a window, American soldiers and sailors strolling down a French street. At a telephone indoors is Marianne, in her Phrygian cap and sabots, spelling out her trouble to the operator by yelling the proper names—"Georges, Oscar, Henri, Oscar, Maurice, Ernest!"—whose initials make up her message; i.e., "Go Home!" To people here already helplessly familiar with every public aspect of the Soviet's continuous, ubiquitous peace line, it seems that the only official item Vishinsky left out of his United Nations performance was a stereopticon view of Picasso's peace dove.

THE most popular, even beloved, American delegate among the French, is Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. Her difficulties with her hat—a flat, modest affair trimmed with narrow gilt braid—in putting on her earphones at an Assembly meeting have been sympathetically commented on and photographed in the French press. Since propaganda—for want of a nicer word for telling the truth about our peaceful intentions—is now the American password at the United Nations, it is a pleasure to announce that Mrs. Roosevelt is going to do some propaganda here. Three radio networks just asked her if she could possibly find time to do a weekly four-minute broadcast, in French, on the subject of the United Nations, for French, Belgian, and Swiss listeners. With the State Department's blessing, Mrs. Roosevelt said yes, she had plenty of time for four minutes. The Voice of America office in Paris agreed to record the speeches in its studio here. She will have the best spot of the week for women listeners—eight o'clock Sunday night. She will start on November 18th. Her main opening paragraph, this correspondent has been informed, will be: "*Ce que vous voulez savoir, je pense, surtout les femmes de l'Europe d'après-guerre, c'est si demain vous oserez dire à vos enfants que la paix est enfin une réalité. Parce qu'il ne s'agit pas seulement d'en parler mais d'y croire. Et pas seulement d'y croire mais d'y travailler.*"

THERE was considerable bustle to get the television equipment installed in time for the American hookup—French television is almost nonexistent—to catch Acheson's first appearance on the Assembly rostrum and his opening speech. The main machine employed is a Kinescope recording unit, a combination camera and film-developing device. Getting a Kinescope unit over and set up was expensive, and, one way or another, C.B.S., Paramount, the United Nations, and the State Department all chipped in to pay the bills. Time was pressing, and the United States Air Force undertook to fly the Kinescope equipment over from the States. It proved to be so big that it could not be put into the plane intact. Technicians were flown from New York to Westover Field, Massachusetts, to dismantle the thing, and, of course, had to be flown over here with it to put it together again. On this side, it was discovered that French electric wiring ran higher than had been expected, and no wiring was forthcoming until the State Department found some leftover sous in its foreign-building fund and put in the

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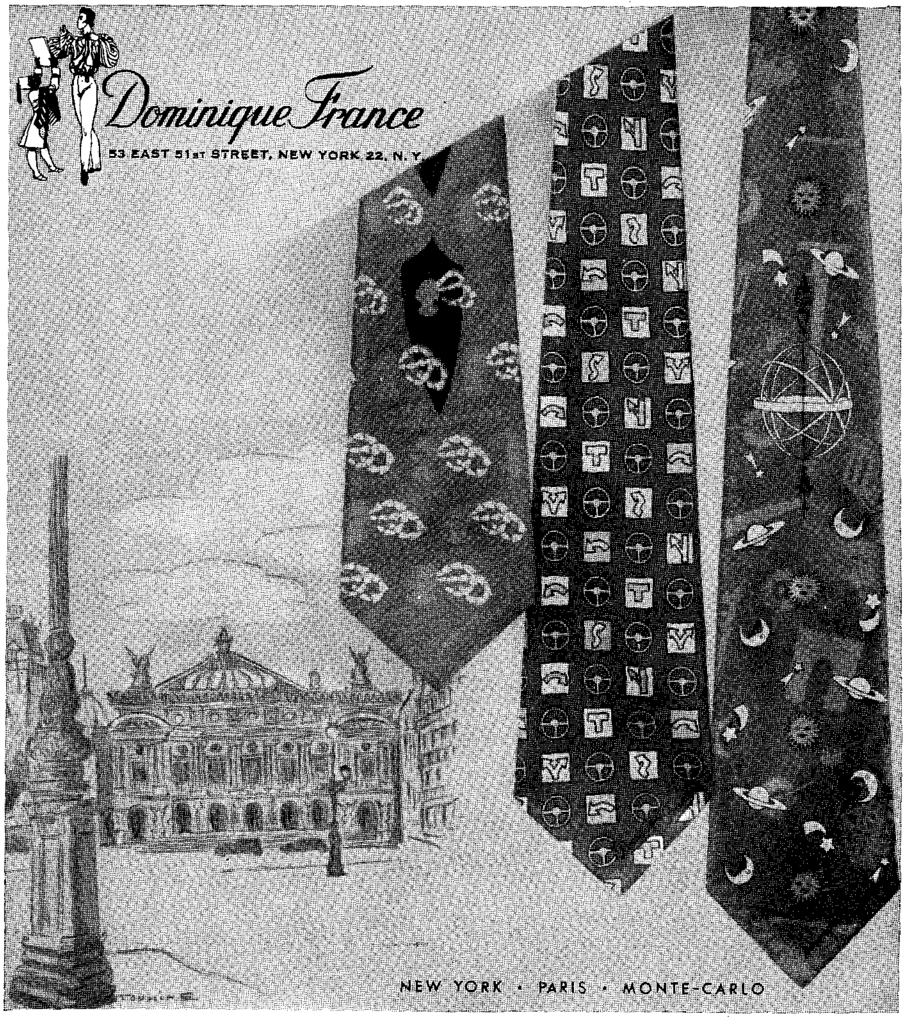

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necessary. It seems that the State Department can, and will, "capture," as the phrase goes, the French wire and lug it back to Washington afterward. By working around the clock two days and nights, the American technical crew got everything buttoned into place and the lights on exactly ten minutes before Secretary Acheson stepped onto the platform and made his bow.

ACCORDING to reports from a young American lady in diplomatic circles here who recently visited Moscow, a lot of new, modernist buildings have been going up on the famous Sparrow Hills. It is from this rise that the unlucky Napoleon first saw the city, and it figures in Tolstoy's "War and Peace." The site is now figuring, apparently, in Soviet plans to offer Moscow as the meeting place for the United Nations Assembly session in 1953. Better write down the date. The largest of the new buildings, situated right on the Moscow River, is the Moscow University, now nearly completed—an enormous, handsome, white stone structure of six thousand rooms, which will be topped off by a big red star. The other buildings are model apartment houses, balconied, and with modern plumbing throughout. These apartment houses and the university will presumably house the United Nations, if the great day comes. Muscovites proudly refer to the Sparrow Hills buildings as Prestige Project. —GENÊT

•

She stopped in front of him, her lips curved and her glance speculative. She put the cigarette in her mouth and waited and he had the matches out now but he did not use them. On impulse he reached out and took her arm and pulled, catching her with his other hand as she came off balance, easily, and was beside him, her body curved to his and her mouth hot and compliant.—*From "Woman at Bay," by George Harmon Coxe.*

And the taste of crushed tobacco sweet on his lips.

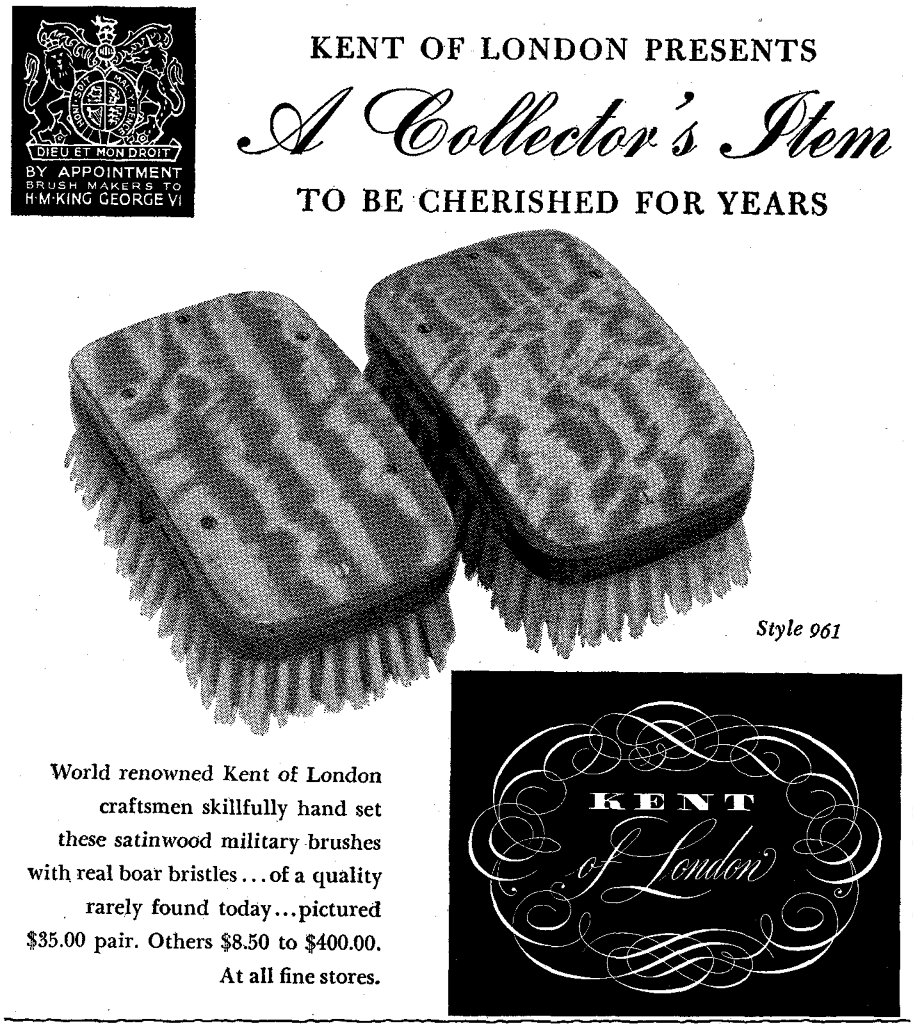
•

WHAT COLUMNIST D'YA READ?

One of the persons who witnessed "Two on the Aisle" Saturday night, front row center, was Frank Costello, who didn't crack a smile during Elliot Reid's hilarious re-enactment of Frank Costello facing Kefauver, Halley, Tobey and company.—*Hy Gardner in the Herald Tribune.*

Frank Costello (who many say will go free) was the loudest laugher for the Kefauver Committee satire at "Two on the Aisle." He shrieked with delight.

—*Earl Wilson in the Post.*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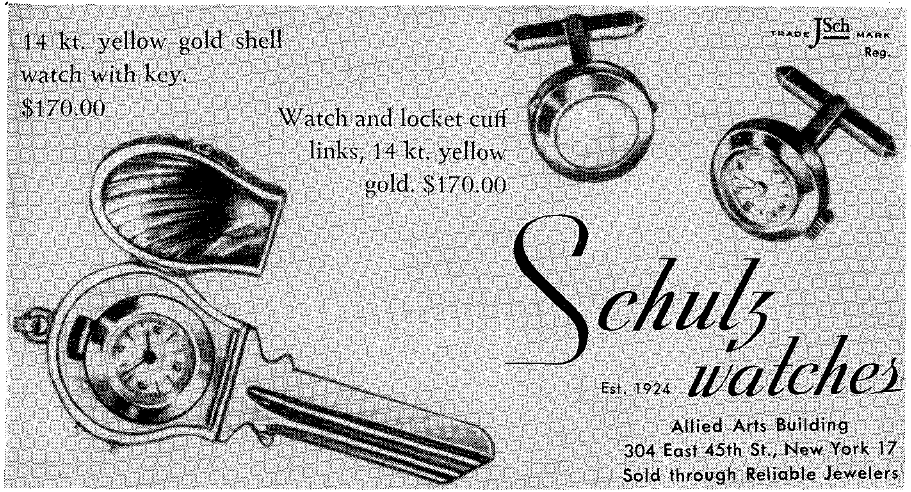
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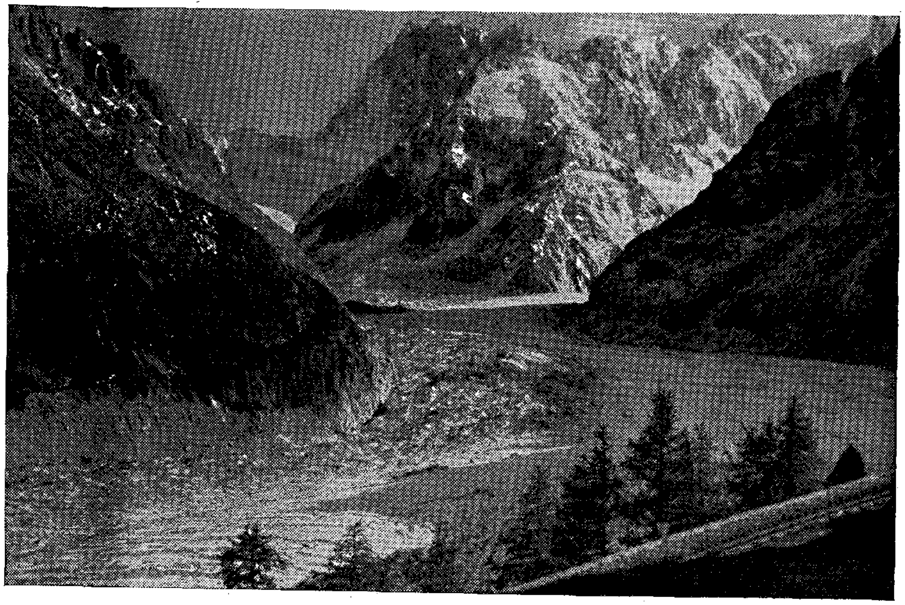
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Pursuit of the Moth

HAVING last week been engulfed in enough celluloid adventure to sate any escapist for a decade, I find myself this week rather in the position of someone with plenty of ideas for knitting a sweater but sorely in need of wool. So perhaps you will permit me to do a bit of woolgathering from various sources about town.

We might pause, for instance, over an English film called "The Clouded Yellow." This peculiar affair has Jean Simmons, always an attractive sort, for its heroine, and, for its hero, Trevor Howard, who can almost make one believe that the British are as bluff as Kipling would have them and as intricate as Meredith would like us to think. Unfortunately, neither of these authors would be found, dead or alive, in the presence of a script as preposterous as this. One of the notions behind it is that a former ace spy in the British Secret Service (Mr. Howard) can hardly wait to take up butterfly-chasing when he's let out of harness. Maybe that idea isn't too outlandish in England, but it will never go down with our home-grown aficionados of F.B.I. movies. At any rate, the ex-agent leaves London for the house of a country couple in order to catalogue their collection of butterflies. Although this might seem an innocuous chore, it is soon clear that our fellow is most oddly situated. Not only are his employers a fairly inexplicable pair but they have in residence with them a niece (Miss Simmons) whose background includes the violent death of her parents. When an unseemly yokel in the butterfly territory is done in, the police come to the natural conclusion that Miss Simmons, certainly an eerie character as represented here, must be responsible for the ugly work. As the business develops, they are proved mistaken, but not until Mr. Howard and Miss Simmons have taken a Cook's Tour of the North of England, visiting many of the most unlikely spots that the earth, or the cinema, has to offer. However, it is perhaps worth reiterating that Miss Simmons is delectable, whatever her cir-

REDISCOVER
FRANCE



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cumstances, which in the current exhibit are lamentable.

GENERALLY speaking, I avoid pictures about Beethoven, on the ground that it is much more satisfactory to listen to the works of the great man than to watch anybody try to figure him out in a medium that almost certainly would have reduced him to guffaws. I broke this rule last week to take in "Eroica," an Austrian film that has English subtitles by Olin Downes. I made a mistake. . . . Another mistake I made last week was to look in on something called "Darling, How Could You!," a dismal variation on the James M. Barrie play entitled "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire." The play never amused me much—it has to do vaguely with a child's suspicion that her mother is powerfully enamored of a friend of the family—and this version gave me a nagging pain. Joan Fontaine and John Lund are the coy principals.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

PLATYPUSES

BRONX ZOO

It does not do to fume and fuss
About the duck-billed platypus,
Who, fur-clad, hatches eggs and makes
Other, similar mistakes.

He swims all night and roosts by day
In a cavern filled with hay;
He carries on his limber hock
A spur to shame the fighting cock.

Impelled at times to show displeasure,
He rolls and scratches without measure
And indicates a wish to be
Outside the Platypusary

Till keepers bring him angleworms
Or other tasty food that squirms.
For grubs or flies without immersion,
He indicates a strong aversion.

His duck-billed mate is likewise proof
Against our bribe and holds aloof;
Neither Penelope nor Cecil
Deigns to heed us when we whistle.

—ELEANOR GLENN WALLIS

•

The structure is to be known as the Mary Jane Bement Hubbell George and Annie Robina Brisbane Roy Miller Memorial, in memory of Mr. George's mother and Mrs. Miller, a devoted friend of both.—*Providence Bulletin.*

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because we are not perfect men, that Mr. Mumford is really talking not about civilized society at all but about the City of God, which is a most interesting topic but not what we engaged to consider.

The reason Mr. Mumford doesn't in general involve our imagination is suggested by the one instance in which he does. This occurs in his dealing with the ideal of preëminent personal achievement, or of genius. Like his intellectual masters of the nineteenth century, like almost all of us, Mr. Mumford is committed to the ideal of "the whole man." It is, indeed, the sum of his moral ideas. The conception of wholeness that he offers is very different from the traditional Renaissance conception, for it explicitly excludes the Renaissance notion of "magnificence," of pride, glory, and fame, to which the full exercise of all the human faculties were to be directed. He fears just that concentration of energy upon competition, aggression, and extravagance that "magnificence" implies. Speaking of the right balance of the faculties, he says very directly that those who live the life of the mind must give up their ideal of intense concentration and high productivity in favor of a dispersion of interests, a greater attention to the life of society, the erotic life, and the family life. He warns against what he calls spiritual and intellectual gluttony. In short, if we are to have the whole personalities upon which the good society depends, we must surrender the ideal of preëminent personal achievement, even the ideal of genius.

This is worth thinking about. For if we consider it, we see that the genius embodies some of our worst social qualities. He is likely to be a conspicuous consumer, as well as a heedless producer, of ideas and images. He frequently has not the least desire to be a whole man; he loves the dyspepsia that results from his gluttony; he cripples himself by indifference to any interests but the one that commands his passion. He is not democratic; he is, as Mr. Mumford says of Buddha and Jesus, "centralized" and "authoritarian," for he is seldom without the wish to impose his ideas and images on us, and to the exclusion of any others. He makes it almost impossible for the rest of us to practice his fascinating arts, except in subaltern ways, or as hobbies, for he has sequestered and monopolized the common fund of talent. There might indeed be distinct advantages in getting rid of him, together with the social conditions that make him possible. Probably we won't get rid of him, but at least the idea interests us and teases us. It does so because it tells

"... and I consider your conduct unethical and lousy"

Do you remember that caption under an Arno cartoon back in 1929?

Some of us at S & S did. And we remembered *"May I?"* and *"Watch out, he bites!," "Hey, Jack, which way to Mecca,"* and *"Now read me the part again where I disinherit everybody."*

But we couldn't find the pictures that went with them. Some of them appeared in books long out of print. And we never did keep all our back issues of *The New Yorker.*

So, last Spring we asked Peter Arno if he wouldn't go over all of his cartoons over the past twenty-five years and let us print the best ones in a book.

A copy of the book finally came in from the bindery the other day. It's much bigger than any other Peter Arno ever published, and because it contains only the cream of all he's ever drawn, it's much the best. Every page is fresh, hilarious, and a complete joy.

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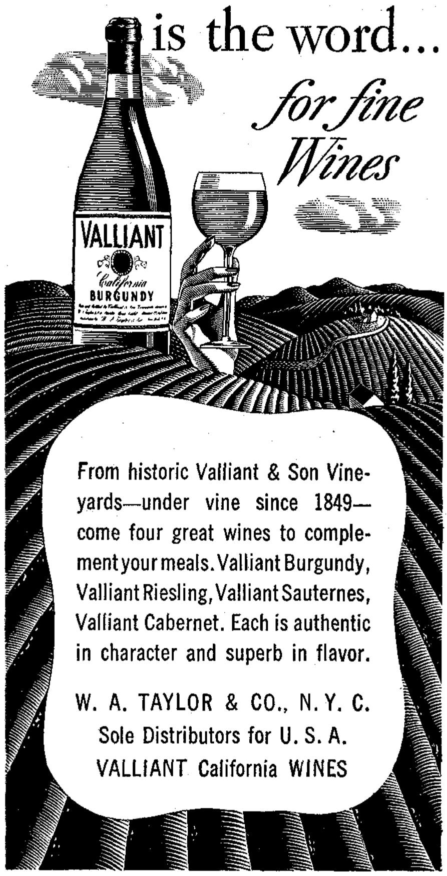

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us something about the nature of our, or any, civilization—that it is an elaborate system of bargaining with ourselves, a process by which we give up something in order to have something else. And always, or usually, we do not give up a bad thing for a good one, but, rather, we give up a good thing for another good thing. For apparently not all good things are compatible with each other.

Mr. Mumford is willing to give up genius—and it is a sacrifice, for he loves genius—but this is exceptional with him, and in general his feeling about civilization is that it need not, and should not, give up anything at all. His tendency is to imply that if we can get rid of the bad elements in temperamental types, in creeds, and in cultures, then all the remaining good elements will approach each other in peace and understanding and eventually in synthesis. "Each world view," he says, "each system of life, must add to its fundamental doctrines precisely those elements that are lacking. . . . Each fundamental type of life-experience must find itself represented in the new synthesis of ideas and values: each must be capable of participating, in some degree, in the life-attitudes . . . that are native to the other type."

How can we not applaud the intention of this, yet how can we not feel that Mr. Mumford has been carried away by his love of peace, universality, and perfection? No one can doubt that even hostile opinions can come to modify each other, and if one thing has been gained by the modern mind, it is that at least some people have learned to suspend belief and disbelief and to understand the efficacy or charm of ways of life not their own. All temperaments, creeds, and cultures have much in common. Yet it is also true that they are self-contained and not interchangeable and that they have an inner logic in which their vices are inextricable from their virtues.

Mr. Mumford, of course, does not really believe that there is such a thing as a perfect temperament or a perfect creed or a perfect culture. But he is fascinated by a sort of provisional perfection, and he thinks he can get it by boxing the compass. Thus, in speaking of the need for a universal language, he says of Esperanto that it is unsatisfactory because it keeps "the vices of a natural language without achieving the grammatical simplicity of Chinese or the facile euphony of Hawaiian." But the grammatical simplicity of Chinese goes with the difficult word order of Chinese, and the facile euphony of Hawaiian, which

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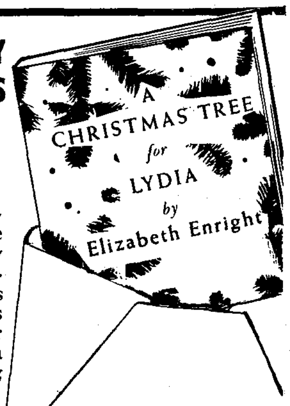

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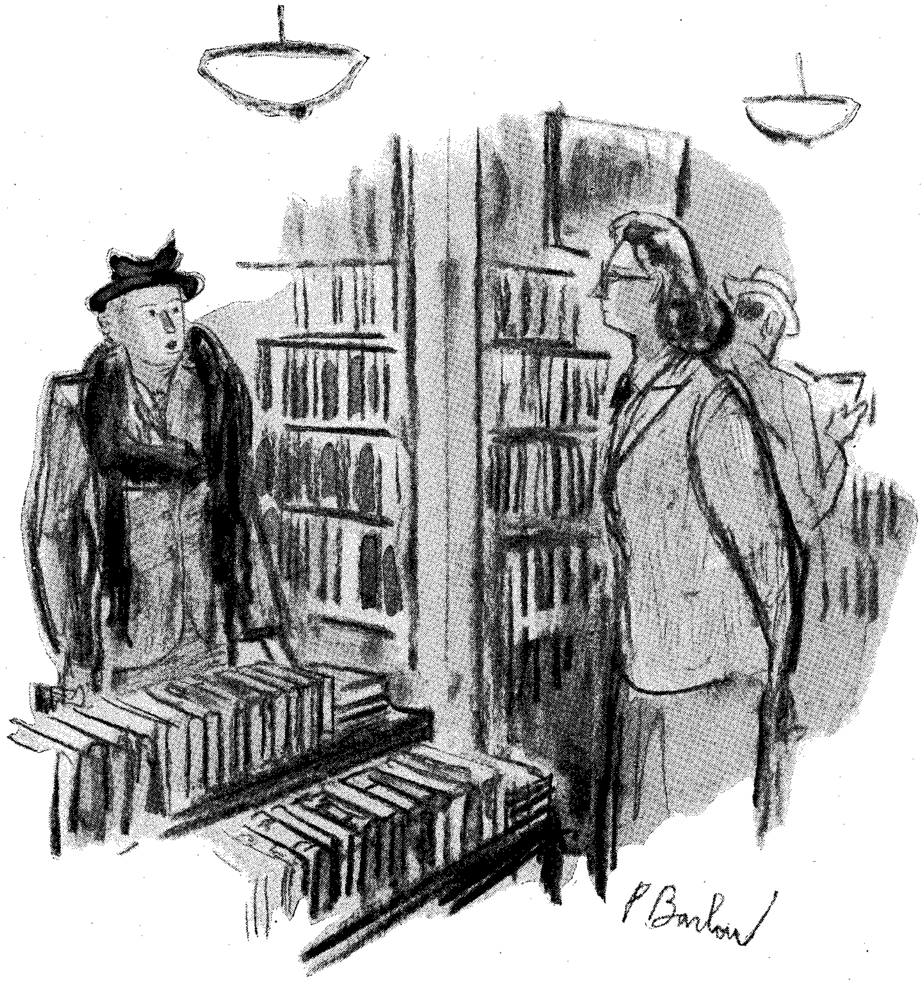
Man of Good Will

IT is some twenty years since Lewis Mumford undertook the nobly conceived work he has now brought to an end with "The Conduct of Life" (Harcourt, Brace). Beginning with "Technics and Civilization," which appeared in 1934, and going on through "The Culture of Cities" (1938) and "The Condition of Man" (1944), Mr. Mumford has sought "to deal in a unified way with man's nature, his work, and his life-dramas, as revealed in the development of contemporary Western civilization." As a cultural historian, Mr. Mumford has never pretended to a detached objectivity. From the first, his work has been animated by an awareness of crisis and by the certainty of what must be done, and done without delay, if mankind is to live properly, or at all. The passing years, expectably, have made his sense of crisis ever more urgent. Now, in "The Conduct of Life," he sums up and makes fully explicit his recommendations for that "transformation of the self and of all organizations" which can save us from chaos or extinction.

In his dealings with fate Mr. Mumford is avowedly and unabashedly a moralist. His prognostications and prescriptions make but little reference to the abstract anonymous forces of history. Rather, his concern is with a social salvation brought about by personal conviction and conversion, which he envisages as the possible and necessary experience of millions of individuals. He offers detailed practical suggestions for the revision of the personal life he believes to be the required condition for a complete social reformation, and to this end he casts a friendly, eclectic eye upon the spiritual exercises of St. Ignatius of Loyola. He is, indeed, so entire and personal a moralist that, risking the ridicule that is usually the lot of anyone who touches on the morality of sumptuary matters, he ventures to take severe notice of smoking and drinking, both as symptoms of emotional imbalance and as a sinful waste in a world that lacks a sufficiency of food.

Whatever we conclude about Mr. Mumford's views, it is impossible to read them without a lively respect for their author. We may decide (and I think we must) that if we have to depend, as he says we do, upon the rapid production of millions of messiahs, similar to Buddha and Jesus but more "democratic" in that they will be less "centralized" and "authoritarian," then we are surely lost. Yet Mr. Mumford's vision is marked by an innocence and—to use an old-fashioned word—a sincerity we cannot fail to heed. Nowadays it is easier to preach morality than it has been for a long time, and far harder to be a moralist of any true simplicity of spirit. Events have made the possibility of a total catastrophe a commonplace of thought, and there is a not unnatural human disposition to deal with the threat of disaster by the magical potency of extreme moral attitudes. The contemporary moralist can therefore operate with a facility that is improper to his subject, and he falls all too easily into a transcendent vulgarity as he speaks of a generation of vipers, or the end of modern man, or the actuality of the Devil, or redemption by the asexuality of the Perennial Philosophy. But Mr. Mumford has no touch of this new, grim ethical *chic*. He really is something of the prophet and he is nothing at all of the public-relations man for high ideals. Every utterance is a total involvement for him, a complete commitment. We feel that he speaks never out of moral pride, out of the desire to gain a moral prestige, but only in submission to reason and goodness.

This quality of Mr. Mumford's has great authority. His prescriptions are large, they are enormous, but we hesitate to say they are too large. Before his innocent and sincere faith it seems shameful to do so. We hesitate the more because it is only the extremity of their statement that makes us question his ideas; there is nothing in the ideas themselves that we don't accept. Which is to say, and Mr. Mumford would be the first to say it, that there is nothing very new about his ideas. Mr. Mumford has always taken a generous pleasure in acknowledging his special intellectual debt to the remarkable Scottish biologist Sir Patrick Geddes. But for most of



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us Geddes is still but a dim figure and we find it easier to think of Mr. Mumford in a direct line of descent from Carlyle, Arnold, Ruskin, and William Morris. He continues their passionate love of social order, and of a social order that is organic and not mechanical; their intense feeling for personality and for the wholeness of personality in the face of the specializing and dehumanizing tendency of modern society; and their hard, practical anti-materialism, their certainty that there is no wealth but life, that being is better than having. From Ruskin in particular Mr. Mumford has learned how to read the cultures of the past with a view to discovering from the nature of their art how much life and what quality of life they had fostered. From Ruskin, too, but even more from Morris, he derives what is especially attractive in him, his feeling for the immediate application of large social ideas to specific, modest, and domestic matters.

Only the most unenlightened intellectual snobbery will suppose that this relation of Mr. Mumford's ideas to the nineteenth century is an adverse characterization; these are the ideas that are bred in our bones, if our bones have any soundness at all. And to the substantiation and refreshment of the old affirmations, Mr. Mumford, who is the most assiduous and catholic of scholars, brings whatever the new sciences and the new philosophies have to offer, while he himself advances the renovation by his own passion and his own perceptiveness.

Why is it, then, that Mr. Mumford's book, with all its virtues, does not take possession of us? It certainly doesn't leave us untouched, but just as certainly it doesn't win from us the response it wants. It stands solidly as a monument to goodness, but it was meant to run mercurially as a principle of conduct, and this it does not do. Since it is impossible to read "The Conduct of Life" without good will toward it, we ask if the failure lies with us, if we are responding with an ingrained skepticism about the power of personal moral decision, corrupted as we are likely to be by the modern commitment to belief in abstract historical forces. I do not think so. The fault lies with Mr. Mumford, who, in asking us to act to save civilization, confuses us about the nature of the thing we are to save. He tells us that we cannot possibly save civilized society unless we become perfect men and acquire every good quality men can possibly have. We respond with the feeling that we need civilized society just

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THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME BOOKS BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS PUBLISHED DURING THE YEAR

(All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these volumes first appeared in this magazine.)

The Villa Diana, by Alan Moorehead (*Scribner, $2.50*).

A series of seven reports on Italy and on the remarkably resilient citizens of Florence, Portofino, Venice, Rome, Siena, Palermo, and even Cassino. The eighth, and last, piece in the book is a Profile of Poliziano, a Florentine poet and courtier of the Renaissance. Illustrations by Osbert Lancaster.

Traveller's Samples, by Frank O'Connor (*Knopf, $2.75*).

A collection of short stories by a man who writes with a kind of dry affection about his fellow-countymen of Cork, Ireland, and the situations they get themselves into.

We Buy Old Gold, by George Price (*Schuman, $2.95*).

Mr. Price's gritty and overstimulated types doing their best in the sorry scheme of things. The people who make up this cartoonist's peculiar fauna still preserve their quality of dynamic dowdiness and their knack of seeming frantic even in repose. Foreword by Robert M. Coates.

Parents Keep Out, by Ogden Nash (*Little, Brown, $2.75*).

An anthology of "elderly poems for youngerly readers." Many of them have appeared in Mr. Nash's previous books, and all of them have been selected by him in the hope that they will entertain and, in a strange kind of way, enlighten his juniors. Drawings by Barbara Corrigan.

The Smoking Mountain, by Kay Boyle (*McGraw-Hill, $3.50*).

Miss Boyle's impressions of life among the ruins of a defeated country occupied by its conquerors. There are eleven short stories in the book, all of them set in Germany. A factual description of the trial of a grisly Nazi official named Heinrich Baab serves as an introduction.

Fancies and Goodnights, by John Collier (*Doubleday, $4.00*).

Fifty stories about the creatures—supernatural, moonstruck, and wryly sinister—of Mr. Collier's invention, who keep turning up in the most prosaic circles.

The Sea Around Us, by Rachel L. Carson (*Oxford, $3.50*).

A book about the ocean, parts of which appeared as a Profile in this magazine. Miss Carson's seascape is composed of anecdotes, romantic legends, hypotheses, and innumerable hard facts. Drawings by Katherine L. Howe.

Ladies & Gentlemen, by Peter Arno (*Simon & Schuster, $3.50*).

Mr. Arno, who has been depicting the simple pleasures of the well-heeled for twenty-five years, has selected about two hundred and fifty drawings from all the work he has done. In a foreword to the collection, he explains how his entente cordiale with the cartoon came about.

Many Are Called, by Edward Newhouse (*Sloane, $3.75*).

These stories—forty-two of them—about hoboes, Air Force generals, housewives, and other disparate types add up to a pretty thorough survey of the American social scene from 1939 to 1950, when they were being published originally.

A Man Gets Around, by John McNulty (*Little, Brown, $2.75*).

Articles, sketches, and reminiscences, all of which prove that Mr. McNulty can enjoy himself just as much in a ward at Bellevue, in a candy store in New England, and in various other places as he can on his regular beat along Third Avenue.

The Wonderful World of Toots Shor, by John Bainbridge (*Houghton Mifflin, $2.50*).

A Profile of the volatile tavern keeper, with side views of a few of the baseball players, press agents, and Hollywood actors who reciprocate, as far as is humanly possible, his radiant feelings of Palship for them, and who make his restaurant on Fifty-first Street their headquarters whenever they happen to be in town. Drawings by Alan Dunn.

Bella, Bella Kissed a Fella, by Arthur Kober (*Random House, $2.75*).

Further chronicles of Miss Bella Gross, of the Bronx, N.Y.—still unmarried and still determined, in spite of maternal pressure, to hold out for true love. Jacket illustration by Hoff.

The Finer Things of Life, by Frances Gray Patton (*Dodd, Mead, $3.00*).

Stories about the agreeable inhabitants of a small Southern university town, who, it is clear, behave as sensibly or as foolishly as the inhabitants of this large Northern city, and for many of the same reasons. Illustrated by Garrett Price.

A Short Walk from the Station, by Phyllis McGinley (*Viking, $2.75*).

An assortment of verses that deal, for the most part, with the pleasures (major) and the vexations (minor) of living in a suburb. Miss McGinley has also written a partisan introduction on the same subject. Illustrations by Roberta Macdonald.

Conclusive Evidence, by Vladimir Nabokov (*Harper, $3.00*).

In this volume of recollections, Mr. Nabokov allows his readers to share—in part, at least—some of the wonder and beauty and excitement of his childhood and youth in Russia, and some of the bewilderment and discomfort of his years of exile in England, France, and Germany after he left Russia in 1919.

"Oops! Wrong Party!" by Syd Hoff (*Dutton, $3.00*).

Kitchen and parlor comedy in Hoff's earthy matriarchy, revolving on such basic family themes as the marriageable daughter, for whom each evening is both a crisis and an opportunity.

Open House, by James Reid Parker (*Doubleday, $2.75*).

Twenty short stories and light essays, in most of which Mr. Parker dissects the more urbane brands of human absurdity that are his specialty. Drawings by Leonard Shorthall.

White Hopes and Other Tigers, by John Lardner (*Lippincott, $2.75*).

A collection of Mr. Lardner's annals of the lives (semiprivate, fiscal, and professional) of Jack Johnson, Jack Dempsey, Luis Firpo, Gene Tunney, and a number of other heavyweights, and their guides and followers, who flourished between 1910 and 1930—high-spirited men all. Photographs.

True Tales from the Annals of Crime and Rascality, by St. Clair McKelway (*Random House, $3.00*).

Twelve studies of some outlandish citizens and a few model ones. Mr. McKelway, having examined several specimens of each kind, seems to have made the heartening discovery that the main difference (though possibly not the only one) between people who enforce the law and people who bump up against it lies in the sort of work they have chosen to do for a living.

In the Absence of Angels, by Hortense Calisher (*Little, Brown, $3.00*).

A collection of fifteen stories that range over the past thirty-odd years and even pry into the future. Miss Calisher explores themes as diverse as racial antagonism, the spiritual aftermath of a successful enemy attack on the United States, and the stresses and affections of a family of complex character and origin as seen from the maturing viewpoint of one of its younger members.

The New Yorker Twenty-fifth Anniversary Album (*Harper, $5.00*).

A volume containing around a thousand pictures selected by the editors of this magazine from the many more thousands they have published in the past twenty-five years, and compiled and arranged with several considerations in mind, among them that of presenting a chronological once-over of the quarter century under commemoration.

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THE MARK OF GOOD BOOKS
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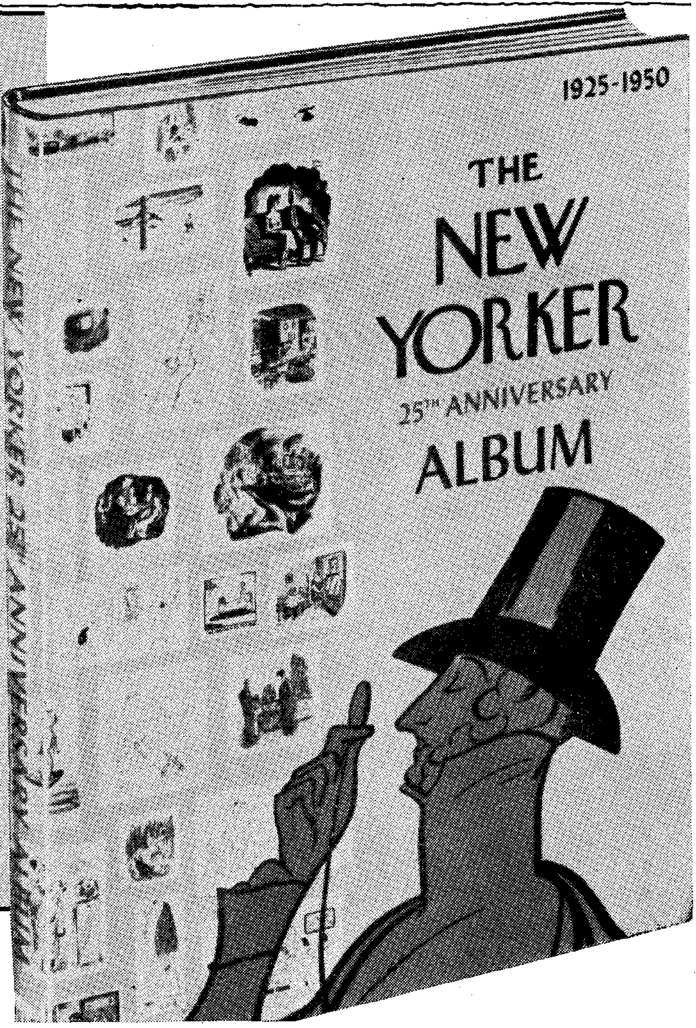

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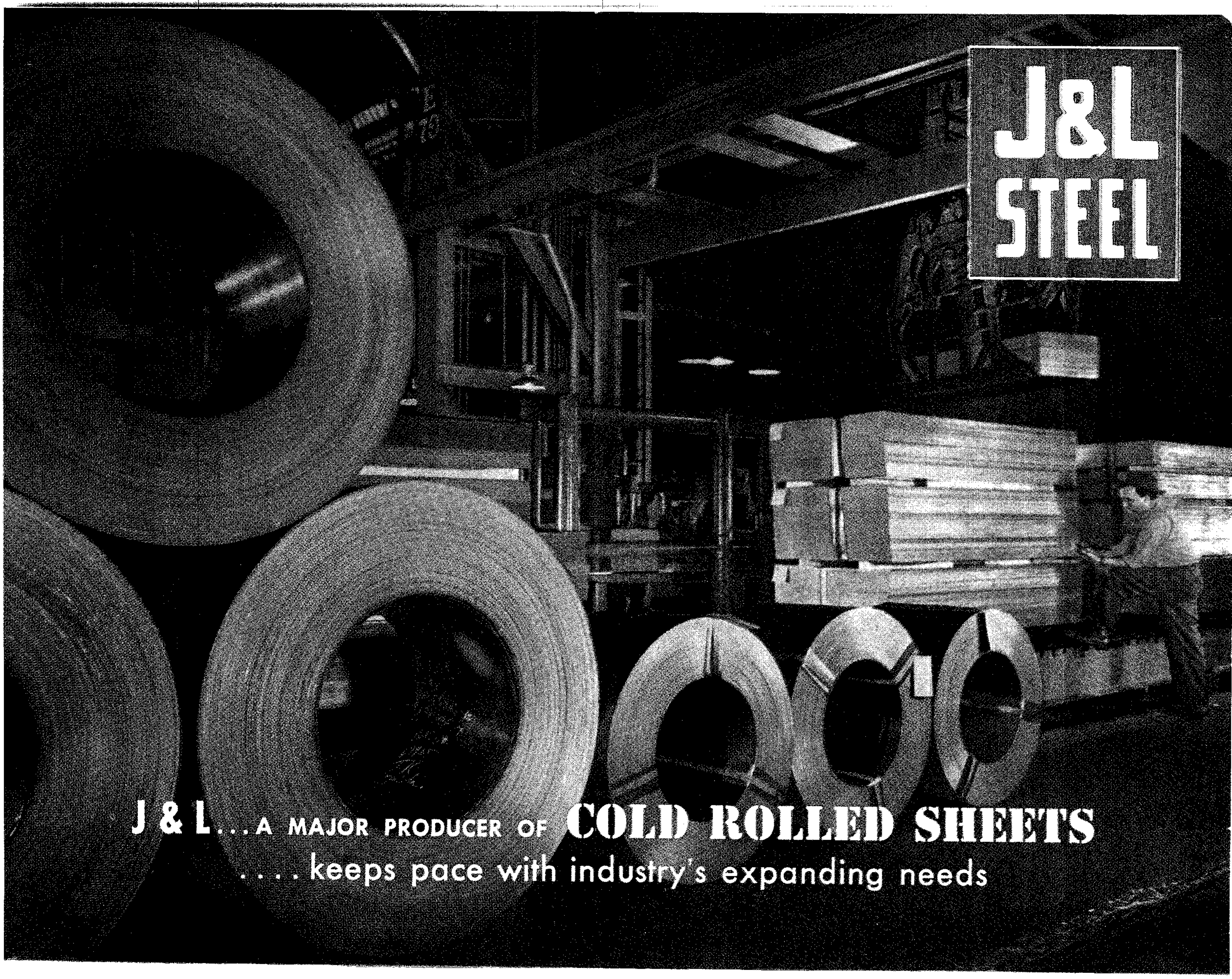
might be very boring, precludes the hard consonantal vivacity of Spanish or Italian. In larger matters Mr. Mumford's method of synthesis is no more realistic. He will not, for example, believe in a God who is at once the omnipotent creator of the universe and also its benevolent moral governor, for human suffering makes this an unacceptable paradox. He therefore recommends belief in a God who is incomplete but always evolving in our conception of him and whose full realization will be, as Mr. Mumford says, "the very last stage of all observable development." At the same time, he wants all the spiritual benefits of Western religion, the sense of transcendence and mystery, of universal purpose and drama, of evil and sin, not stopping to consider that these have been developed through the acceptance and contemplation of the theological paradox he rejects.

It is Mr. Mumford's impulse to synthetic perfection that makes his book intellectually unsatisfying. And what is perhaps worse, this impulse is politically confusing. Mr. Mumford's morality is always directed toward political ends, to the peace and order that will arise from the will to unity and coöperation. But just as it misconceives the nature of civilization, it misconceives the nature of politics. I do not mean that Mr. Mumford's ends are not the right ones—they so obviously are—but if we try to reach them only by his counsel of perfection, we shall very quickly despair. Morality and politics do indeed have their vital connection with each other, but they are not the same thing, nor will they be until that day of perfection when we will have no need of either of them. —LIONEL TRILLING

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

MY FATHER'S HOUSE, by Henri Troyat (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). A novel of Russia from 1888 to 1914, in which the history of that period is presented as a background to a long love story involving three people—a girl named Tania; her husband, Michael; and their best friend, Volodia, a spoiled and handsome man who had once hoped to marry Tania. This curiously realistic, uneven relationship, smashed at the beginning by Volodia's jealousy and then carefully rebuilt as time goes on, is so well understood by M. Troyat, and so brilliantly described by him, that it seems at the finish as though nothing in the principals' lives has escaped us. This is



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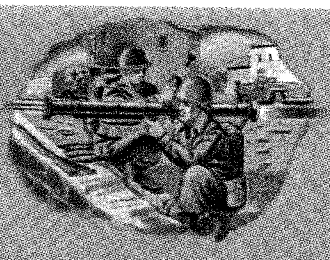
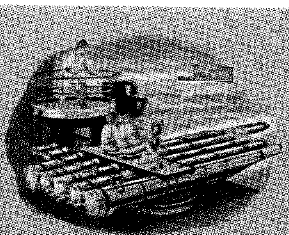
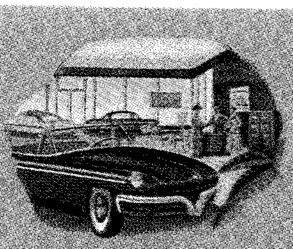
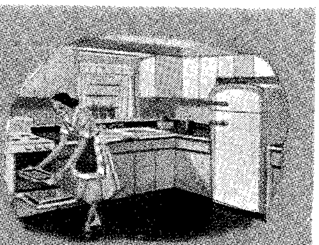
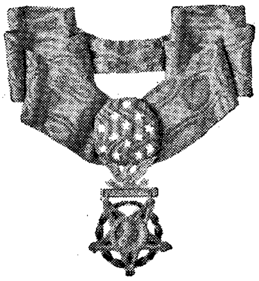








Medal of Honor



Major General William F. Dean, of Berkeley, California—Medal of Honor. In the hard early days of the Korean War, when it was Red armor against American rifles, General Dean chose to fight in the most seriously threatened parts of the line with his men. At Taejon, just before his position was overrun, he was last seen hurling hand grenades defiantly at tanks.

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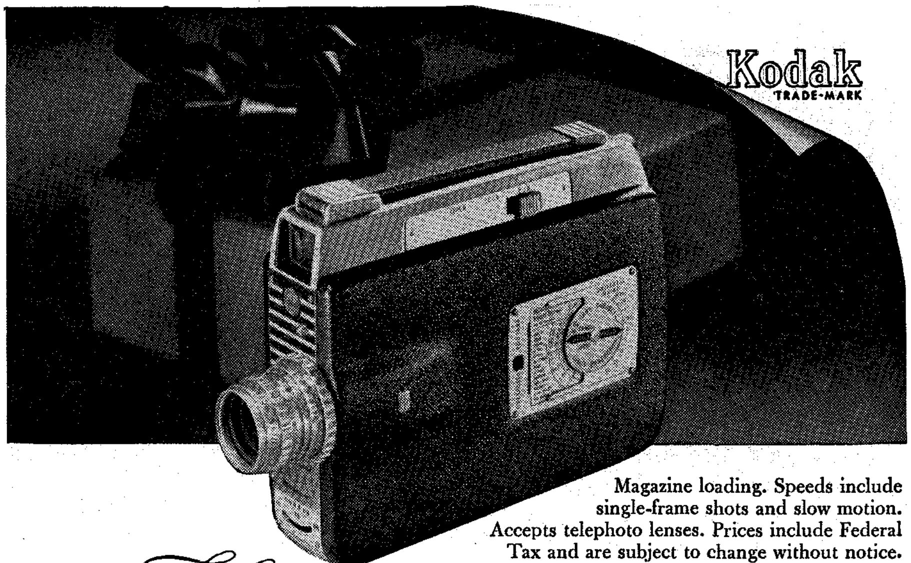
one of those gigantic books in which whole families, and even whole communities, have a part, but no amount of local detail or public activity can really interrupt the strong central theme of the story, which ends, as it began, with the three characters separated, perhaps forever this time, but indissolubly bound together in spite of anything they may do. Translated from the French.

WE FISHED ALL NIGHT, by Willard Motley (Appleton-Century-Crofts). A Chicago novel about three young men—an actor, a union organizer, and a poet—who are destroyed by the city and by the last war, and also, although Mr. Motley might deny this, by the fact that they weren't much to start with. Don Lockwood, the actor, who develops into a corrupt politician, is the best character in the book, and could very well have stood alone, but the account of his career is obscured and enfeebled by his author's ambitious effort to create a panorama of the war generation. Mr. Motley's heavy, wearisome irony, his rhapsodizing, and his frequent deviations into faraway lives and faraway places make one wish that he had cooled off long enough to allow his story, which could have been a strong one, to speak for itself.

REACH TO THE STARS, by Calder Willingham (Vanguard). A brash, hasty, and very youthful book about a young New Yorker, Richard Davenport, who seems to have ideas about being a writer and who goes to Hollywood to work as a bellboy at a super-luxury hotel, the Goncourt.

GENERAL

TALES OF BURIED TREASURE, by Edward Rowe Snow (Dodd, Mead). According to the laws of a number of states, buried treasure belongs to the man who finds it, no matter who owns the land it's found on. The author has dug for, and found, doubloons and pieces of eight along the Atlantic Coast; there are many millions more still underground in this hemisphere—the trick is knowing just where. Mr. Snow's book is both a history of treasure hunting along the Eastern Seaboard and a textbook for those who might like to try their hand at it. Among the episodes he tells of is the finding—in 1687, by Bill Phips of Maine—of a hoard of Spanish gold that would now be worth $1,250,000, for which a grateful king knighted him, and allowed him to keep enough of the gold



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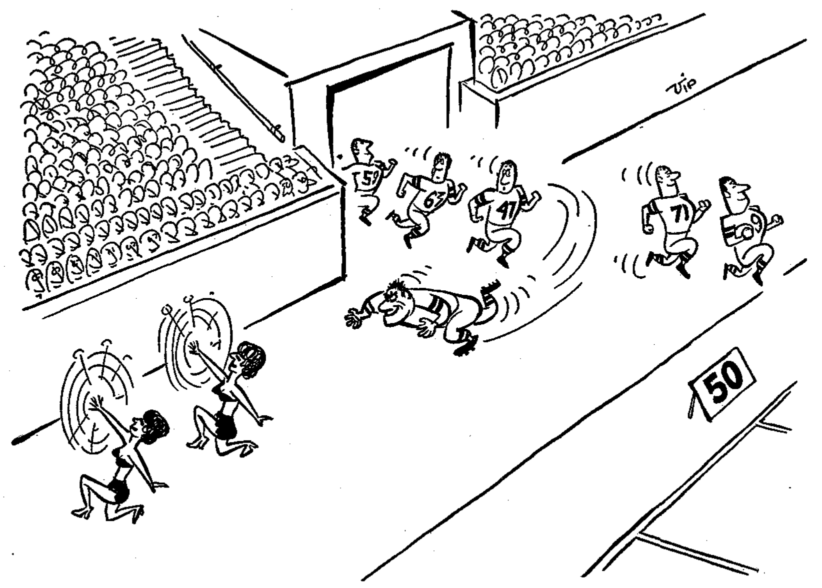

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to ruin his life in style. Another concerns the author's own bonanza on Calf Island, near Boston Light—a tidy little eighteen hundred dollars' worth of doubloons and Portuguese moidores, found with the aid of an honest-to-God secret code. Fascinating stuff, and enough to arouse cupidity in a parson.

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES, by Felix Morley (Knopf). This book, which is based on a series of lectures given by the author at Wesleyan University, could stand as the credo of enlightened conservatism in regard to American foreign policy. Mr. Morley is censorious of most of the major international acts of the present administration and its predecessor, and of both President Roosevelt's and President Truman's reliance on the idea of the United Nations as a means of achieving and keeping a permanent peace, a concept he condemns as unrealistic. On the positive side, he advocates a much bigger role for Congress in the formulation of foreign policy, arguing that if Congress had had such a role in 1945, there would have been no "Yalta," a word he gives sinister connotations. On the whole, a constructive piece of criticism, although somewhat weakened by hindsight reasoning. Mr. Morley's style shows its customary forcefulness and clarity.

LORD CHESTERFIELD AND HIS WORLD, by Samuel Shellabarger (Little, Brown). This scholarly and unsensational book, first published in England in 1935, before the author became celebrated as a popular historical novelist, is likely to disappoint "Captain from Castile" fans. Mr. Shellabarger doesn't like the fourth Earl of Chesterfield very much, but he is deeply fascinated by the Earl's attempt to create, as another artist might compose a symphony, a way of life and a son worthy to represent it, and he handles the real pathos, when the way of life collapses and the son resolutely remains a sow's ear, with dignity and skill. Mr. Shellabarger's portrait is thoughtfully written, and he is scrupulously fair, despite his obvious sympathy for the loutish son, but his prose would have profited from more study of His Lordship's.

THE REDS TAKE A CITY, by John W. Riley, Jr., and Wilbur Schramm (Rutgers University Press). An unsuccessful marriage of two books that have nothing in common but their subject—the ninety-day Communist occupation of Seoul. The

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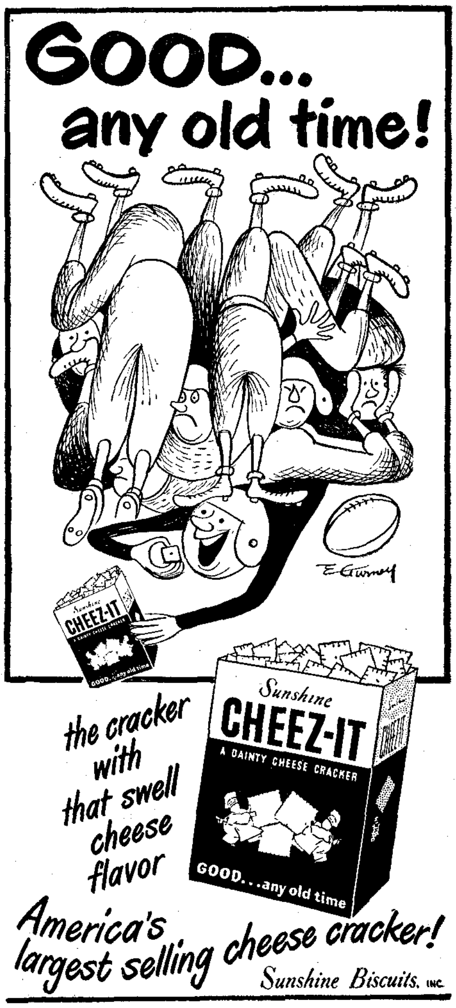

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first consists of eleven brief accounts by anti-Communist Koreans, mostly professional people, of how they survived the ordeal. These stories are, like all such first-person narratives, immediate, shocking, bewildered, far from objective ("Red Satans" is one of the cooler terms for the invading forces), and often heartrending. The other book, whose chapters are scattered among the Korean narratives, is a sociological report on the occupation as a blueprint of Communist methods and intentions, based on a study that Professor Riley, a sociologist, and Dean Schramm, a communications expert, made for the United States Air Force. It, like *its* fellows, is calm, informed, objective, academic, complete with charts, and a little dull. What Rutgers University Press hath joined together, some man should have put asunder.

THE GILA, by Edwin Corle (Rinehart). The forty-fourth volume of the excellent Rivers of America series. The Gila (pronounced "Hee-la," though not universally) has had a dozen names since the Spaniards first came upon it in 1539. It is the key river of the Southwest, although as a waterway it is ornery and undependable. It runs through what was once Apache territory, and it has seen a lot of picturesque and sanguinary history, reaching back to pre-Columbian times. Mr. Corle, who knows a great deal about the Southwest, has been handed a writer's dream of an assignment and has carried it out in fine style. Sketches by Ross Santee.

THE HAWTHORNES, by Vernon Loggins (Columbia). A biography of the Hathorne family, which became "Hawthorne" only after Nathaniel inserted the "w" for phonetic reasons some time in the eighteen-thirties. The first Hathornes came to the Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1630, and succeeding generations were prominent in Salem until the early nineteenth century; by Nathaniel's

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time, the family was in relatively tight circumstances and it was his slowly acquired fame as a novelist that restored lustre to the name. Mr. Loggins' genealogical study makes a beguiling narrative and also makes possible a fuller understanding of the mind and personality of Nathaniel. The section of the book that deals with Nathaniel's ill-starred son, Julian (among whose vicissitudes was a spell in the penitentiary, for fraud), however, makes painful reading, and could have been played down without loss.

THE LOST PHARAOHS, by Leonard Cottrell (Philosophical Library). A superior primer of Egyptology, written by an English amateur who has a passionate admiration for the men who literally dug up from the sands of the Nile Valley the facts on the beginnings of Western civilization. The story is dramatic without being in the least bit hopped up. Mr. Cottrell describes the building of the Pyramids and their original appearance, which must have been breathtaking; he tells of the secret removal, three thousand years ago, of the mummies of thirty-six kings, queens, and princes to a new, communal tomb, and of the eventual discovery of this treasure house; finally, he gives a lengthy description of the greatest find of all—the tomb of Tutankhamen, in its pristine state. Many fine photographs.

THE HAPSBURG MONARCHY, 1867-1914, by Arthur J. May (Harvard). A scholarly attempt to put together the pieces of that historical jigsaw puzzle known as the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, which Lloyd George rightly called "that ramshackle realm" and which was ultimately swept off the table in a single rude swoop by the First World War. Professor May starts his work at Mohács, where, in 1526, the Turks defeated the Hungarians, and where, in 1687, the Austrians defeated the Turks. Having all but annexed grateful Hungary, the Austrian Empire builders proceeded to take proprietary rights in the adjacent odd colorful bits—the lands of the Rumanians, the Croats, the Serbs, the Czechs, the Slovaks, and the rest—swallowing them but not digesting them. This is an engrossing story of pacts and counter-pacts, broken treaties, conspiracies, assassins' bullets, Pan-Slav antics, commercial and political controversies, and conflicting cultures, with such giants as Bismarck and

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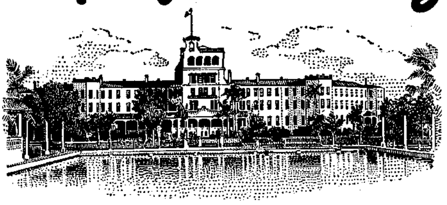

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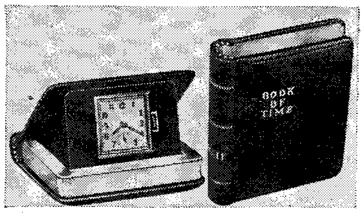

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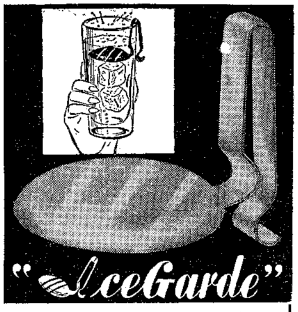

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Andrássy stalking against the crazy-quilt background, dispensing smiles or brusquely pushing aside small fry who stood in the way.

Samuel Butler's Notebooks, edited by Geoffrey Keynes and Brian Hill (Dutton). A new selection from the Notebooks, containing some heretofore unpublished material (including a short disquisition on Bernard Shaw that begins, "I have long been repelled by this man . . .") and edited with a lot more care than the earlier, standard edition, got out by Butler's friend Henry Festing Jones. Butler's gadfly qualities, his testiness, his wit, and his honest good sense are nowhere seen to better advantage than in these more or less brief notes. He had opinions on everything, and most of them ran counter to the prevailing thinking of his era. He was a master of the art of giving offense: "An honest God's the noblest work of man," "Be virtuous—and you will be vicious," and, about the Devil, "It must be remembered that we have only heard one side of the case. God has written all the books." He tells funny stories and irreverent anecdotes, and he makes sly fun of himself. Butler was more himself in these private jottings than in the novels, where he just *had* to be serious once in a while. Altogether, the book is a delight.

Portrait of the Artist as an American, by Selden Rodman (Harper). Subtitled "A Biography with Pictures," this is an unusually intimate exploration of the life and works of Ben Shahn, now fifty-three, who has always been distinguished for his ability to inject sharp socio-political commentary into his paintings without diminishing their strong artistic value. Shahn apparently cooperated willingly in the preparation of the book, and one has the pleasant feeling throughout that the artist and the biographer got on very well together. Long talks between the two, quoted with almost Boswellian fidelity, give an effect of immediacy to the recital, and if they also sometimes give the book a certain air of superficiality, they are balanced, unobtrusively, by a good deal of research and a generally sound objectivity on the author's part. There are close to a hundred and fifty illustrations, most of them, unfortunately, small.

Seven Leagues to Paradise, by Richard Tregaskis (Doubleday). A report, based on some recent maga-

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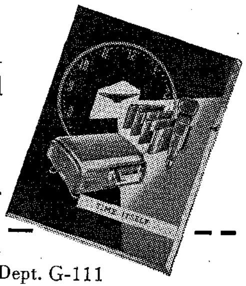

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zine articles by the author of "Guadalcanal Diary," of a hop-skip-and-jump expedition around the world—undertaken, we're told, on Mr. Tregaskis' conviction that things have become distressingly stodgy around home. In his search for what he, or quite possibly his editors, decided to call paradise, the author first dropped in on Australia and New Zealand, found them a good deal less utopian than they'd seemed during his wartime leaves there, and then whizzed onward through the Orient and Europe, pausing long enough in some countries to take notes on what he was informed were "representative" people, including a Chinese small landowner, the victim, alternately, of Communist and of Nationalist greed; a Hindu untouchable; a Swiss watchmaker; a Swedish aviator; and an American who settled down in England after the war. These portraits, with one or two exceptions, are extremely sketchy affairs, as are the conclusions Mr. Tregaskis drew from them and from his jaunt as a whole. Paradise, we learn, is a whale of an elusive place in times like these, but Southern California, where Mr. Tregaskis finally landed, is about as close to it as one could hope for.

SEX AND THE LAW, by Morris Ploscowe (Prentice-Hall). A highly informed and civilized discussion of the various and often contradictory legal measures with which the forty-eight states seek to control the sexual urge of human beings. Judge Ploscowe, a New York City magistrate, takes up, in turn, every form of sexual activity the law concerns itself with, from marriage and breaches of that contract to such aberrations as rape, homosexuality, crimes against nature, and offenses against children. In nearly every case, he is able to demonstrate that the applicable statutes lack humanity and even common sense, and that the legislative chaos produced by prejudice, Puritanism, demagoguery, and ignorance has resulted in abuses and invasions of individual rights. Each chapter ends with a short section in which the author outlines general ways in which the legal machinery might be overhauled to the advantage of society.

KATHERINE MANSFIELD'S LETTERS TO JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY, 1913-1922, edited by John Middleton Murry (Knopf). A seven-hundred-page volume that strips away, once and for all, any vestige of

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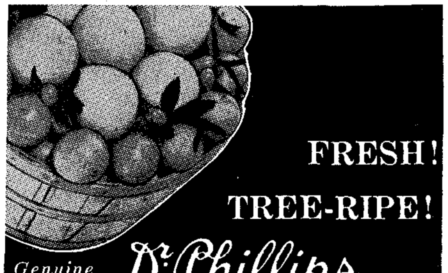

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privacy that might have continued to surround at least a few of the details of the uneasy relationship between the late Katherine Mansfield and her husband, the editor of this collection. Portions of many of these letters have appeared previously, but now Mr. Murry has reinserted in them passages he once deleted, and has also tossed in, ostensibly with reluctance, the balance of this highly personal correspondence. As a result, one may now learn, for instance, that on March 9, 1918, Miss Mansfield, or Wig, felt like a dull little toadstool and feared that the editor, or Jag, would find her tiresome, and share the information imparted on November 26, 1919, to her "precious little Paper Boy" that Wig preferred the *Guardian* to the *Times*. Other, and far more felicitous, examples of Miss Mansfield's epistolary style do, of course, crop up from time to time, but even they don't add much to one's knowledge of this sensitive writer, who shrank so consistently from the limelight during her lifetime.

GERTRUDE STEIN: A BIOGRAPHY OF HER WORK, by Donald Sutherland (Yale). An attempt at a critical appraisal of the art of Gertrude Stein. The book is written for those who are already convinced that Miss Stein was a major literary force, and it contains little that might convert those who feel that she was a woman who discovered early that she couldn't write and devoted the rest of her life to proving it. Professor Sutherland tries hard, but the reader finds himself floundering around in sentences like this: "[Henry] James tended to schematize the exterior and the sensuous to mere melodrama, a mere frame or boogiewoogie bass for the rich drama which was for him that of ethical dubiety. . . ."

THE ABC OF READING, by Ezra Pound (New Directions). This vol-

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★

I SAW PANDEMONIUM BREAK LOOSE Nov. 5 in Minneapolis. The cause: 1,350 wide-eyed young men who were dining with 32 of the nation's sports greats. It was the Star and Tribune Parade of Champions for top carrier-salesmen. Such champions as Jersey Joe Walcott, George Mikan ("Mr. Basketball"), Bobby Thomson (the Giants' home-run hero) and Doak Walker (Detroit Lions star) descended on Minneapolis to pay tribute to our carriers. The boys are leaders among the 9,000 carrier-salesmen it takes to deliver the Upper Midwest's best-liked, best-read newspapers—the **Minneapolis Star and Tribune** (combined daily circulation: more than 485,000) and the **Minneapolis Sunday Tribune** (circulation more than 615,000).

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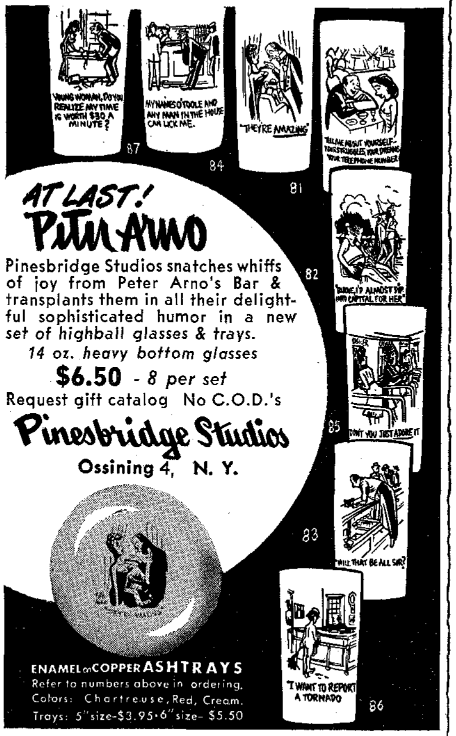
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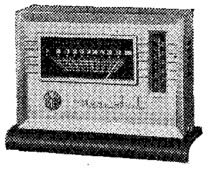

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ume, first published in 1934, was designed by Pound as a textbook on verse, and it could conceivably function as one. It appeared just before economic and political preoccupations began to dim the poet's critical insight, and it is full of original and suggestive ideas on the meaning and operation of the poetic art. A series of "exhibits"—poems ranging from Chaucer and Gavin Douglas to Pope, Crabbe, Browning, Landor, and Whitman—brighten the text, and the comments ring with Pound's early wit and vigor.

AUDUBON'S ANIMALS, edited and compiled by Alice Ford (Studio-Crowell). The first reissue in nearly a century of the hundred and fifty-six plates of North American mammals by the famous artist, assisted by one of his sons. The work has been somewhat overshadowed by the earlier and unforgettable "Birds," but it has, nevertheless, its own dash, and a similar sense of the excitement of the wild. A commentary, excerpts from the elder Audubon's nature journals, and reproductions of a group of his lesser-known paintings have been added by the editor.

NOTE: Peter Arno has made a selection of around two hundred and fifty drawings and cartoons from those he has done over the last twenty-six years, and these have been published by Simon & Schuster under the title "Ladies & Gentlemen"—a definitive work, with a foreword by the artist. Almost all the drawings were first printed in this magazine. . . . Another collection of cartoons that for the most part first appeared in these pages—by George Price this time, and entitled "We Buy Old Gold"—has been issued by Schuman. . . . Viking has put out an assortment of verses by Phyllis McGinley called "A Short Walk from the Station." Many of these, too, were originally published in *The New Yorker.*

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DEPT. OF UTTER CONFUSION

[*From the Washington Post*]

Jupe and "another big dog" named Nellie, cornered a woodchuck recently, Gordon said. The wood chuck was tugging on Nellie, and Jupe was tugging on the woodchuck was tugging on Nel-tugged on the woodchuck, the harder the woodchuck tugged on Nellie. So Gordon called Jupe off, and the woodchuck promptly bit the dog on his ample tongue.

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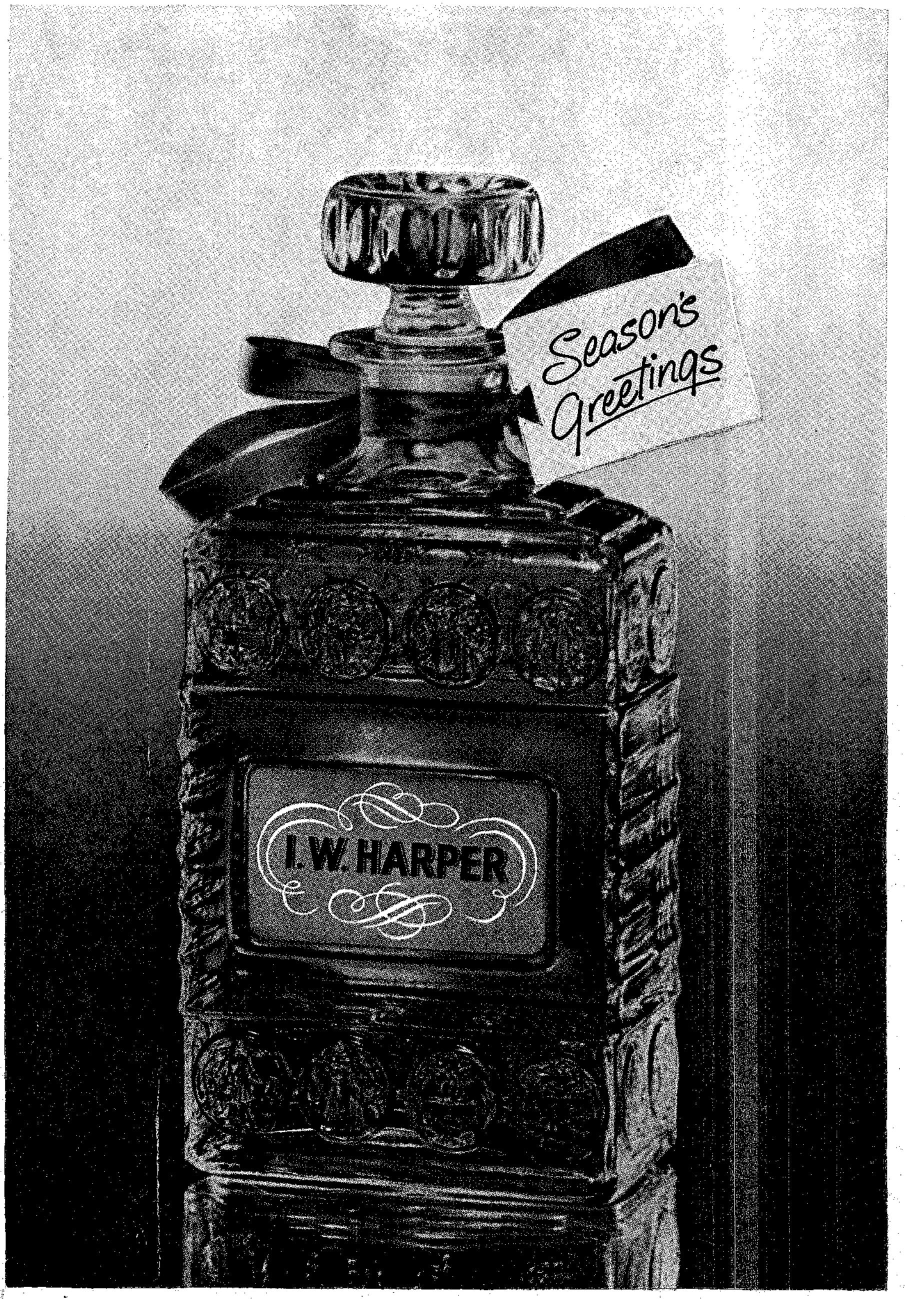
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